ANCIENT SONGS,

FROM THE TIME OF

KING HENRY THE THIRD,

TO THE

REVOLUTION.

——CALAMIS AGRESTIBUS INSONAT ILLE,
BARBARICOQUE MIDAN——
CARMINE DELINIT.—— OVID.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favorable attention which the public has conſtantly ſhewn to works illuſtrating the hiſtory, the poetry, the language, the manners, or the amuſements of their anceſtors, and particularly to ſuch as have profeſſed to give any of the remains of their lyric compoſitions, has induced the Editor of the preſent volume to communicate a ſmall but genuine collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads, which his attachment to the ſubject had occaſionally led him to form.

The reader muſt not expect to find, among the pieces here preſerved, either the intereſting fable, or the romantic wildneſs of a late elegant publication. But, in whatever light they may exhibit the lyric powers of our ancient Bards, they will at leaſt have the recommendation of evident and indiſputable authenticity: the ſources from which they have been derived will be faithfully referred to, and are, in general, public and acceſſible.

The ESSAYS prefixed to the collection, and the NOTES with which it is accompanied, will be found to contain ſome little information, of which every one may not be already poſſeſſed, and which may ſerve to amuſe at leaſt if it fail to intereſt.

A GLOSSARY is ſubjoined, which the Editor regrets his inability to render more perfect. Without other aſſiſtance, however, than what is to be ſcantily gleaned from a few printed books, he thinks he has a claim to the indulgence of the more critical reader; and they who have laboured in the ſame field, he is perſuaded, will be the moſt ready to afford it.

ABBRE-

ABBREVIATIONS

uſed in the following work.

xps	Chriſtus
ꝛ	er.
ꝯ	es, is, s.
ꝛ	(above a letter) i, ri.
ꝑ	per.
ꝫ	(over a letter) m. n.
ꝛ	re, ri, r.
þ ꝑ	th.
ꝰ	us, es, s.

*** The indiſcriminate uſe made of the two characters þ and ꝑ may to thoſe who have not paid much attention to ancient MSS. be apt to appear improper. But it is to be obſerved, that although previouſly to the fourteenth century, the *th* is generally found written with the þ, yet even before that period, the ꝑ had begun to be uſed in its place, which it afterward conſtantly is: this latter character being rarely in uſe for the *w* after the Conqueſt (unleſs where the language or character was entirely Saxon); and being, on ſuch occaſions, frequently diſtinguiſhed by a dot.

The Reader is deſired to make the following

CORRECTIONS.

Page 10. v. 115. for *on* read *ou*.
—— 101. v. 9. and p. 102. v. 24. make the *comma* a *period*.
—— 103. v. 9. dele the *ſemicolon*.
—— 108. v. 8. make the *ſemicolon* a *period*.
—— 118. v. 15. make the *period* a *comma*.
—— 206. l. 4. for *Newbury* read *Newborough*.
—— 322. l. 19. dele *noble*; and l. 20. the note of interrogation.
—— 326. l. 31. adde *ceaſe*.
—— 331. l. 11. for *Cheſter* read *Chicheſter*.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

I. THE Minſtrels, by a learned, ingenious, and elegant writer, whom there will be frequent occaſion to quote, are deſcribed to be "an order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of their own compoſing; who appear to have accompanied their ſongs with mimicry and action; and to have practiſed ſuch various means of diverting as were much admired in thoſe rude times, and ſupplied the want of more refined entertainments; whom theſe arts rendered extremely popular and acceptable, in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high ſcene of feſtivity was eſteemed complete, that was not ſet off with the exerciſe of their talents; and, where ſo long as the ſpirit of chivalry ſubſiſted, they were protected and careſſed, becauſe their ſongs tended to do honour to the ruling paſſion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial ſpirit (1)." This is certainly a fine, and poſſibly an unflattering deſcription of a ſet of men, who unqueſtionably exiſted and flouriſhed in France for ſeveral centuries, and whom ſeveral ingenious writers have contributed to render famous. Num-

(1) Percy, Eſſay on the Ancient Engliſh Minſtrels (prefixed to Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, vol. I.) p. xix. All the paſſages diſtinguiſhed by double commas, to which there is no particular reference, will be found in the Eſſay.

bers of theſe, no doubt, owing to the free intercourſe between this country and the continent, ſo long as the Engliſh monarchs retained any of their Norman territories, were conſtantly flocking to their court and to the caſtles of their barons, where it may be eaſily believed they would experience the moſt favorable reception. They were ſtill French, however; and it is to be remembered, that if this language were not the only, it was at leaſt the uſual one, ſpoken by the Engliſh monarchs and great men for ſeveral centuries after the conqueſt; a fact which, if not notorious, muſt be evident to every perſon in any degree converſant with the hiſtory of thoſe times. If therefor, by "Ancient Engliſh Minſtrels," we are to underſtand a body of our own countrymen who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and got their livelihood by ſinging verſes to the harp of their own compoſing in their native tongue, who were well known to the Saxons, "continued a diſtinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conqueſt," and were hoſpitably and reſpectfully received at the houſes of the great, all the facts, anecdotes and other circumſtances which have been collected relative to the Provençal Troubadours or Norman Minſtrels, however numerous or authentic, are totally foreign to the ſubject; and do not even prove the mere exiſtence of the character ſuppoſed.

The incidents referred by the above learned writer to the times and manners of the Anglo-Saxons, though probably nothing more than the fictions of romance (z), do

(z) The ſtorys of Alfred and Anlaff (Eſſay, p. xxv.) are evidently the ſame with that of Colgrin (p. xxiv.) That the fables of Arthur were popular before Geoffrey of Monmouth publiſhed his Britiſh Hiſtory, ſeems evident, both from Alfred of Beverley (*Annales*, p. 2.) and from Geoffrey himſelf, who ſays, the actions of Arthur, and the kings who lived here before the incarnation of Chriſt, were celebrated by many people in a pleaſant manner, and by heart, as if they had been written. Theſe pleaſantries were in all probability parts of ſome French Romance, of which Geoffrey had got a proſe tranſlation.

not

not ſeem to require examination; ſince, allowing the facts themſelves, they by no means affect the queſtion propoſed to be here conſidered, which is, Whether at any time, ſince the Norman Conqueſt, there has exiſted a diſtinct order of Engliſh men, who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and got their livelihood by ſinging to the harp verſes in their native tongue of their own compoſing? And if the elucidation of an obſcure and intereſting ſubject, or the attainment of juſt and diſtinct ideas of ancient characters and manners, be an object of any conſequence, the diſcuſſion of this queſtion will not be impertinent or uſeleſs.

It is admitted that no "very particular fact concerning the Minſtrels," is to be met with till we come down to the reign of Richard the Firſt; "and under him their profeſſion ſeems to have revived with additional ſplendour." This monarch, "who was the great reſtorer and hero of chivalry, was alſo the diſtinguiſhed patron of poets and minſtrels: he was himſelf of their number, and ſome of his verſes are ſtill extant." Theſe verſes, however, we find to be all in French or Provençal; but ſtill "the diſtinction which Richard ſhewed to men of this profeſſion, although his favours were chiefly heaped upon foreigners, could not but recommend the profeſſion itſelf among his own ſubjects; and therefore we may conclude that Engliſh Minſtrelſy would, in a peculiar manner, flouriſh in his time." It ſhould however ſeem altogether as juſt and natural a concluſion from the premiſſes, that ſince he cannot be diſcovered in a ſingle inſtance to have ſhewn his favours to any but foreigners, Engliſh Minſtrelſy did not in his time flouriſh at all.

The adventure of this king and his Norman Minſtrel, Blondel de Neſle, ſo elegantly dramatized by M. Sedaine, whatever honour it may be thought to confer upon poets or their art, certainly makes nothing in favour of the Engliſh Minſtrels, whoſe exiſtence is ſtill left undecided.

The next memorable event which is found in hiſtory concerning the Minſtrels, and is "much to their credit," was their reſcuing one of the great earls of Cheſter, when beſieged by the Welſh. "This happened in the reign of king John (3), and is related as follows:

"Hugh the firſt earl of Cheſter, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's abbey in that city, had granted ſuch a privilege to thoſe, who ſhould come to Cheſter fair, that they ſhould not be then apprehended for theft or any other miſdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This ſpecial protection cauſed multitudes of looſe and diſorderly people to reſort to that fair; which afterwards proved of ſignal benefit to one of his ſucceſſors. For Ranulph, the laſt Earl of Cheſter [of that name], marching into Wales with a ſlender attendance, was conſtrained to retire to his caſtle of Rothelan, or Rhuydland; in which he was ſtraightly beſieged by the Welſh. Finding himſelf hard preſſed, he contrived to give notice of his danger to LORD Roger (or John) de Lacy, Conſtable of Cheſter, who, making uſe of the MINSTRELS then aſſembled at Cheſter fair: Theſe men, LIKE SO MANY TYRTÆUS'S, BY THEIR MUSIC AND THEIR SONGS SO ALLURED AND INSPIRED the multitudes of looſe and lawleſs perſons then brought together, that they reſolutely marched againſt the Welſh: Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was ſteward to Lacy, putting himſelf at their head. The Welſh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, ſuppoſing them to be a regular body of armed and diſciplined veterans, inſtantly raiſed the ſiege and retired."

"For this good ſervice, Ranulph granted to the Lacies, by charter, a peculiar patronage *over men of this ſort:* who devolved the ſame again upon Dutton and his heirs. And the MINSTRELS, his aſſiſtants, enjoyed for many ages pe-

(3) "Vid. Dugdale, (Baronage, vol. 1. p. 42. 101.) who places it after the 13th year of K. Joh. Anno Dom. 1212.—— See alſo Camden's Britannia, Plott's Staffordſh. &c."

culiar

culiar honours and privileges under the deſcendants of that family."

The above relation is in the Eſſay marked with double commas, *as a quotation*, but the only reference to any authority is that indirectly made in the note; and it is certain, that the writers, there mentioned, give little countenance to a remarkable paſſage, introduced, it ſhould ſeem, by the learned eſſayiſt, to ſerve the purpoſe of an hypotheſis, which, by this time perhaps, he begun to perceive would need more ſupport than any author ancient or modern was ready to afford.

The ſtory is thus told, by a writer who cannot be ſuſpected of a deſign to render the actors leſs reſpectable than he found them repreſented.

"This Randle (4), among the many conflicts he had with the Welſh, ... was diſtreſſed by 'them,' and forced to retreat to the caſtle of Rothelent, in Flintſhire, about the reign of king John, where they beſieged him: he preſently ſent to his conſtable of Cheſhire, Roger Lacy, ſirnamed Hell, for his fierce ſpirit, that he would come with all ſpeed, and bring what forces he could towards his relief. Roger, having gathered a tumultuous rout of FIDLERS, PLAYERS, COBLERS, DEBAUCHED PERSONS, both men and women, out of the city of Cheſter (for 'twas then the fair-time in that city), marcheth immediately towards the earl. The Welſh, perceiving a great multitude coming, raiſed their ſiege and fled. The earl, coming back with his conſtable to Cheſter, gave him power over all the FIDLERS and SHOEMAKERS in Cheſter, in reward and memory of this ſervice. The conſtable retained to himſelf the authority and donation of the SHOEMAKERS, but conferred the authority of the FIDLERS and PLAYERS on his ſteward, which then was Dutton of Dutton (4*)."

The

(4) The Third, ſurnamed Blundevil, ſixth earl of Cheſter.

(4*) Sir Peter Leyceſters Hiſtorical Antiquities, p. 141. See alſo Blounts Ancient Tenures, p. 156.—Sir W. Dugdale only tells us, that the earl in his diſtreſs "ſent to the conſtable of Cheſter for help: who, making uſe of the *Minſtrels of all ſorts*, then met at Cheſter fair, by the allurements of their *muſic*, got together

The words of the grant to Dutton are, "*Magiſterium omnium* LECCATORUM *&* MERETRICIUM *totius Ceſtreſhire, ſicut liberius illum magiſterium teneo de comite; ſalvo jure meo mihi & heredibus meis* (5)." No mention is made of Fidlers or Minſtrels; we muſt therefore preſume them to have paſſed as an appendage or appurtenance to the whores and letchers, for whoſe diverſion this reſpectable order of men, "who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of their own compoſing,"

gether a vaſt number of ſuch looſe people, as by reaſon of the before ſpecified privilege, were then in that city, whom he forthwith ſent under the conduct of Dutton (his ſteward) towards Rothelan." *Baronage*, i. 101. He refers to the Hiſtory of Cambria, by D. Powel, p. 296. And, though he allows this might have been done as was reported in the time of *Roger* conſtable of Cheſter, ſays, it is moſt certain that it was *John*, his ſon, who had the patronage of *that rabble* given him by the earl, and thereupon granted the ſame to Hugh de Dutton.

The words of Camden are, that "this family [of Dutton], by an old cuſtom, hath a particular authority over all *pipers*, *fidlers*, and *harpers* of this county, ever ſince one *R.* Dutton, with a rabble of ſuch men, reſcued Ranulf, the laſt earl of Cheſter, &c." *Britannia*, in *Cheſhire*. His authority is a "*Chronicon Walliæ*," by which he doubtleſs means Powells Hiſtory, where the ſtory ſeems to have originally appeared. All that this writer ſays is, that "Ralph [r. Hugh] Dutton, 'Lacys' ſon-in-law, being a luſtie youth, aſſembled togither all the PLAIERS, MUSICIANS, and MERIE COMPANIONS in the citie (being then the fair time) and came to the conſtable, who forthwith went to Ruthlan, raiſed the ſiege, and deliuered the earle from danger. In recompence of which ſeruice, the earle gaue vnto his conſtable diuers freedoms and priuileges, and granted vnto the ſaid Dutton, the ruling and ordering of all the plaiers and muſicians within that countie, which his heire enioyeth euen unto this day." Hiſt. of Cambria, 1584, p. 296.

(5) Dug. Baro. i. 101. Sir P. Leyceſters Hiſtorical Antiquities, p. 142. 251. This author ſuppoſes "the rout which the conſtable brought to the reſcuing of the earl were *debauched perſons* drinking with their ſweethearts in the fair, *fidlers*, &c." And obſerves, that "the cuſtom ſeems to have been altered to the *fidlers*, as neceſſary attendants on *revellers* in *bawdy-houſes* and *taverns*." It appears, however, from Ducange's Gloſſary, that *Leccatores* may mean *buffoons*.

were moſt miſerably twanging and ſcraping in the booths of Cheſter fair.

True it is, that in the 14th year of king Henry VII, Laurence Dutton, lord of Dutton (in anſwer to a *quo warranto*, on behalf of prince Arthur, as earl of Cheſter) claimed that all Minſtrels inhabiting, or exerciſing their office, within the county and city of Cheſter, ought to appear before him, or his ſteward, at Cheſter, at the feaſt of St. John Baptiſt yearly, and ſhould give him at the ſaid feaſt four flagons of wine, and one lance; and alſo every Minſtrel ſhould pay him four pence half-penny, at the ſaid feaſt; and to have from every whore, reſiding and exerciſing her office within the county and city of Cheſter, four pence yearly, at the feaſt aforeſaid; for all which he pleaded preſcription (6).

It is likewiſe admitted, that the Duttons were wont to keep a court every year upon the above feaſt, being the fair day, where all the Minſtrels of the county and city did attend and play before the lord of Dutton, or his ſteward, upon their ſeveral inſtruments, to and from divine ſervice; after which, the old licences granted to the Minſtrels were renewed, and ſuch new ones granted as he thought fit, none preſuming to exerciſe that faculty without licence (7); and that this privilege has been excepted in many acts of parliament, whereby Minſtrels have been declared, and directed to be puniſhed as rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars.

In the reign of Edward I. it ſeems, a MULTITUDE OF MINSTRELS are expreſsly mentioned to have given their attendance in his court, at the ſolemn act of knighting his ſon. This is ſufficiently credible, but will by no means prove them to have been Engliſhmen, who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of their own compoſing.

(6) Blounts Ancient Tenures, 1679.—Law Dictionary, v. Minſtrel.

(7) Blounts Ancient Tenures.

The woman whom Stow relates to have entered into Weſtminſter Hall, adorned like a MINSTREL, ſitting on a great horſe trapped as MINSTRELS then uſed, who rode round about the tables, *ſhewing paſtime*, and at length came up to the king and delivered a letter, had evidently aſſumed the character of a tumbler or *tombleſtere*, the profeſſion, we find, of females, in the time of Chaucer. Stow might tranſlate the word *hiſtrio* by *Minſtrel* properly enough, without meaning one who ſung to the harp; for he undoubtedly knew, both that the word had no ſuch implication, and that women never ſung to the harp.

In the fourth year of Richard II. John of Gaunt ordained a king of the Minſtrels *(Roy des Miniſtraulx)* within his honor of Tutbury in Staffordſhire, to whom he gave power to take and arreſt all the Minſtrels within that honor who ſhould refuſe to make their ſervices and minſtralcie, &c. In virtue of this grant, a court of Minſtrels uſed to be kept, where defaulters were amerced, and ſome other proceedings had, till the latter end of the laſt century. Now the Minſtrels, to whom a ſovereign was thus given, could have been only the retainers to the caſtle and honor of Tutbury, or in other words, the duke's band of muſic; and this monarch perhaps was a ſort of *maeſtro di capella*. Dr. Plot, who was preſent at one of the minſtrel courts, has left us a pretty full account of the whole ceremony; but in his time, the Eſſay allows, the Minſtrels "appear to have loſt their ſinging talents, and to have become mere muſicians." As to *ſinging talents*, it is moſt likely they never poſſeſſed any; and what ſort of *muſicians* they were, may be in ſome meaſure conceived from a part of the ceremony which the Eſſayiſt has carefully and judiciouſly ſuppreſſed. After the court was over, the ſteward to the duke of Devonſhire, as repreſentative of the prior of Tutbury, uſed to deliver a bull, prepared for the occaſion, and turn him looſe among the Minſtrels—among thoſe reſpectable characters who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of their own compoſing!—and, if they ſucceeded in their endeavours

endeavours to take him before he got over the Dove, he was brought to the ſtake, and baited for their further diverſion. The whole of this infamous buſineſs was attended with circumſtances of the moſt ſhocking and brutal barbarity, which it would be diſguſting to repeat, and which a fidler or ballad-ſinger of the preſent times (low as the profeſſion may be now ſunk) would ſcorn to countenance (8).

Such was the famous BULL RUNNING OF TUTBURY, or, if Dr. Percy will have it, COURT OF MINSTRELS, of which one of that profeſſion thus ſpeaks, in the aſſumed character of the ROY DES MINISTRAULX, long before Dr. Plotts time:

This battle was fought near Tutbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull,
I'm KING OF THE FIDLERS, and ſwear tis a truth,
And call him that doubts it a gull.
For I ſaw them fighting, and *fiddled* the while, &c. (9).

"Even ſo late as the reign of Henry VIII. (it is obſerved) a ſtated number of Minſtrels were retained in all great and noble families, as appears from the eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of the then earl of Northumberland."

"Item, MYNSTRALS in houſhold iij, viz. a *taberet*, a *luyte*, and a *rebecc* (10)." But this ſurely cannot be pro-

(8) See Plotts Staffordſhire, p. 435.—Blounts Ancient Tenures, p. 167.

(9) Robin Hood's Garland, Song I.

(10) Eſſay, p. lxxiv. In the celebration of Chriſtmas, Sir J. Hawkins ſays, *fidlers* were deemed ſo neceſſary, that in the houſes of the nobility, they were retained by ſmall ſtipends, as alſo cloaks and badges, with the cognizance or arms of the family, like certain other domeſtic ſervants. From the houſes of great men, to wakes, fairs, and other aſſemblies of the common people, the tranſition of theſe vagrant artiſts was natural. Hiſt. Muſic, iv. 382.

duced

duced to prove, that theſe Mynſtrals were an order of men who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of their own compoſing. However this may be, "the Minſtrels," we are told, "continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whoſe time they had loſt much of their dignity, and were ſinking into contempt and neglect." As to dignity; it is pretty clear they never had any to loſe, and if we find them treated with contempt and neglect, it is becauſe we are now become better acquainted with them, and do not view them through the medium of Ducange or Fontenelle.

"Still," however, "they ſuſtained a character far ſuperior to any thing we can conceive at preſent of the fingers of old ballads;" or rather of the *players on fiddles*; for we have hitherto only found them to be muſicians; not a ſong has a ſingle one of them been yet proved to have ſung.

A paſſage, quoted by the Eſſayiſt (p. xxxv.), from a writer of this period, gives us, it muſt be confeſſed, a diſtinct idea of the character he deſcribes; but it is evidently of a character that exiſted only in the imagination of thoſe who contrived the device or pageant in which he is introduced, and who had met with him in *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been well ſtudied for the occaſion (1). If Minſtrels had been common, a REAL one

(1) That a Minſtrel or ſinging harper is a very uſeful perſonage in this ancient and popular romance, will appear from the following anecdote. Sir Lancelot being in a violent paſſion, on account of a threatning abuſive letter which king Marke of Cornewaile had ſent to queen Guenever, wherein he "ſpake ſhame by her, and by Sir Lancelot;" Sir Dinadan, to comfort him, bids him "ſet right nought by all theſe threatnings, for king Marke 'was' ſo vilanous, that by faire ſpeach 'ſhould' neuer no man get ought of him; but (continues he) yee ſhall ſee what I ſhall doe, I will make a lay for him, and when it is made, I ſhall make an harper to ſing it before him. So anon hee

one would have been procured, and not "one perſonating that character."

"Towards the end of the ſixteenth century, this claſs of men had loſt all credit, and were ſunk ſo low in the public opinion, that, in the 39th year of Elizabeth, a ſtatute was paſſed, by which "Minſtrels wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be puniſhed as ſuch. This act ſeems to have put an end to the profeſſion, for after this time they are no longer mentioned."

Of the language of this ſtatute, the Minſtrels ſhould not ſeem to have had much to complain, as vagabond was a title to which the profeſſion had been long accuſtomed (2).

II. It

hee went and made it, and taught it an harper, that hyght Elyot, and when hee could it, hee taught it to many harpers. And ſo . . . the harpers went ſtraight vnto Wales and Cornewaile to ſing the lay, . . . which was the worſt lay that euer harper ſung with harpe, or with any other inſtrument. And [at] the great feaſt that king Marke made for ioy of the victorie which hee had, becauſe the Seſſoines were put out of his countrey, came Eliot the harper; . . . . and becauſe he was a curious harper, men heard him ſing the ſame lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which ſpake the moſt vilanie by king Marke, of his treaſon, that euer man heard. When the harper had ſung his ſong to the end, king Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and ſaid, Thou harper, how durſt thou be ſo bold on thy head to ſing this ſong before me? Sir, ſaid Eliot, wit you well I am a MINSTRELL, and I muſt doe as I am commanded of theſe lords that I beare the armes of. And Sir king, wit you well that Sir Dinadan, a knight of the round table, made this ſong, and he made me to ſing it before you. Thou ſaieſt well, ſaid king Marke, I charge thee that thou hie thee faſt out of my ſight. So the harper departed, &c. But for to ſay that king Marke was wonderous wroth, he was. Part II. c. 113. (Ed. 1634). See alſo part III c. 5.

(2) "*Item pur eſchuir pluſeurs diſeaſes & meſchiefs qont advenuz devant ces heures en la terre de Gales, par pluſeurs weſtours rymours* MINISTRALX, *&* AUTRES VACABONDES, *ordeignez eſt, &c.*" Stat. 4. H. IV. c. 27.

It

II. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that we have yet ſeen no authority which ſhould induce one to think, that there ever was a ſingle Engliſhman, who "united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of his own compoſing;" nor in fact is any ſuch authority to be found. If thoſe writers who have become the hiſtorians or panegyriſts of the Provençal *troubadours*, or the French Minſtrels, had been poſſeſſed of no better evidence than we are, the mere exiſtence of ſuch a body would not have been at preſent known. The *tenſons*, the *ſirventes*, the *paſtourelles* of the former, the *lais*, *contes*, and *fabliaux* of the latter are innumerable, and not only prove their exiſtence, but afford ſufficient materials for their deſcription and hiſtory. But this is by no means the caſe with the "Ancient Engliſh Minſtrels," of whom it is not pretended that we have any thing more than a few rude ballads, which prove nothing leſs than their origin. Not a ſingle piece is extant in which an Engliſh Minſtrel ſpeaks of himſelf; whereas, the importance or vanity of the French Minſtrel, for ever leads him to introduce himſelf or his profeſſion, and to boaſt of his feats and his talents. That there did exiſt in this country an order of men called Minſtrels, is certain; but then it is equally clear, that the word was never uſed by any Engliſh writer, for "one who united the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp of his own compoſing," before the ingenious writer ſo often quoted; but,

It might not be long after the paſſing of the above act againſt the Minſtrels, that Dr. Bull wrote ſatyrical verſes upon them, of which, part of the firſt ſtanza (if the reader will pardon a quotation from memory) is as follows:

When Jeſus went to Jairus' houſe,
. . . . .
He turn'd the Minſtrels out of doors,
Among the raſcal company:
Beggers they are with one conſent,
And Rogues by act of parliament.

on

on the contrary, that it ever implied an inſtrumental performer, and generally a fidler, or ſuch like baſe muſician.

To begin with the Gloſſariſts: Sir Henry Spelman explains the word "Minſtrell," by "*fidicen, tibicen*;" Blount, by "a muſician, a fidler;" Cotgrave tranſlates *meneſtraudier*, "a minſtrell or fidler;" and Minſhew ſays, that "Minſtrel," is in German, "*ein fidler*."

The "Minſtrells" of the kings houſehold, in the time of Edward III, were "trompeters, cytelers, pypers, tabrete, mabrers, clarions, fedeler, wayghtes (3)."

An old chronicler, ſpeaking of the battle of Halidon Hill, in this reign, obſerves, that "the Engliſshe *mynſtralis* blewe hir *trumpes* and hir *pipes*, and hidouſly aſtrede the Scottis." (MS. Harl. 266).

The "Minſtrels" of king Edward IV. were muſicians, "whereof ſome 'were' *trompets*, ſome with the *ſhalmes* and *ſmalle pypes*, and ſome ſtrange mene coming to 'the' court at fyve feaſtes of the year, and then take their wages, . . . after iiij. d. ob. by daye, &c. (4)."

Thoſe of the earl of Northumberland, in the time of king Henry VIII. we have already ſeen were "a tabret, a luyte, a rebecc."

And in a liſt of the houſehold muſicians of king Edward VI. we find "trumpeters, luters, *harpers*, *ſingers*, rebeck ſagbutts, vyalls, bagpiper, MINSTRELLES, dromſlades, and players on the flutes and virginals (5)." The particular office of the Minſtrels does not indeed appear; but it muſt be evident, that they were not *ſingers to the harp*.

Skelton, laureat, treats the character with the utmoſt contempt:

(3) Hawkins's Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 107.—*Wayghtes* were players on hautboys or other pipes during the night; as they are in many places at this day. See 291.

(4) Hawkins's Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 290.

(5) Ibid. iii. 479.

This

This Doctor Dellias commenced in a cart,
A mater, a *mynſtrel*, a *ſydler*, a fart (6).

It ſhould ſeem, by the way, that the *Minſtrels* of this æra had a dreſs to diſtinguiſh their profeſſion. The company, deſcribed by the author whoſe words are quoted, being ſeated in a tavern, "in comes a *noiſe of muſicians*, IN TAWNEY COATS, who taking off their caps, aſked if they would have any MUSIC? The widow anſwered, No; they were merry enough. Tut, ſaid the old man, let us hear, good fellows, what you can do; and PLAY ME, *The beginning of the world* (7)."

In the old morality of *Luſty Juventus*, written and printed in the time of king Edward VI. *Youth* ſays,

Who knoweth where is a *mynſtrell?*
By the maſſe, I would fayne go *daunce a fitte.*

Again:

Well I met father, well I met;
Dyd you here anye *mynſtrels* playe?

Good Councel. What would you with the *minſtrell* do?
Juventus. Nothyng, but haue a daunce or two.

Thus too, in an ancient poetical tract, entitled the *Taming of a Shrew; or the Wife lapped in Morels Skin*, 4to. (ſig. c. i.)

The mynſtrelles played at every borde.

(6) Againſt a comely coyſtrowne, &c. Works, p. 256.

(7) *Hiſtory of Jack of Newbury*, by Tho. Delony. The times referred to, are thoſe of king Henry VIII. The widow being importuned to drink to ſuch one of the company as ſhe loved beſt, ſays, "with this cup of claret and ſugar, I heartily drink to the MINSTRELS BOY."

A noiſe of muſicians, was a company of them. In the *ſecond part of King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene IV. One of the drawers bids his fellow ſee if he can find out "Sneak's *noiſe*;" Mrs. Tearſheet being deſirous to have ſome *muſic*."

Spenſer,

Spenſer, in his *Epithalamium*, gives a very accurate deſcription of them:

Hark, how the *Minſtrils* gin to *ſhrill aloud*
Their *merry muſick* that reſounds from far,
The *pipe*, the *taber*, and the *trembling croud*,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But moſt of all the *damzels* doe delite,
When they their *tymbrels* ſmite,
And thereunto doe *daunce* and *carroll* ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they doe rauiſh quite (8).

In the pleaſant hiſtory of Thomas of Reading, mention is made of one Rahere (a pleaſant witty gentleman, according to Stow, and who, as he ſays, founded the priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, about the year 1103) with this additional circumſtance, that he was a great muſician, and kept a company of Minſtrels, *i. e.* fidlers, who played with ſilver bows (9).

In *Follie's Anatomie, by H. Hutton, Dunelmenſis*, 1618, 8vo. is an Epigram, which begins,

Shouldring a *Minſtrell* in a lane, I broke
His *violls caſe*.

Laſtly, by an ordnance of the Commonwealth, in 1656, c. 21. It was enacted, "that if any perſon or perſons, commonly called FIDLERS *or* MINSTRELS, ſhall at any

(8) Thus too, Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Roſe:

There was many a timbeſtere,
And ſaliours, that I dare well ſwere
Couth her craft full perfitly:
The timbres up full ſubtilly
They caſt, and hent full oft
Upon a finger faire and ſoft, &c.

Theſe timbrels are the *tambour de baſque*, an inſtrument of the greateſt antiquity.

(9) Hawk. Hiſt. Muſic, iii. 85.

time

time be taken *playing*, *fidling*, and *making muſick*, in any *Inn*, *Alehouſe*, or *Tavern*, or ſhall be taken proffering themſelves, or deſiring, or intreating any perſon or perſons to hear them play or make muſick, in any the places aforeſaid, every ſuch perſon or perſons, ſo taken, ſhall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggers."

After this, the word *Minſtrel* was ſcarcely ever mentioned (unleſs in dictionaries or vagrant acts) till it appeared with ſuch eclat in the Eſſay prefixed to the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

III. That there were individuals formerly, who made it their buſineſs to wander up and down the country chanting romances, and ſinging ſongs and ballads to the harp, fiddle, or other more humble and leſs artificial inſtrument, cannot be doubted. Theſe men were in all probability comprehended within the general term of Minſtrels, but are by no means to be excluſively diſtinguiſhed by that title; and indeed were generally denominated from the particular inſtruments on which they performed. It may be eaſily imagined, that many of theſe people, though entirely deſtitute of education, and probably unable either to write or read, poſſeſſed the talent of inventing hiſtorical or legendary ſongs, which would ſometimes have merit; but it is to be obſerved, that all the minſtrel ſongs which have found their way to us, are merely narrative; nothing of paſſion, ſentiment, or even deſcription, being to be diſcovered among them. Men equally ignorant, have in all ages and in all countries, been poſſeſſed of the ſame talent, and ſuch a character is only rare at preſent, becauſe it is become more difficult to pleaſe. It is however worthy of remark, that no Engliſh Minſtrel was ever famous for his compoſition or his performance; nor is the name of a ſingle one preſerved. And it has been ſeen, that we only commence our acquaintance with theſe Minſtrel-ſongſters, when "they had loſt all credit, and were ſinking into contempt and neglect." It will be conceived, that in rude and barbarous times, men who contributed

contributed to the general amuſement of the common people, were held in much greater eſtimation than they are at preſent; and that two or three centuries ago, the wooden wit of old England was a much more welcome viſitant in many a populous city, than even a Garrick or a Siddons would be in the preſent age. The art of printing was fatal to the Minſtrels who ſung; people begun to read, and, unfortunately for the Minſtrels, their compoſitions would not bear reading; of courſe not above one or two of them ever got to the preſs: the ſongs uſed by the ballad-ſingers, on the contrary, were ſmooth and regular, were all printed, and, what was much more to their advantage, were generally united to a ſimple but pleaſing melody, which was eaſily acquired, and any one could ſing; whereas the Minſtrels ſongs were without tune, and could not be performed, even by themſelves, without the twang of a harp, or the ſcrape of a fiddle. Theſe two (not to ſpeak of the cultivation of poetry and muſic by perſons of genius and learning) ſeem to have been the principal cauſes of the rapid decline of the Minſtrel profeſſion, ſince the time of queen Elizabeth, though it is conceived that a few individuals reſembling the character might have been lately, and may poſſibly be ſtill found in ſome of the leaſt poliſhed or leſs frequented parts of the kingdom. It is not long ſince that the public papers announced the death of a perſon of this deſcription ſomewhere in Derbyſhire, and another was within theſe two years to be ſeen in the ſtreets of London; he played on an inſtrument of the rudeſt conſtruction, which he, properly enough, called a *hum-ſtrum*, and chanted (amongſt others) the old ballad of *Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor*, which, by the way, has every appearance of being originally a Minſtrel ſong. It is not improbable that a Minſtrel being ſo rare a character at this day, is in a great meaſure owing to the puritanical innovations of the laſt and latter part of the preceding, century, and particularly to the abolition of ſports or public amuſements on Sunday afternoons, which a ſpirit of Calviniſtical bigotry

ſtill teaches groveling minds to think repugnant to religion.

Dr. Percy, though he admits, that as the Minſtrels art "declined, ſome of them only recited the compoſitions of others," ſays, that "many of them ſtill compoſed ſongs, and all of them could probably invent a few ſtanzas upon occaſion." He has no doubt but moſt of the old heroic ballads, printed in his own collection, "were compoſed by this order of men." In another place he ſays, that "the artleſs productions of theſe old rhapſodiſts, are [in his work] occaſionally confronted with ſpecimens of the compoſition of contemporary poets of a higher claſs: of thoſe who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and poſterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old ſtrolling Minſtrels, who compoſed their rhimes to be ſung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for preſent applauſe and preſent ſubſiſtence."

The ballads which Dr. Percy is inclined to refer to the Minſtrels, are thoſe in which a reader will obſerve "a caſt of ſtyle and meaſure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher claſs; many phraſes and idioms, which the Minſtrels ſeem to have appropriated to themſelves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleaſure, in order to humour the flow of the verſe, particularly in the rhimes; as

Countrìe	*harpèr*	*battèl*	*morning*
Ladìe	*ſingèr*	*damsèl*	*lovìng*

inſtead of *còuntry, làdy, hàrper, sìnger,* &c."—This liberty ſeems however to have been "ſparingly aſſumed by the claſſical poets of the ſame age;" and "the latter compoſers of heroical ballads." The old Minſtrel ballads are likewiſe "in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phraſes, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmoſt licence of metre; they have alſo a romantic wildneſs, and are in the true ſpirit of chivalry." It is alſo obſerved, "that ſo long as the Minſtrels ſubſiſted,

ſiſted, they ſeem never to have deſigned their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themſelves: what copies are preſerved of them were doubtleſs taken down from their own mouths."

This being the caſe, it ought not to have been a matter of wonder if not a ſingle ſpecimen of theſe Minſtrel rhimes had deſcended to us. It is rather a ſubject of aſtoniſhment, that we ſhould be poſſeſſed of ſuch a number. Dr. Percy had the good fortune to meet with "an ancient folio manuſcript, which contains near 200 poems, ſongs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the laſt century, but contains compoſitions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the concluſion of the reign of Charles I." And from this MS. the greater part of the contents of the above collection, particularly the Minſtrel ballads, are ſaid to be extracted.

This MS. is doubtleſs the moſt ſingular thing of the kind that was ever known to exiſt. How ſuch a multifarious collection could poſſibly have been formed ſo late as the year 1650, of compoſitions from the ages prior to Chaucer, moſt, if not all of which had never been printed, is ſcarcely to be conceived by thoſe verſed in ancient MSS. a ſimilar inſtance perhaps not being to be found in any library public or private. This MS. to increaſe its ſingularity, no other writer has ever pretended to have ſeen. The late Mr. Tyrwhitt, an excellent judge and diligent peruſer of old compoſitions, and an intimate friend of the owner, never ſaw it. It is ſtated by Dr. Percy to have been a preſent from Humphrey Pitt, Eſquire, of Priors Lee in Shropſhire. An acquaintance of Dr. Percys has been heard to ſay, that he reſcued it from a maid ſervant at a country inn, who made uſe of it in lighting the fire. And it is remarkable, that ſcarcely any thing is publiſhed from it, not being to be found elſewhere, without our being told of the defects and mutilation of the MS.

"Sir Cauline" (vol. i. p. 41.) was "in ſo *defective* and *mutilated* a condition, that *it was neceſſary* to ſupply *ſeveral ſtanzas* in the *firſt* part, and *ſtill more* in the *ſecond*, to connect and complete the ſtory." They who could ſupply ſo many of the ſtanzas, might without any great difficulty have ſupplied the whole. "The Child of Elle" (i. 109.) is "given from a fragment," which, "tho' *extremely defective* and *mutilated*," "*excited a ſtrong deſire to attempt a completion of the ſtory*."

"Sir Aldingar" (ii. 50.) is not given without "a few conjectural emendations, and the inſertion of three or four ſtanzas to ſupply defects in the original copy."

In the ballad beginning "Gentle Herdſman" (ii. 79.) "veſtiges of ſeveral of the lines remaining, ſome conjectural ſupplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactneſs, are, in this one ballad, diſtinguiſhed by *italicks*." This is a meaſure to which there can be no other objection, than that it is confined to "this one ballad," which however has not the leaſt appearance of being a Minſtrel ſong. "As ye came from the Holy Land" (iii. 93.) is communicated by Mr. Shenſtone, "as corrected by him from an ancient MS. and ſupplied with a concluding ſtanza." Mr. Shenſtone was a very pretty poet.

In "the Heir of Linne" (ii. 128.) "breaches and defects rendered the inſertion of a few ſupplemental ſtanzas neceſſary," which "it is hoped the reader will pardon," though he is not inſtructed how to diſtinguiſh them.

In "The Beggars Daughter of Bethnal Green" (ii. 162.) "the concluding ſtanzas" are acknowleged to be an interpolation; and in the prefatory introduction is an interpolation by Mr. Guthrie, of "the only ſtanza he remembered" of another old ſong on the ſame ſubject. Mr Guthrie was a Scotchman.

"The marriage of Sir Gawaine" (iii. 11.) was "ſo extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large ſupplements, &c. it would have been improper for the collection." "They are not however particularly

particularly pointed out, becauſe the fragment itſelf will ſome time or other be given to the public." This was ſaid above twenty years ago.

"King Arthur's death" (iii. 28) "being very incorrect and imperfect, . . . received ſome conjectural emendations, and even a ſupplement of three or four ſtanzas."

"It cannot be denied, but that a great part of 'The Birth of St. George,' is modern," (iii. 219). But it may be ſafely denied, that the leaſt part of it is ancient.

As to "Valentine and Orſon," (iii. 280.) "it would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editors poſſeſſion, [not however in the folio MS.]; which being in a wretched corrupt ſtate [as all the Editors MSS. have the good fortune to be] the ſubject was thought worthy of ſome embelliſhments."

Many other inſtances might be noticed, where the learned collector has preferred his ingenuity to his fidelity, without the leaſt intimation to the reader.

It follows, from the manner in which this celebrated collection is avowedly publiſhed, even allowing the MS. to be genuine, and to contain what it is ſaid to do, that no confidence can be placed in any of the "old Minſtrel ballads" inſerted in that collection, and not to be found elſewhere.

There are however ſome pieces of which we are otherwiſe in poſſeſſion, and which according to the rules laid down by Dr. Percy, may be ſuppoſed to have been originally written for and ſung to the harp. Such are the following (being all of this kind known to exiſt):

1. The Battle of Chevy Chaſe.
2. The Battle of Otterbourne.
3. Little Muſgrave and Lady Barnard.
4. Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.
5. Fair Margaret and Sweet William.
6. John Dory.

7. John Armſtrong.
8. Captain Care.

The firſt was originally printed by Mr. Hearne, at the end of his edition of William of Newborough, and reprinted by Dr. Percy, (i. 1.) Of the ſecond, two MS. copies are extant, one in the Harleian and the other in the Cotton library; from the latter of which it is printed in the ſecond edition of the Reliques (10). The third is printed in Drydens Miſcellany, (iii. 307.) and from thence in a "Select Collection of Engliſh Songs," vol. ii. p. 215. A circumſtance attending this ballad will make it evident, that the Minſtrel ſongs were thought improper for the preſs. The old black letter copies are very different, and have been moderniſed and poliſhed for publication. Dr. Percy profeſſes to have given the ſong in his collection from an old printed copy in the Britiſh Muſeum, and obſerves, that "in the Pepys collection is an imitation of 'it' in a different meaſure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worſe." It is however no leſs certain than remarkable, that the old printed copy in the Muſeum differs in no reſpect from the imitation in the Pepyſian library.

The fourth is one of the two or three ballads of this kind known to be printed in black letter, and yet it has not been thought ſufficiently ſmooth for recitation or melody, ſince there is a *rifacimento* of it extant, but of the moſt contemptible nature.

John Dory is a well-known Minſtrel ſong, and was

(10) It was in the two firſt editions given from the Harleian MS. which according to Percy reads the ſecond line,

When huſbonds *wynn ther haye*,

thus:

When huſbands *winn their waye*,

which is not a fact, the word in queſtion being obviouſly *heaye*.

never

never printed in black letter, nor at all (till of late) except in the book whence it is taken. Both the fifth and the ſeventh are alſo to appearance Minſtrel ſongs, and were printed in black letter. The eighth is now firſt printed.

Theſe ſongs, from their wild and licentious metre, were incapable of any certain melody or air; they were chanted in a monotonous ſtile to the harp or other inſtrument, and both themſelves and the performers baniſhed by the introduction of ballad-ſingers without inſtruments, who ſung printed pieces to fine and ſimple melodies, poſſibly of their own invention, moſt of which are known and admired at this day (1). Theſe, from the ſmoothneſs of the language, and accuracy of the meaſure and rime, were thought to be more poetical than the old harp or inſtrument ſongs; and though critics will judge otherwiſe, the people at large were to decide, and did decide: and in ſome reſpects at leaſt not without juſtice, as will be evident from a compariſon of the following ſpecimens.

The firſt is from the old Chevy Chaſe, a very popular Minſtrel ballad in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviat within days three,
In the mauger of doughty Douglas
And all that ever with him be.

The fatteſt harts in all Cheviat
He ſaid he would kill, and carry them away.
By my faith, ſaid the doughty Douglas again,
I will let that hunting if that I may.

(1) Hence we perceive one reaſon why the ballad-ſingers were under the neceſſity of having moſt of the old Minſtrel ballads they adopted new written; another might be, that the originals were too ſhort.

How was it poſſible that this rude language, miſerably chaunted "by ſome BLIND CROWDER, with no rougher voice than rude ſtile (2)," ſhould maintain its ground againſt ſuch lines as the following, ſung to a beautiful melody, which we know belongs to them?

When as king Henry rul'd the land,
The ſecond of that name,
Beſides the queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely dame:

Moſt peerleſs was her beauty found,
Her favour and her face;
A ſweeter creature in the world
Did never prince embrace.

Her criſped locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each man's ſight,
Her ſparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did caſt a heav'nly light:

The blood within her chriſtal cheeks
Did ſuch a colour drive,
As if the lily and the roſe
For maſterſhip did ſtrive (3)."

The Minſtrels would ſeem to have gained little by ſuch a conteſt. In ſhort, they gave up the old Chevy Chaſe to the ballad-ſingers, who, deſirous no doubt to avail themſelves of ſo popular a ſubject, had it new written, and ſung it to the favourite melody juſt mentioned. The original, of courſe, became utterly neglected and forgotten, and but for its accidental diſcovery by Mr. Hearne, would never have been known to exiſt.

(2) Sir P. Sidney, Defence of Poetry.
(3) "Fair Roſamond."

John

John Dory was the conſtant companion of the Minſtrels; he ſtuck by them to the laſt, and may be ſaid indeed to have died in the ſervice. Let us ſee what ſort of a figure he would cut in company with *Jane Shore*.

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon a holy tide a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

If Roſamond, that was ſo fair,
Had cauſe her ſorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with ſorrow ſing,
That was beloved of a king.

One compariſon more, and we have done.

Methinks I hear the throſtle cock,
Methinks I hear the jay,
Methinks I hear lord Barnards horn;
And I would I were away.

Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, thou little Muſgràve,
And huggle me from the cold;
'Tis nothing but a ſhepherds boy,
A driving his ſheep to the fold (4).

Theſe pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could ſee the man,
Returning from the town:

Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd;
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſate them down and cry'd (5).

(4) Little Muſgrave and Lady Barnard.
(5) Children in the Wood.

Theſe

Theſe ſtanzas, excluſive of their ſuperior ſmoothneſs, may defy all the Minſtrel ſongs extant, nay even thoſe in the *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, for ſimplicity, nature, intereſt, and pathos, to which it muſt be confeſſed theſe celebrated rhapſodies have very ſmall pretenſions.

After all, the Minſtrel ſongs, under the circumſtances in which they were produced, are certainly both curious and valuable compoſitions, and could any further lights be thrown upon the hiſtory of thoſe by or for whom they were invented, a collection of all that can be diſcovered would ſtill be a very entertaining and intereſting work; but if ſuch a publication ſhould ever appear, it is to be hoped that it will come from an Editor who prefers truth to hypotheſis, and the genuine remains of the Minſtrel Poets, however mutilated or rude, to the indulgence of his own poetical vein, however fluent or refined.

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION

ON THE

SONGS, MUSIC, AND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE

OF THE

ANCIENT ENGLISH.

I. TO pretend to frame a Hiſtory, or any thing reſembling one, from the ſcanty gleanings it is poſſible to collect upon the ſubject of our Ancient Songs and vulgar muſic, would be vain and ridiculous. To bring under one view the little fragments and ſlight notices which caſually offer themſelves in the courſe of extenſive reading, and ſometimes where they are leaſt likely to occur, may poſſibly ſerve to gratify a ſympathetic curioſity, which is all here aimed at; and when ſo little is profeſſed, there can ſcarcely be reaſon to complain of diſappointment.

The little information that can be obtained upon the ſongs and muſic of the Anglo-Saxons has been already collected (1), and is unneceſſary to be here repeated. The pre-

(1) See Percys Eſſay on the Ancient Engliſh Minſtrels, p. xxiii. &c. and a Hiſtorical Eſſay on National Song, prefixed to "A Select Collection of Engliſh Songs," publiſhed in 1783, by J. Johnſon, p. xlii.

ſent

ſent enquiry therefor muſt be ſuppoſed to commence from the Norman Conqueſt, although the firſt thing to be met with in it does not occur till long after. This is a couple of lines preſerved by old Lambarde, which, with the anecdote they relate to, the reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee. If he be, indeed, it is apprehended there will be very little in this Eſſay capable of attracting his attention, or preſerving his good humour.

"In tyme of Hen. II. [*anno* 1173] Robert therl of Leyceſter (after the ſpoile of his towne of Leiceſter) came from beyond the ſeas with a rabble of Fleminges and Normanes, whom he made to beleve that al was theirs before hand, and as he was on his way, he purpoſed to ſpoile 'the' town and thabbey [of St. Edmundes Burye]; but bycauſe he might come upon them the more unwares, he ſwarved a litel out of the waye, as thoughe he ment not to come neare theim. Now while his Gallantes pauſed upon the heathe, they fell to daunce and ſinge,

Hoppe Wylikin, hoppe Wyllykin,
Ingland is thyne and myne, &c.

In the meane tyme the kinges army came ſodenly upon them, and eyther ſlew, drowned, or toke them all (2)." For this ſtory Mr. Lambarde refers us to Matthew Paris; but where he found the ſong, or whether he had any more of it, is not mentioned.

Mr. Camden has noticed another rime of the ſame age, not ſtrictly a ſong, perhaps, but deſerving, nevertheleſs, to be brought forward upon the preſent occaſion. Having obſerved that the river Waveney runs to Bungey in Suffolk, and almoſt encompaſſes it, "Here," ſays he, "Hugh Bigod [earl of Norfolk] when the ſeditious barons put all England in an uproar, fortify'd a caſtle, to

(2) Dictionary of England, p. 36.

the

the ſtrength whereof nature very much contributed. Of which he was wont to boaſt, as if it were impregnable:

Were I in my caſtle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.

Notwithſtanding which, he was afterwards forc'd to compound with a great ſum of money and hoſtages with Henry the Second, to ſave it from being demoliſht (3)." Theſe two rimes, ſuppoſing them to be given upon good authority, are valuable, independent of other conſiderations, as the earlieſt ſpecimens of the Engliſh language, not being pure Saxon (4).

It ſhould ſeem, from a rather extraordinary paſſage of *Giraldus Cambrenſis*, that ſongs and vocal harmony were very common about this period. His words are theſe:

" They [the Welſh] ſing without uniformity of muſical modulation, as elſewhere, but multifariouſly, and in many modes and tunes, ſo that in a croud of ſingers, as is the manner of this people, as many heads as you ſee, ſo many ſongs you hear and different voices, all finally under B ſoft, with a charming ſweetneſs, agreeing in one harmony and organic melody. In the northern parts alſo of Great Britain, beyond the Humber, and in the borders of Yorkſhire, the Engliſh, who inhabit thoſe parts, uſe in ſinging a ſimilar ſymphoniac harmony: but only in two different or various tones and voices; the one murmuring the lower, the other at the ſame time in a ſoft and pleaſing manner warbling the upper. Nor is it by art only

(3) Britannia (by Gibſon, 1695, p. 375).

(4) Higgons, ſpeaking of the maſſacre of the Danes, by order of K. Ethelred, 1002, ſays, " This happen'd upon St. Brice's eve, which is ſtill celebrated by the *northern Engliſh*, in commemoration of this infamous action, the women beating *braſs inſtruments* in the ſtreets, and *ſinging old rhimes* in praiſe of their cruel anceſtors." *Short View of Engliſh Hiſtory.*

but

but by ancient uſe, and as if now converted into nature by conſtant habit, that this or that people hath acquired this peculiarity. For it ſo far hath grown up, and ſuch deep root hath now taken among each, that nothing is wont to be uttered ſimply, or otherwiſe than variouſly as among the firſt, or doubly as among the latter: boys alſo (which is the more to be wondered at) and even infants (when firſt from cries they break forth into ſongs) obſerving the ſame modulation. The Engliſh, I believe, for not generally all, but the northern people only, uſe this ſort of modulation of voices, from the Danes and Norwegians who uſed to occupy thoſe parts of the iſland more frequently, and continue in the poſſeſſion of them longer, as they contracted the affinity of ſpeaking, ſo alſo the property of ſinging (5)." The not being able to underſtand or account for ſuch a ſingularity, ſeems an inſufficient reaſon for diſbelieving the relation; it is no unuſual thing however for this author, ancient as he is, and right-reverend as he was, to have his veracity queſtioned.

From the reign of Henry II. to that of his ſucceſſor of the ſame name, is a long leap; but we meet with nothing to ſtay us. Of the latter reign, beſides the ſong printed in the following collection, we have a very curious hiſtorical ballad, a ſatire upon Richard king of the Romans (6): another of the ſame age we cannot with certainty refer to.

From that moſt valuable manuſcript in the Harleian library, whence the above ſatire is extracted, we are ſupplied with ſeveral ſongs of the two following reigns; and hiſtory, ſufficiently ſparing of ſuch favours, condeſcends to furniſh us with a vulgar relique or two belonging to the firſt of them.

The battle of Dunbar was fought and won by the earl of Warenne, the 28th of April 1296; "and þo ſeide þe Engliſhmen in repreſe of þe Scottȝ.

(5) *Cambriæ deſcriptio*, c. xiii. See alſo Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic, i. 408.

(6) See Percys Reliques, ii. 1. and *infra*, p. 37.

Thus

Thus ſcaterand Scottis,
Holde I for ſootis,
Of wrenchis vnware;
Eerly in a mornyng,
In an euyl tyding,
Went ȝe froo Dunbarre."

The wits on the other ſide had indeed, it ſhould ſeem, commenced this kind of hoſtilities, which it were to be wiſhed had been the only one that ever prevailed between the two nations. "King Edward," ſays our authority, "went him toward Berwyke, and biſeged pe toune and po pt were with yn manlich hem defended, and ſett on fire and brent ij of the king Edwarde ſhippes, and ſeide in diſpite and reprefe of him,

Wend kyng Edewarde wip his lange ſhankes,
To have gete Berwyke al our vnpankes?
Gas pikes hym, and after gas dikes hym."

Their pleaſantry, however, was, in the preſent inſtance, ſomewhat ill-timed, for as ſoon as the king heard of it, he aſſaulted the town with ſuch vigour, that he carried it with the loſs of 25,700 Scots. This happened on the thirtieth of March in the ſame year (7).

Songs on national topics were at this time generally written in French, ſeveral of which, and many of them very curious, are ſtill in being (8).

The venerable father of Engliſh poetry had in his time penned "many a ſong and many a lecherous lay," of which we have infinitely more reaſon to regret the loſs, than he had in his old-age to repent the compoſition. His larger works, and above all the inimitable Canterbury Tales, afford us numerous particulars rela-

(7) Old Chronicles, MSS. Harl. 226. 7333.
(8) See MSS. Cotton, Julius, A. v. MSS. Harl. 2253.

tive

tive to the ſtate of vocal melody in that age. The *gentil Pardonere*,

That ſtreit was comen from the court of Romé,
Ful loude he ſang, Come hither, lové, tò me.
The Sompnour bear to him a ſtiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half ſo gret a ſoun (9).

This *burdoun* muſt have been the baſe, and would ſomewhat reſemble, in all likelihood, the drone of a bagpipe; which, it ſhould be remembered, the word actually ſignifies in its original language.

Aliſon, the carpenters wife, had a great many accompliſhments:

But of hire ſong, it was as loud and yerne,
As any ſwalow ſitting on a berne (10).

And the Wife of Bath, in her younger days, as ſhe herſelf tells us, could ſing like a nightingale.

The ſongs of Robin Hood, a hero of an earlier period, were ſo popular in this age, that a ſatirical writer of the time repreſents a ſecular prieſt as having neglected his breviary to acquire them:

I can rimes of Robin Hood and Randal of Cheſter,
But of our Lord and our Lady I lerne nothing at all (1).

This Randal of Cheſter was Randal Blundeville, the third and laſt earl of that name, a generous, martial baron, and a cruſader, who died in 1231; and not Randal

(9) Milleres Tale. (Note, that all the quotations here made from the Canterbury Tales, are from the valuable edition of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt.) (10) Ibid.

(1) *Viſion of* (i. e. concerning) *Piers the Plowman*. This writer is ſtill anonymous; there is no reaſon to believe that it was either Robert Langland, or John Malverne, but on the contrary a ſubſtantial one that it was not.

Higden,

Higden, the monk and chronicler, as Mr. Warton idly imagines (2).

The common people, no doubt, have in all ages been fond of ſinging in the alehouſe (3): Thus, for the age of which we are now ſpeaking, the author of *Piers Plowman:*

And then ſaten ſome and ſonge at the nale.

And the author of the *Plowmans Tale* (not Chaucer, to whom it has been falſely aſcribed) reprehends the prieſts for the ambition of being

Chief chantours at the nale (4).

The ſongs made uſe of by theſe waſſailers (5) would not, it is preſumed, be remarkable for delicacy or elegance;

(2) Hiſt. Eng. Poetry, ii. 179.

(3) They have been equally addicted to quarreling there, from the remoteſt period. See *LL. Inæ. c.* 6. *LL. Æthelredi, c.* 1. *LL. Hen. I. c.* 81.

(4) Part 3. ſtan. 22. v. 2. Thus too a ſong of Henry the ſixths time: MS. Harl. 4294.

And thou goo to the nale
As mery as a nyghtyngale.

(5) *Waſheil* and *Drincheil* were the terms of art of the old topers *at the nale*, who uſed to make the welkin reſound with them. "The old ale-knights of England," ſays Camden, "were well depainted out of 'John Hauvill, a monk of S. Albons,' in the ale-houſe colours of that time, in this manner;

Jamque vagante ſcypho, diſcincto gutture waſheil
Ingeminant waſheil; *labor eſt plus perdere vini*
Quam ſitis; exhaurire merum vehementius ardent,
Quam exhaurire ſitim. Remains, p. 413.

Sir T. de la Moor, about to deſcribe the battle of Bannockburn, has the following words: "*Vidiſſes prima nocte Anglos haud*

gance; but, whatever they were, it might afford ſome little ſatisfaction to be acquainted with them (6).

II. With

haud Anglico more vino madentes, crapulam eructantes, Waſſaile & Drinkehaile *plus ſolito intonantes.*" Vita Edwardi II. The Saxons, according to Fordun, ſpent the night preceding the battle of Haſtings in the ſame manner: "*Illam noctem Angli totam in cantibus et potibus inſomnem duxerunt.*" c. 13.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, that theſe two are the very firſt Saxon words which we know, from hiſtorical evidence, to have been pronounced in this country. Vortiger, K. of Britain, being invited to ſupper by his ally Hengiſt, at his newly built caſtle of Sydingbourn in Kent, was, after ſupper, approached by Hengiſts beautiful daughter Rowena, who, having a goblet of wine in her hand, and making a graceful reverence, ſaid, pæs heil hlaford cyning, *i. e.* be of health, lord king; to which the king, being inſtructed by his interpreter, replied, ðrunc heil, *i. e.* drink health. The bait had its effect; the king, ſmitten with the young ladys charms, deſired and obtained her in marriage, divorcing his wife, and giving up the whole of Kent to Hengiſt.

(6) Will the reader pardon the inſertion of the only ſpecimen that has occurred, and of which, as Dr. Johnſon has ſomewhere obſerved, "the merriment is very groſs, and the ſentiments very worthleſs?"

Bryng vs home good ale, ſ', bryng vs home good ale;
And for our der lady love, brynge vs home good ale.

Brynge home no beff, ſ', for that ys full of bonys,
But brynge home good ale I nowgh, for I love wyle y^{t} *(ſic)*.
But, &c.

Brynge vs home no wetyn brede, for that ys full of braund,
Nothyr no ry brede, for y^{t} ys of y^{t} ſame.
But, &c.

Brynge vs home no porke, ſ', for y^{t} ys very fat,
Nethyr no barly brede, for nethyr lovys I y^{t}.
But bryng vs home good ale.

Bryng

II. With reſpect to the muſic of this diſtant period, we are ſtill more at a loſs, than we are as to its ſongs. It was probably nothing more than the plain chant, or "a ſucceſſion of ſounds of the ſame name and place in the ſcale; viz. *C ſol fa ut*, being the mean part of a tenor voice," with little or no pretenſion to melody, the graces of the air being altogether arbitrary, and depending entirely upon the ſkill or powers of the performer. Certain it is, that no ſecular muſic of theſe times, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to have been in vogue among the common people, is known to be preſerved. Dr. Burney confeſſes that he had not been ſo fortunate as to meet with a ſingle tune to an Engliſh ſong or dance, in all the libraries and MSS. he had conſulted, ſo ancient as the *fourteenth* century (7). Sir John Hawkins had already made a ſimilar obſervation (8); and the only doubt which theſe gentlemen leave upon the minds of their readers is, whether they have met with one ſo ancient as the *fifteenth*. One may go ſtill further; it is perhaps impoſſible to produce even the bare name of a ſong or dance-tune in uſe before the year 1500. The oldeſt country-dance-tune now extant, Sir John Hawkins ſays, is that known by the name of Sellengers, *i. e.* St. Legers

Bryng vs home no muttun, ſ', for y^{t} ys togh and lene,
Nethyr no trypys, for they be ſeldyn clene.
But bryng, &c.

Bryng vs home no vele, ſ', for y^{t} will not dur,
But bryng vs home good ale I nogh to drynke by the fyr.
But, &c.

Bryng vs home no ſydyr, nor no palde wyne,
For and y^{u} do thow ſhalt have cryſts curſe and myne.
But, &c.

It is of or about the time of Henry VI. and is given from *MS. Harl.* 541.

(7) Hiſt. of Muſic, ii. 381. (8) Hiſt. of Muſic, ii. 91.

Round, which may be traced back to *nearly* the time of Henry VIII (9). It is nevertheleſs highly probable, that ſome little light tunes for dances were known from very early times. The *hornpipe* is thought by muſicians to be the native production of this country, but, if ſo, it was, poſſibly, invented as well as uſed by thoſe who could not read a note (10).

Sir John Hawkins has, indeed, pronounced that "ſongs and ballads, with eaſy tunes adapted to them, *muſt* at all times have been the entertainment not only of the common people, but of the better ſort;" and that "theſe *muſt* have been of various kinds, as namely ſatirical, humourous, moral, and not a few of them of the amorous kind. *Hardly any* of theſe," he adds, "with the muſic of them, are at this day to be met with, and *thoſe few* that are *yet extant* are only to be found in *odd part books*, written *without bars*, and *with ligatures*, in a character *ſo obſolete*, that all hopes of *recovering them*, or of rendering, to any tolerable degree intelligible, any of the *common popular tunes* in uſe before the *middle* of the *ſixteenth century*, muſt be given up (1)." It is not to be preſumed that the learned writer is, in this very curious paſſage, deſcribing what he never ſaw, much leſs what does not exiſt; it is therefor much to be regretted, that he did not conſult

(9) Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 91. The proof cited, however, does not carry it much nearer than the year 1591.

(10) Chaucer, in his *Romant of the Roſe*, ſpeaks of "hornpipes of Cornewaile," as a muſical inſtrument; to this the rural dances ſo called were perhaps originally performed, and owe a denomination for which it will otherwiſe be very difficult to account. In a MS. of ancient ſongs and muſic found among the books of the kings library in the Muſeum, and now depoſited among the royal MSS. not later than Hen. the VIIIths time, is "a hornepype;" but the authority of a gentleman, every way qualified to be a competent judge, enables the editor to ſay, that it bears no reſemblance to the hornpipe of modern times, being a very long and ſolemn compoſition.

(1) Hiſt. Muſic, iii. 2.

ſome

ſome perſons (and undoubtedly there are many) o whom the *want of bars*, the uſe of *ligatures*, and a character *ſo obſolete*, would have proved no impediment. But what "common popular tunes" have to do in "odd part books," is not eaſy to conceive.

A manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of the editor of the following collection, and written, partly at leaſt, in the times of Richard II. and Henry IV. contains, perhaps, the oldeſt ſpecimens of vulgar muſic that can be produced; and, as it is rather a curioſity, a few extracts may not be thought improper (2). A total ignorance of the muſical art is not the only inconvenience under which the preſent writer labours: what he thus inſerts is, therefor, to be regarded as mere matter of antiquity. He leaves *bars* to be added, *ligatures* to be untied, and *obſolete characters* to be decyphered, by thoſe whoſe genius and ſtudies have qualified them for the taſk: thinking it enough for him to have afforded matter for the exerciſe of their ingenuity.

(2) On the inſide of the cover is the following note by "honeſt Tom Martin of Palgrave:" "This book is the handwriting of the famous John Brakley, frier minor of Norwich, tutor and maſter to judge Paſton, whoſe accounts theſe are, when he was at the inns of court at London;

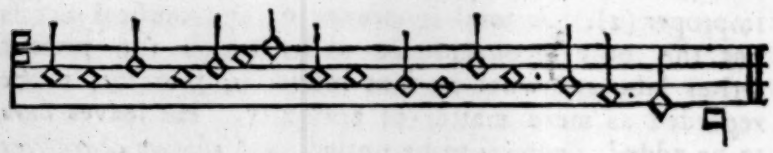
Obijt Willus Paſton, Juſticiarius Regis, Ao. 1418. *Lra Dnicalis* D.

The ſongs are very curious."

Mr. Martin was reckoned a ſkilful antiquarian and ingenious man; but he has committed at leaſt one conſiderable miſtake in this account, as judge Paſton, who was born in 1378, did not die before 1444. As to frier Brackley, he was living in 1461, in which year it appears he was to "preche at Poules." See *Original Letters, during the reigns of Henry VI.* &c. i. 234.

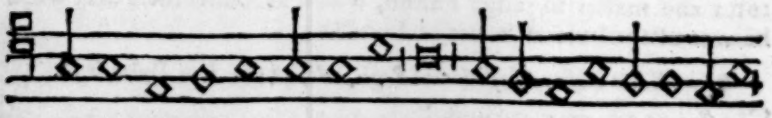
Theſe two ſeem fragments of Love Songs:

I haue loved ſo many a day, ligthly ſpedde bot bett' I may



Yıs end' day wen me was wo vnd' a bugh, y' I lay,
Naght gale to mene me to

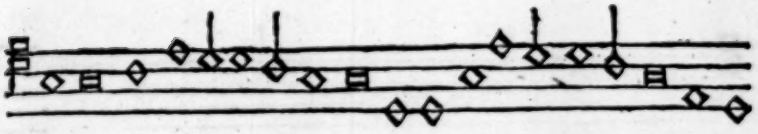
Here is a picture of the *Virgin Mother* rocking her cradle:



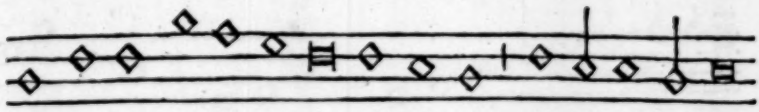
I ſaw a ſwete sēlẏ ſyght a blısful bırde
A maẏdín mod' mek & myld ín c^e díl kep

a bloſsū bright y^t mn̄yg made and mırgh of māge
a knaue child y^t ſoftly ſlepe ſcho ſat and sāge

I ſaw

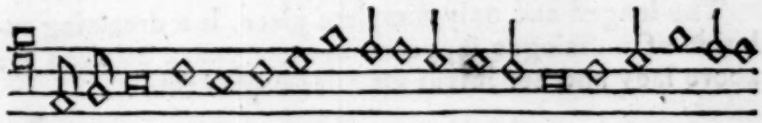


I ſaw a ſwete sēlẏ ſight a bloſsū bright a bliſ-
A maydín mod̊ mek and mild ī c^e^díl kepe a knaue

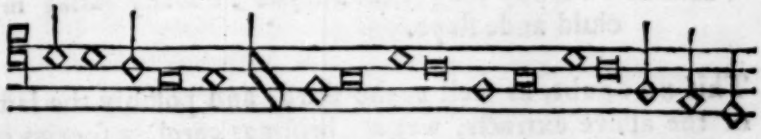


ful bird yt m̃nȳg made and mrthe of m [ange].
child y^t^ ſoftly ſlepe ſcho ſate and ſange.

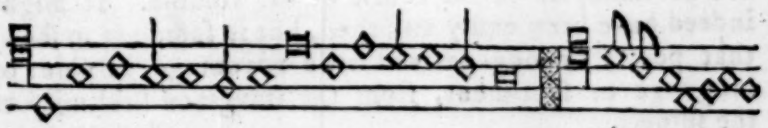
And here the *Lullaby* ſhe uſes upon the occaſion:



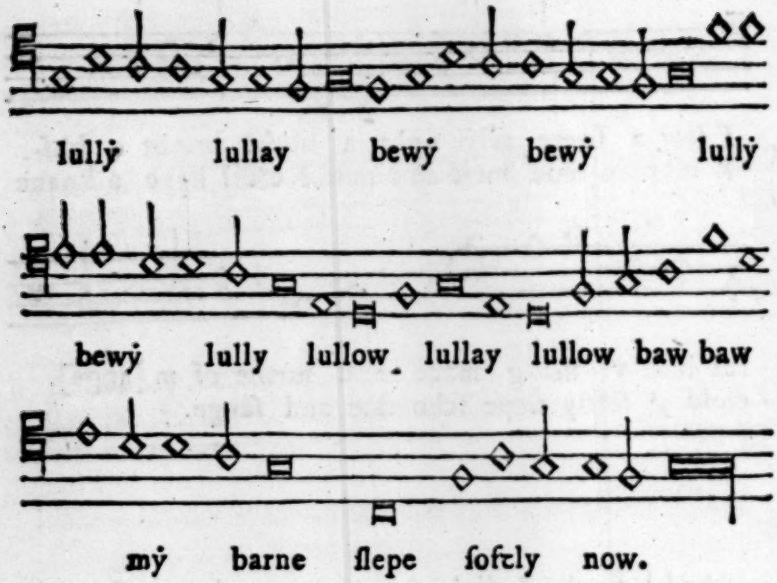
Lullaẏ lullow lully, lullaẏ bewy



bewẏ lullẏ bewy lully lullow lullẏ lullaẏ



baw baw mẏ barne ſlepe ſoftly now lullay lollow



The longeſt and only complete piece, is a dreaming relation of a dialogue ſuppoſed to have paſſed between the above lady and her infant ſon. It begins thus:

Yıs end' nıthgt I ſauy ha sıthgt ha may ha credıll kepe,
Hande eú ſchuy ſang hande ſayde ın mang lullay my
child ande ſlepe.

This no doubt, as well as the third, and poſſibly the laſt, of the above extracts, was a Chriſtmas carol, a ſpecies of compoſition of which the reader will find a tolerable number of examples in the courſe of the volume. It might indeed have been eaſily enlarged, but is ſufficient to ſhew, that poetry or ſong derived little advantage, in point of language or ſentiment, from the imagined ſublimity of the ſubject.

III. The

III. The muſic of theſe remote ages naturally leads to an enquiry after the inſtruments by which it was performed. Of theſe the HARP, as it was probably the moſt ancient, was long eſteemed the chief. This inſtrument was well known in the time of Chaucer, by whom it is frequently mentioned. His *Frere* could play upon and ſing to it (3); and the genial Wife of Bath had frequently danced to it in her younger days (4): for which purpoſe, it ſeems to have been an ordinary retainer or viſitant to taverns and ſuch like places (5). It continued in uſe till after the reign of queen Elizabeth, poſſibly till the civil wars, but was long held in the loweſt eſtimation (6): ſince that time it has been entirely laid aſide, or at leaſt very rarely uſed as an Engliſh inſtrument (7). The SAUTRIE, or pſaltery, was an inſtrument of the harp kind, on which *Hendy Nicholas*, the ſcholar of Oxenford, was an adept.

And all above there lay a gay ſautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie;

(3) Prologue. (4) Wife of Baths prologue.
(5) Chaucer mentions the dancing in

——ſtewes and tauernes,
—with *harpés*, lutés, and giternes.
And right anon in comen tombeſteres,
Fetis and ſmale and yongé fruiteſteres,
Singers with harpes, &c. Pardoners Tale.

See alſo Song IX. claſs II. of the following collection.

(6) From its being uſually played by blind men, the phraſe *blind harper* became a term of general ridicule and contempt. Thus Cotton, *Virgil Traveſtie*:

Quoth he, *blind harpers*, have among ye!

(7) "Honeſt *Jack N——ls*, the harper," is however remembered in one of Tom Browns Letters from the Dead to the Living. Works, ii. 191. And ſeems to have plyed at "the Cellar at the *Still*."

So

So ſwetély, that all the chamber rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he ſong.
And after that he ſonge the kingés note.
Full often bleſſed was his mery throte (8).

The Kinges Note was doubtleſs ſome well-known ſong of the time, and probably the very ſame which is mentioned in *Vedderburnes Complaint of Scotland* (uſually aſcribed to Sir James Inglis) printed at St. Andrews, in 1549, under the title of "kyng villȝamis note."

Chaucer mentions the ROTE as an inſtrument on which his *Frere* excelled (9). This, it is conjectured, was the ſame with the more modern *vielle* (10), the *lyra mendicorum*, or hurdy-gurdy (1), ſo frequent at this day in the ſtreets of London, though not in the hands of the natives, the ſtrings of which are agitated by the friction of a *wheel* (2). It is likewiſe named by Gower, in his *Confeſſio Amantis*,

—Harpe, citole, and RIOTE,
With many a tewne and many a note.

(8) Millers Tale. Again:

He kiſſed here ſwete, and taketh his ſautrie,
And plaieth faſt, and maketh melodie.

(9) Prologue.

(10) The *vielle* of the Jongleurs, which Dr. Percy makes "a kind of lute or guitar," was the *violin*. See M. de la Ravailliere, *de l'Ancienneté des Chanſons Françoiſes, Poëſies du roy de Navarre*, i. 249. M. le Grand, *Fabliaux ou Contes*, i. 49.

(1) The uſe of this term, though rejected by dictionary-makers, is not without *claſſical authority*:

Whom have we here? a ſightly ſwain and ſturdy!
Hum! plays, I ſee, upon the *hurdy-gurdy*. Midas.

(2) See M. de la Ravilliere, *l'Ancienneté des Chanſons*, p. 254.

The

The CITOLE, or ciſtole, as it is elſewhere called (from *ciſtella*, a little box) is thought to have been the *dulcimer*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind.

The RIBIBLE and GITERNE were favourite inſtruments of Abſolon the pariſh clerk.

A mery child he was, ſo God me ſave.
In twenty manere could he trip and dance.
And playen ſongés on a ſmall RIBIBLE,
Therto he ſong ſometime a loud quinible.
And as wel coud he play on a GITERNE.
In all the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne,
That he ne viſited with his ſolas,
Ther as that any gaillard tapſtere was (3).

The deſcription of his ſerenading the carpenters wife is admirable:

The moone at night ful clere and brighté ſhon,
And Abſolon his giterne hath ytake,
For paramours he thoughté for to wake.
And forth he goth, jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenterés hous,
A litel after the cockes had ycrow,
And dreſſed him up by a ſhot window,
That was upon the carpenterés wal.
He ſingeth in his vois gentil and ſmal;
Now, dere lady,—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning (4).

The ribible was probably the REBEC or FIDDLE, which has been a popular inſtrument, and, by gradual improvement, has at length ſuperſeded almoſt every other. Its antiquity is unqueſtionable (5). The CROUTH or crowd

(3) Millers Tale. (4) Ibid.
(5) See M. de la Ravailliere, *l'Ancienneté*, &c. p. 249.

(crwd

(cpuð, Saxon, *crwd*, Welſh) was another, but larger inſtrument of the ſame nature (6). The GITERNE is the cittern or guitar, which was anciently much uſed for ſinging to. Thus in the *Viſion of Piers the Plowman*, one ſays, he can

Neither ſaylen ne ſaute, ne ſyng to the gyterne.

This inſtrument, which Chaucer thought worthy of the god of muſic, he has put with peculiar propriety into the hands of the *joly Abſolon*, who, among his numerous accompliſhments,

Wel coud leten blod, and clippe, and ſhave,

as it appears, for many centuries, to have made part of the conſtant furniture of a barbers ſhop, where it was "common to all men." It ſeems of late, however, to have retrieved its credit, and to have received ample amends for its diſgrace in the hands of the fair ſex.

Moſt of theſe inſtruments, with others, are enumerated in an old metrical romance, intitled, *The Squire of Low Degre:*

There was mirth and melodye,
With harp, getron, and ſautry,
With rote, ribible, and clokarde,
With pypes, organ, and bumbard.

(6) *Ficle* and *crowth* are both mentioned in ſong V. claſs I. whence it ſhould ſeem they were at that time diſtinct inſtruments. See alſo the figure and deſcription of a crowth in Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. ii. p. 273. and in the Archæologia, vol. iii. p. 30. Spenſer calls it "the *trembling* crowd," in alluſion, no doubt, to the vibration or tremulous motion of the chords. *Crowd*, however, was in later times the common name of a *fiddle*, and *Crowder*, of a performer thereon; whence the name of *Crowdero* in *Hudibras*. And that *fiddle* and rebeck were ſynonymous, appears from a paſſage in *The Knight of the burning Peſtle*, where it is ſaid to be "preſent death for theſe *fidlers* to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turks grace."

The

The LUTE, mentioned by Chaucer, muſt, from the low ſtate not only of the muſical ſcience, but of the mechanical arts in that age, have been eſſentially different from the modern inſtrument of the ſame name, which is ſaid to have fallen into diſuſe on account of the ſuperior degree of ſkill requiſite to its performance (7).

The CYMBAL, the TABOUR, the TYMBRE, the SISTRUM, are all mentioned, and ſome of them deſcribed, by Bartholomeus, in his book *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, which was tranſlated into Engliſh by John de Treviſa, and firſt printed by Wynken de Worde.

The SYMPHONIE, likewiſe, which Chaucer mentions in his rime of Sir Topaz,

> (Here is the quene of Faerie,
> With harpe and pipe, and ſymphonie,
> Dwelling in this place)

was "an inſtrument of muſyke, . . . made of an holowe tree, cloſyd in lether in eyther ſyde, and mynſtrels betyth it wyth ſtyckes (8)".

An extract from the romance of *Aliſaundre*, by Adam Davie, will afford no bad idea of a grand concert, and

(7) See Browns Eſtimate, vol. ii. p. 77.—Sir J. Hawkinses Hiſt. of Muſic, iv. 394. This inſtrument in Skeltons time was chiefly in the hands of profeſſors. See how he handles one of theſe *comely coyſtrownes*:

> He lumbryth on a lewde lewte roty bulle joyſe,
> Rumbill downe, tumbil downe, hey go now now.
> He fumblyth in his fyngering an vgly good noiſe,
> It ſemyth the ſobbyng of an old ſow.
> He wold be made moch of and he wyſt how, &c.

It is alſo noticed in an old poetical tract, intitled, *The Schole Houſe of Women* (originally printed in or before 1557):

> Or as the minſtrel dooth intend
> With help of *lute*, finger, or quil. Sig. D. j. 6.

And in Surreys Poems, firſt publiſhed in that year, is a beautiful addreſs "to his *Lute*," by Sir T. Wyat the elder.

(8) Bartho. *de Pro. Rerum.*—Hawkinses Hiſt. of Muſic, ii. 284.

the other amuſements at a royal feſtival in the court of Edward II. or III. The author is ſpeaking of the marriage of "kyng Phelip" with "Clorpatras the riche quene."

Spouſed ſcheo is and ſet on deys,
Now gynnith the geſte of nobles.
At theo feſte was trumpyng,
Pipyng and eke taboryng,
Sytolyng and ek harpyng,
Knyf pleyng and ek ſyngyng,
Carolyng and turmentyng,
Wraſtlyng and ek ſlymyng.
Theo game goth nouȝt ful blyue
Ther ſom helieth and ſome wyue.

Chaucers Miller entertains his fellow pilgrims with the ſound of the "BAGGEPIPE," which he played very well.

The "HORNEPIPES OF CORNEWAILE," mentioned in the *Romant of the Roſe*, are thought to have been the ſame as the *pibcorn*, an inſtrument ſtill uſed in ſome parts of the principality of Wales, of which Mr. Barrington has given a particular deſcription (9). The *ſtock and horn* which Allan Ramſay mentions, and explains to be "a reed or whiſtle, with a horn fixed to it by the ſmaller end," to anſwer the purpoſe of a drone, is, however, with equal probability, the hornepipe of Chaucer. Though, after all, his "*Cornewaile*" is not the county in England ſo called, but *Cornouaille* in Bretagne, which he found in his original (10).

The martial inſtruments of theſe ages were,

PIPES, TROMPES, NAKERES, and CLARIOUNES,
That in the bataille blowen blody ſounes *.

(9) Archæologia, iii. 33. *Pibcorn* is *cornpipe, pipeau de corne.* Thus in the Complaint of Scotland, "the feyrd [ſcheiphyrd playit] on ane *cornepipe*." Hornpipe and cornpipe are ſynonymous. See before, p. xxxvi. n. (10.)

(10) *Et ſons nouveaulx de contretaille,*
Aux chalemaulx de Cornouaillé.

* Canterbury Tales, i. 98. (Knightes Tale.)

And

And the ſhepherd boys of Chaucers time had

—many a FLOITE and LITLYNG HORNE,
And pipés made of grené corne (1).

Bartholomeus obſerving, that as "ſhepe louyth pypynge, therfore ſhepherdes uſyth pipes whan they walk with theyr ſhepe (2)."

IV. The progreſs of Song-writing during the fifteenth century, may, in ſome degree, appear from the following collection; little additional information is to be gleaned during a period only intereſting in battles and murders.

Among the Harleian MSS. in the Muſeum (N° 682) is a collection of love poems, roundels, and ſongs, made by Charles duke of Orleans while a priſoner in England, in Henry the fifths time. It is not to be expected that the poetry of a foreigner (and a prince of the blood too) ſhould have much merit in an age in which that of the natives had ſo little.

The following, which is given as a ſpecimen of this young noblemans talents, ſeems to be a ſort of dialogue between him and his miſtreſs, on his requeſting the favour of a chaſte ſalute.

Lende me yowre praty mouth madame,
Se how y knele here at yowre feet.
Whie wolde ye occupy the ſame?
Now where a bowt firſt mot me wite.
J wis dere hert to baſſe it ſwete,
A twyſe or thriſe or that y die.
So may ye haue when next we mete
Toforne or ye it ocupie.

Or y it ocupy, wel, wel,
Js my reward but ſuche a ſkorne?

(1) Houſe of Fame, iii. 133.
(2) Hawk. Hiſt. Muſic, ii. 283.

Ye woo is me for yowre ſeek hele,
But it may heele right wel tomorne.
Then ſe y wel though y were lorne
For oon poore coſſe ye ſet not by.
Seide y yow not ynough toforne
Ye may haue or ye ocupy?

Ye for that coſſe y thanke yow that
For whie yet am y never pe nere.
Then come agayne this wot ye what
An other tyme and not to yere.
A fy, wel wel, a ſwet hert dere,
Bi verry god ye mot aby.
Nay bete me not, firſt take it here
Toforne or ye it occupy.

Ye ſo ſo ſwete, ye ſo ſwete hert,
Good thrift vnto pat praty eye.
Nay erſt lo muſt ye this avert
How y ſeide or ye it ocupy.

A MS. in the Bodleian library has once contained either the whole or part of a ſong, of which it was found impracticable to make out more than the two firſt lines:

Joly Chepte of Aſchell down
Can more on loue than al th^e^ town.

Mr. Warton, who has printed the firſt of them, ſeems to diſcover ſome reſemblance between this ſame *Joly Cheperte* and *Thomas of Erſildon*, the Scotiſh vaticinal rimer (3).

After the firſt battle of St. Albans, between Henry VI. and the duke of York, by the mediation of the archbiſhop of Canterbury and other prelates, both parties were brought to a compromiſe and mutual exchange of

(3) Hiſt. Engliſh Poetry, i. 76.—The N^o^ of the MS. is 692.

promiſe

promiſe of friendſhip. "For the outward publiſhing of this ioyfull agreement," ſays Stow, "there was vpon our Lady day in Lent, or fiue and twentieth day of March, [New Years Day, 1458] a ſolemne proceſſion celebrated within the cathedrall church of Saint Paule, in the city of London: at the which the king was preſent, in his habite royall, with the crowne on his head; before him went, hand in hand, the duke of Somerſet, the earle of Saliſbury, the duke of Exceſter, and the earle of Warwick, and ſo one of the one faction, and another of the other. And behind the K. the duke of Yorke, and the queene, with great familiarity to all mens ſights, whatſoever was meant to the contrary . . . (4)." This, it cannot be doubted, would be a ſpectacle highly grateful to the people, as it ſeemed to promiſe them a reprieve from the calamities of a civil war, which they had previouſly every reaſon to apprehend; it therefor certainly deſerved to be celebrated by a happier bard than the author of ſuch ſtanzas as the following:

Whan charite is choſen w^{t} ſtates to ſtonde
Stedfad, and ſkill without diſtaunce,
Than wrathe may be exiled out of this lande,
And god oure gide to haue the gou^{r}nance:
Wiſdom & wellth with all pleſaunce
May rightful regne and proſperite,
For loue hath vnderlaide wrathful veniaunce,
Reioiſe Anglond oure lordes acorded to be (5).

Other ſongs of this reign might be produced; and ſuch readers as are not ſatisfied with the number printed in the following collection, may be referred to MS. Sloan. 2593, and MS. Harl. 4294, where they will find ſeveral more.

(4) Annales, (ed. 1631, fo.) p. 404.
(5) MSS. Cotton. Veſpaſian, B. xvi.

Dr. Percy had, in the two firſt editions of the *Reliques*, reprinted an excellent old ballad of this reign, intitled, The Turnament of Tottenham; but having been "informed of an ancient MS. copy preſerved in the Muſeum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been tranſcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456," he has in the third edition "chiefly followed that more authentic tranſcript." Only "the laſt ſtanza," he ſays, "is NOT in MS. but given from Bedwell's copy." For the ſake of a conſiderable variation, this laſt ſtanza is here printed from that very MS.

At that feſt thay wer ſeruyd with a rych aray,
Euery ſyve and fyve had a cokenay;
And ſo thay ſat in jolyte al the lang day;
And at the laſt thay went to bed with ful gret deray:
Mekyl myrth was them amang;
In euery corner of the hous
Was melody delycyous,
For to her precyus
Of ſix menys ſang (6).

Skelton, laureat, in the Bowge of Court, his beſt ſerious poem, introduces a character under the name of "Haruy 'Hafter' (7)," whoſe

—Throte was clere, and luſtely coulde fayne,
And ever he ſange, ſithe I am nothinge plaine,
To kepe him from piking it was a grete paine.

Alluding no doubt to ſome well-known ſong. He likewiſe bids

(6) P. 73. (7) Not Hafter.

Hauel and Haruy *Hafter*,
Jacke trauel, and Cole *crafter*.
Why come ye not to Court.

Holde

Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God ſtere,
I wolde be merie, what wind that euer blowe,
Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman,
rowe.

This laſt line is certainly the ſcrap of an old ballad. "In this xxxii. yeare [ſ. of Henry VI.]" ſays Fabian, "John Normā . . . . [mayor of London] vpon the morowe of Symon & Judes daye, the accuſtomed day whē the newe mayre vſed yearly to ryde with great pompe vnto Weſtminſter to take his charge, this mayre firſt of all mayres brake that auncient and olde continued cuſtome, & was rowed thyther by water, for the which ye watermen made of hym a roundell or ſonge to hys great prayſe, the which began, Rowe the bote, Normā, rowe to thy lemmā, and ſo forthe, with a longe proceſſe (8)."

This Haruy 'Hafter' is repreſented entirely ignorant of prick-ſong, which, as an ordinary accompliſhment, he expreſſes a great deſire to learn.

Princes of youghte, can ye ſinge by rote,
Or ſhall I ſaile with you a feloſhip aſſaie,
For on the booke I cannot ſing a note;
Wolde to God, it wolde pleaſe you ſome daye,
A ballade booke before me for to laye,
And lerne me to ſinge (Re mi fa ſol)
And when I faile, bobbe me on the noll.

"Ryot" too, another character in the ſame poem, is a muſical genius,

And ay he ſange in fayth decon thou crewe (9).

He could likewiſe perform a popular piece of church muſic, and accompany his voice with the ſound of a flaggon:

Counter he coude (O lux) upon a potte.

(8) Ad An. 1453.
(9) This ſong is again mentioned in *Why come ye not to Court.*

We have doubtleſs loſt many of Skeltons ballads. In the enumeration of his works in "*The Crowne of Laurel*," he mentions ſeveral things which one may reaſonably conclude to have been of that ſpecies. For inſtance:

The umbles of veniſon, the botels of wyne,
To faire maiſtres Anne that ſhuld haue be ſent,
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Where it became, and whither it went,
And howe that it was wantonly ſpent.
The balade alſo of the muſtarde tarte.
Such problems to paint it longeth to his arte.

From a paſſage in Barclays *Ship of Fools* it ſhould appear, that the practice of ſerenading was as common in his time in the ſtreets of London, as we are taught to believe it is at preſent in thoſe of Madrid.

The furies fearful, ſprong of the floudes of hell,
Bereth theſe uagabondes in their minds, ſo
That by no meane can they abide ne dwell
Within their houſes, but out they nede muſt go;
More wildly wandring then either bucke or doe,
Some with their harpes, another with their lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a fooliſhe flute.

Then meaſure they their ſonges of melody,
Before the doores of their lemman deare;
Howling with their fooliſhe ſonge and cry,
So that their lemman may their great folly heare:
And till the Jordan make them ſtande areare,
Caſte on their head, or till the ſtones flee,
They not depart, but coueyt there ſtill to be (10).

In a very old Morality, the earlieſt piece of that deſcription, perhaps, now extant, intitled, "The iiii Ele-

(10) Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic, ii. 139.

ments,

ments(1)," "*Senſuall Appetite*," one of the characters, holds the following language:

Make rome ſyrs, and let vs be mery,
With huff a galand, ſynge tyrll on the bery,
And let the wyde worlde wynde,
Synge, fryſk a joly (2), with hey troly loly,
For I ſe well it is but foly,
For to haue a ſad mynd.

And his advice to "*Humanitye*" is,

Ye ſhulde euer ſtudy pryncypall
For to comfort your lyfe naturall,
With metis and drynkes dilycate,
And other paſtymes & pleaſures among,
Daūſyng, laughyng, or PLESAUNT SONGE,
This is mete for your eſtate.

The following ſong, of this reign, appears worthy of notice, if it were but from the circumſtance of explaining a ſeemingly corrupted paſſage of an ancient Scotiſh writer, mentioned in a preceding page, who, according to Mackenzie, among the titles of popular ſongs of the time, names

Couthume the raſhis grene *,

of which no one, it is ſuppoſed, has ever known what to make. For this diſcovery, we are indebted to the old book among the Kings MSS.

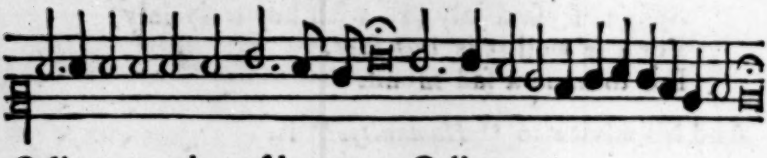
(1) It was printed by Raſtall, and, from a paſſage alluding to the diſcovery of America, Dr. Percy concludes it not to have been written later than 1510.

(2) "He how friſca joly vnd*ꝑ* the grene wood tre," is the burthen of an ancient ſong in the muſical volume among the Kings MSS.

* See Lives of Scottiſh Writers, iii. 44. The original, however, (a moſt rare book) reads

"Cou thou me the raſchis grene."

Colle to me the ryſshys grene Colle to me



Colle to me the ryſshes grene Colle to me.

For my paſtyme vpon a day,
I walkyde a lone ryght ſecretly;
In a mornyng of luſty May,
Me to reioyce I dyd a plye.

Wher I ſaw one in gret dyſtreſſe,
Complaynyng him thus pytuouſly:
Alas! he ſayde, for my maſtres
J well preyue that I ſhall dye.

Wythout that thus ſhe of hur grace
To pety ſhe wyll ſomewhat reuert,
J haue moſt cauſe to ſay alas,
For hyt ys ſhe that hath my hart.

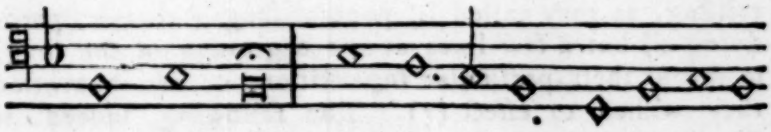
Soo to contynew whyle my lyff endur'
Though I fore hur ſholde ſuffre dethe,
She hath my hart wyth owt Recure,
And euer ſhall duryng my brethe.

The burthen, *Colle to me*, &c. is, as uſual, to be repeated at the end of every ſtanza. But the editor ſhould neither be ſurpriſed nor ſorry to learn that this is not the original ſong. *Colle* is *cull.*

The

The reader will pardon another extract from the ſame MS. of which the brevity may ſerve to compenſate for whatever defects it may have.

Weſtron wynde, when wyll thow blow(3), the ſmalle rayne



downe can Rayne. Cryſt yf my love were in my armys

and I yn my bed a gayne.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie* (1589, p. 12.) mentions "one Gray" as having grown unto good eſtimation with king Henry VIII. and afterwards with the

(3) This reminds one of a ſtanza in an ancient and pathetic Scotiſh ballad:

Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And ſhake the green leaves from the tree;
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
For of my life I am wearie.

duke of Somerſet, protector, " for making certaine merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is vp, the hunte is vp.*"—Is this it?

The hunt is up,
The hunt is up,
And now it is almoſt day;
And he that's in bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away (4).

A fooliſh practice (which this little piece has brought to mind) was introduced by the puritan reformers, of moraliſing, as they called it, popular ſongs; that is, parodying all but a few lines at the beginning of the ſong, to favour their particular ſuperſtition, or the innovation they wiſhed to effect (5). The following, indeed, is Scotiſh, but as the meaſure was not taken up in the North till there was no longer occaſion for it in the South, and particularly as *The Hunt is up* was an Engliſh ſong, we may fairly enough lay claim to the honour of the Traveſtie.

With hunts up, with hunts up,
It is now perfect day;

(4) The following are the words of an ancient round for four voices:

The hunt is up, the hounds ar in the fyld,
The chaſe is up and newly gone;
Up then and folow at hand for ſhame,
Els thow art lyke to leeſe the game.

(5) Thoſe modern puritans the methodiſts have adopted a ſimilar practice, and ſing their hymns to popular ſong-tunes, which one of their leaders uſed to ſay, had been too long devoted to, or were too good for, the devil. This foolery is admirably ridiculed by Shakſpeare, where he ſpeaks of the puritan who " ſings *pſalms* to *hornpipes*." See *Winters Tale*.

Jeſus

Jeſus our king is gone a hunting,
Who likes to ſpeed they may.

There are ſeveral other ſtanzas, but none which appears to have any alluſion to the original ſong (6).

The earlieſt of theſe parodies ſeems to be one at the end of a MS. in the Kings Library (17. B. XLIII.) where it is written as proſe. The beginning is given for the ſake of the original words, the reſt is fanatical traſh.

Cō hom' agayn',
Cō hom' agayne,
Mi nowne ſwet hart, com home agayne;
Y^e are gone a ſtray
Out of you^r way,
There [for] cō home agayne.

A popular ſpecies of harmony aroſe in this reign, of which the following collection will afford a few examples; it was called *King Henrys Mirth*, or *Freemens Songs* (7), that monarch being a great admirer of vocal muſic, and even having the reputation of a compoſer. *Freemens Songs* is a corruption of *Three mens ſongs*, from their being generally for *three voices*. Thus the clown in Shakſpeares *Winters Tale*:—"She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers: *three-man-ſong-men all*, and very good ones."—And Carew, in a paſſage quoted at the end of the following collection, expreſsly calls *John Dory* "*an old Three mans Song.*" In the *Turnament of Tottenham* we read of *melody delicious of ſix menys ſang* (8).

(6) See "a ſpecimen of a book, intituled, Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Sangs, &c. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." Edin. 1765, 8vo.

(7) See p. 159, 163, &c.

(8) Before, p. 1. Are we from this expreſſion to conclude that this was actually a ſong in ſix parts, or only that ſix men joined in ſinging the ſame melody?

The

The religious morality of *Luſty Juventus*, written and printed in the reign of Edward VI. opens with a ſong, which, as it is but ſhort, may be given entire.

In a herber grene aſlepe where as I lay,
The byrdes ſange ſwete in the middes of the daye,
I dreamed faſt of myrth and play:
In youth is pleaſure, in youth is pleaſure.

Methough I walked ſtil to and fro,
And from her company I could not go;
But when I waked it was not ſo:
In youth is pleaſure, in youth is pleaſure.

Therfore my hart is ſurely pyght
Of her alone to have a ſight,
Which is my joy and hartes delyght:
In youth is pleaſure, in youth is pleaſure.

Towards the end is another, but of leſs merit, in the ſame meaſure.

In a MS. of Bennet college library, Cambridge, (N° 106) are two ballads upon the incloſure of commons, which appears to have cauſed great diſturbances in this reign.

The amorous and obſcene ſongs uſed in the court of this virgin prince, gave ſuch ſcandal to Thomas Sternhold, "being," as Wood ſays, "a moſt zealous proteſtant and a very ſtrict liver, that he forſooth turn'd into Engliſh metre 51 of Davids Pſalms, and cauſed muſicall notes to be ſet to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would ſing them inſtead of their ſonnets, but did not, only ſome few excepted (9)."

(9) *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, i. 76. But ſee Puttenham, *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, p. 12. where he ſays that "king Henry the 8, for a few Pſalmes of Dauid turned into Engliſh meetre by Sternhold, made him groome of his priuy chamber, & gaue him many other good gifts."

Long

Long before the reign of queen Elizabeth, printed ſongs and ballads had become common. Laneham, deſcribing the curious literary collection of Captain Cox, the maſon of Coventry, has the following words: "What ſhoold I rehear; heer, what a bunch of ballets and ſongs, ALL ANCIENT.—As, Broom Broom on Hil—So wo iz me begon, troly lo (10)—Over a Whinny Weg—Hey ding a ding (1)—Bony Laſs upon a Green—My bony on gave me a Bek—By a Bank as I lay (2), and A HUNDRED MORE, he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whipcord (3)." The word ANCIENT would ſcarcely be applied to any thing of a later date than the

(10) See ſong III. claſs III. "Brume on Hil" is likewiſe mentioned in the *Complaint of Scotland.*

(1) Has not this been the ballad of *Old Sir Simon the King?*

Says old Sir Simon the king,
Says old Sir Simon the king,
With his aledropt boſe,
And his malmſey noſe,
Sing hey ding ding a ding ding.

Q. Where it is to be found?

(2) This laſt ſong is preſerved in the old MS. already mentioned to have been found among the books of the Kings Library in the Muſeum. It is a love ſong, but without any other merit than antiquity.

(3) Letter from Killingwoorth, Lond. 1575, 12mo. b. l. Theſe printed ballads ſoon begun to be hawked up and down the country in baſkets. In the pleaſaunt and ſtately Morall of the three Lordes and three Ladies of London, 1590, 4to. b. l. Simplicitie, "in bare blacke, like a poore citizen," on being aſked what daintie fine ballad he has now to be ſold, ſays, "Marie, child, I haue Chipping Norton—A Mile from Chappel o'the Heath—A lamentable ballad of Burning the Popes Dog—The ſweet ballade of The Lincolnſhire Bagpipes—and Peggy and Willy---But now he is Dead and gone---Mine own ſweet Willy is laid in his grave, la, la, la, lan ti dan dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry do." And that it was the "vocation" of ſuch a fellow to "bear his part" in a ſong, appears from the character of Autolycus, in the *Winters Tale.*

time

time of Henry VIII. Indeed their antiquity may be preſumed from another circumſtance, not one of them being now extant.

From "a very mery and pythie commedie," called "The longer thou liueſt the more Fool thou art, . . . "a myrrour very neceſſarie for youth, and ſpecially for ſuch as are like to come to dignitie and promotion, ... newly compiled by W. Wager," imprinted at London, &c. in 4to. bl. l. without date, ſome time in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we glean ſcraps of a great many ſongs, moſt or perhaps all of them even at that time old, with ſome of which the reader can ſcarcely chooſe but be entertained, which may ſerve as an apology for the length of the quotation.

"¶ Here entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine geſture and a fooliſh countenance, ſynging the foote of many Songes, AS FOOLES WERE WONT."

Moros. Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill hill:
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome ſtandes on Hiue hill a.
¶ Robin, lende to me thy bowe, thy bowe,
Robin the bow, Robin, lend to me thy bow a (4).
¶ There was a mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue;
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Daungerous be:
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, ſmall and gent,
As euer vpon the grounde went,
For ſo ſhould it be.
¶ By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Muſinge on things paſt, hey how.

(4) See ſong XI. claſs IV.

¶ Tom

¶ Tom a Lin and his wife, and his wiues mother,
They went ouer a bridge all three together,
The bridge was broken and they fell in,
The deuill go with all, quoth Tom a Lin (5).
¶ Martin Swart and his man, ſodledum ſodledum,
Martin Swart and his man, ſodledum bell (6).
¶ Com ouer the boorne Beſſe,
My little pretie Beſſe,
Com ouer the boorne Beſſe to me (7).
¶ The white doue ſat on the caſtell wall.
I bend my bow, and ſhoote her I ſhall;
I put her in my gloue both fethers and all.
I layd my bridle upon the ſhelf,
If you will any more ſing it yourſelfe.

Moros having been interrupted by *Diſcipline*, goes on thus:

I haue twentie mo ſongs yet,
A fond woman to my mother,

(5) Of this ſong the editor has fortunately met with a modern printed copy, but much altered, it ſhould ſeem, from the original, beginning,

Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born.

In the Complaint of Scotland, "Thom of Lin" is given as the name of a dance.

(6) Skelton, laureat, (who died in 1529) has an evident alluſion to the ſame ſong:

With hey troly loly lo, whip here Jak.
Alumbek *ſodyldym* ſyllorym ben,
Curiowſly he can both counter and knak
Of *Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.*
Againſt a comely Coyſtrowne, &c.
Works (1736) p. 254.

(7) Shakſpeare has put theſe three identical lines into the mouth of Edgar, in K. Lear. A moraliſation of the ſong is (with the muſic) in the editors folio MS.

As

As I war wont in her lappe to ſit,
She taught me theſe and many other;
I can ſing a ſong of robin redbreſt,
And my litle pretie nightingale,
There dwelleth a iolly Foſter here by weſt,
Alſo I com to drink ſom of your Chriſtmas ale.
Whan I walke by my ſelfe alone,
It doth me good my ſongs to render;
Such pretie thinges would ſoone be gon,
If I ſhould not ſome time them remembre.

Moros. Before you go let vs haue a ſong,
I can retch vp to ſing, ſol fa and paſt.
Idleneſſe. Thou haſt ſonges good ſtoare, ſing one,
And we three the foote will beare.
Moros. Let me ſtudy, it will come anone,
Pepe, la, la, la, it is to hye there,
So, ho, ho, and that is to lowe,
Soll, ſoll, fa, fa, and that is to flatte,
Re, re, re, by and by you ſhall knowe,
My, my, my, howe ſaye you to that?
Idlenes. Care not for the 'key,' but what is thy ſong?
Moros. ¶ I haue a prety tytmouſe,
All iiii. Come picking on my to,
the ſame. Goſſuppe with you I purpoſe,
To drinke before I go.
Moros. ¶ Litle pretty nightingale,
All iiii. Among the braunches greene (8),
the ſame. Geue vs of your Chriſtmaſſe ale,
In the honour of ſaint Steuen.

(8) This ſong, with muſic, is in the old book already mentioned among the Kings MSS. The firſt ſtanza is as follows:

The lytyll prety nyghtyngale,
Among the leuys grene,
I wolde I were wyth hur all nyght,
But yet ye wot not whome I mene.

The laſt line is the concluding one of each ſtanza.

Moros.

Moros. ¶ Robyn readbreſt with his noates,
Singing a lofte in the quere,
All iiii. Warneth to get you freſe coates,
the ſame. For winter then draweth nere.
Moros. ¶ My brigle lieth on the ſhelfe,
Yf you will haue any more,
Vouchſafe to ſing it yourſelfe,
For here you haue all my ſtoare.
Wrath. A ſong much like thauthour of the ſame,
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.
Moros. This ſong learned I of my dame,
When ſhe taught me muſtard ſede to grinde.

Wrath ſeems to conſider theſe ſcraps as Moroſes own invention; and *Idleneſſe* having before told the company that he (Moros) could "ſing ſonges and make rymes," one might have conſidered him as an *improviſatore*, or natural extempore poet, if he had not himſelf told us how he came by them.

Ignorance, in a dialogue between *Impietie* and *Crueltie*, is required to "ſing ſome mery ſong," which unfortunately is not inſerted, owing to an ordinary practice of our early dramatiſts, to leave the choice of the ſong to the performer. Upon the whole, this is certainly a moſt curious piece, and it is much to be deſired, that a collection of theſe ancient moralities were given to the public; as they not only furniſh numberleſs particulars of the domeſtic life and manners of our anceſtors, but are beſides infinitely more entertaining than any dramatic production before the time of Shakſpeare.

"The ouer buſie and too ſpeedy returne of one maner of tune," ſays Puttenham, doth "too much annoy & as it were glut the eare, vnleſſe it be in ſmall and popular muſickes, ſong by theſe *Cantabanqui*, vpon benches and barrels heads, where they haue none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes that paſſe by them in the ſtreet, or elſe by blind harpers, or ſuch like tauerne minſtrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat, *&c.* alſo they be vſed

in carols and rounds, and ſuch like light or laſciuious poems, which are commonly more commodiouſly vttered by theſe buffons or vices in playes, then by any other perſon (9)."

Webbe alſo cenſures the vulgar ſongs of his time, which he calls "a few balde ditties made ouer the beere potts, which are nothing leſſe then poetry (10)."

The ſong in *Gammer Gurtons Garland*, firſt printed in 1575, which begins,

I cannot eate but lytle meate,

has been often mentioned as the firſt drinking ſong of any merit in the language, and as ſuch has been frequently printed. It is certainly a ſingular performance, and deſerves to be well known (1).

In an old pamphlet by Henry Chettle, intitled, "Kind-Harts Dreame," &c. 4to. black letter, without date, but ſuppoſed to be printed in 1592, is contained an ironical admonition to the ballad-ſingers of London, from Antony Now Now (2), or Antony Munday, a great ballad-writer, wherein he ſays, "When I was liked, there was no thought of that idle upſtart generation of ballad-ſingers, neither was there a printer ſo lewd that would ſet his finger to a laſciuious line." But now, he adds, "ballads are abuſively chanted in every ſtreet; and from London this evil has overſpread Eſſex and the adjoining counties. There is many a tradeſman, of a worſhipfull trade, yet no ſtationer, who after a little bringing vppe apprentices to ſinging brokerie, takes into his ſhoppe ſome freſh men, and truſtes his olde ſeruantes of a two months

(9) Arte of Engliſh Poeſie, p. 69.

(10) Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie, 1586, 4to. black letter, ſig. c. iii.

(1) See it in the "Select Collection of Engliſh Songs," already cited.

(2) See ſong XIX. claſs V. of the following collection.

ſtanding

ſtanding with a doſſen groatesworth of ballads. In which, if they prove thriftie, he makes them prety chapmen, able to ſpred more pamphlets by the ſtate forbidden, than all the bookſellers in London, &c." The names of many ballads are here given, as "*Watkins Ale*, *The Carmans Whiſtle*, *Chopping-knives*, and *Frier Fox-taile* (3). And out-roaring Dick and Wat Wimbars, two celebrated trebles, are ſaid to have got twenty ſhillings a day, by ſinging at Braintree fair in Eſſex (4).

Biſhop Hall thus cenſures the number of ballads publiſhed in his time:

Some drunken rimer thinks his time well ſpent,
If he can live to ſee his name in print;
Who, when he is once fleſhed to the preſſe,
And ſees his handſelle have ſuch faire ſucceſſe,
Sung to the wheel, and ſung unto the payle,
He ſends forth thraves of ballads to the ſale (5).

By

(3) "I ſhould hardly be perſwaded, that anie profeſſor of ſo excellent a ſcience [as printing] would bee ſo impudent, to print ſuch odious and laſciuious ribauldrie, as *Watkins Ale*, *The Carmans Whiſtle*, and ſundrie ſuch other." Letter (with the ſignature T. N. to his good friend A [nthony] M [unday]) prefixed to the latters tranſlation of "Gerileon of England. The ſecond part, &c." 1592, 4to. black letter. The object of this abuſive letter has poſſibly been Thomas Delony. The tune of *Watkins Ale*, was in one of Dr. Pephuſchs MSS. See Wards Lives of the Profeſſors of Greſham College (the Muſeum copy) p. 199. The *Carmen* of this age ſhould ſeem to have been ſingularly famous for their muſical talents. Juſtice Shallow, according to Falſtaffs ſatyrical deſcription, "came ever in the rear-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe *tunes* to the over-ſcutcht huſwives, that he heard the *carmen whiſtle*, and ſware they were *his fancies*, or *his good-nights*." 2 Hen. IV. Act III. Scene II. Skelton ſays of a profeſſor in his time:

He whyſtelyth ſo ſwetely, he maketh me to ſwet.

(4) Wartons Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. p. 291.

(5) Virgedemiarum, 1597. He very probably alludes to the

peerleſs

By being *ſung to the wheel* and *payle*, the author means ſung by maids *ſpinning* and *fetching water*. Lord Surrey, in one of his poems, ſays,

> My mothers *maids*, when they do ſit and *ſpin*,
> They ſing a ſong made of a fieldiſh mouſe;

Alluding perhaps to the fable of the City Mouſe and Country Mouſe. Thus alſo Shakſpeare in his *Twelfth Night*:

> The *ſpinſters* and the knitters in the ſun
> Do uſe to chant it.

This admirable writer compoſed the moſt beautiful and excellent ſongs, which no one (ſo far as we know) can be ſaid to have done before him (6); nor has any one excelled him ſince. Many of them have been already in-

peerleſs Elderton, who was no leſs famous for his drunkenneſs than his poetry. "Thomas [r. William] Elderton, who did arm himſelf with ale (as old father Ennius did with wine) when he ballated, had this, in that reſpect made to his memory.

> *Hic ſitus eſt ſitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus,*
> *Quid dico, hic ſitus eſt? hic potius ſitis eſt.*
> Camdens Remains, p. 535.

Of this epitaph, Dr. Percy has given the following verſion by Oldys:

> Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
> Dead as he is, he ſtill is dry:
> So of him it may well be ſaid,
> Here he, but not his thirſt is laid.

(6) Or at leaſt but one, Marlows "Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love," is the only inſtance that can be excepted.

ſerted

ſerted in a more refined collection than the following (7), in which however ſome of his lighter pieces will be found in their due place. In the plays of this favourite of the muſes, we find a number of fragments of old ſongs and ballads, which will afford us infinite amuſement in our purſuit.

In the Comedy of *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Scene 3. Sir Toby, on the Clowns entering, ſays, "Now let's have a catch." "By my troth," exclaims Sir Andrew, "the fool hath an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing as the fool has. . . . Now a ſong." *Sir Toby*, "Let's have a ſong." "Would you have a love-ſong," ſays the Clown, "or a ſong of good-life," (*i. e.* a jolly bacchanalian ſong)? "O," ſays Sir Toby, "A love-ſong, a love ſong." "Ay, ay," adds Sir Andrew (miſconceiving the term) "I care not for good-life." Upon this the Clown ſings a ſong, beginning

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming,

Which, though it does not at preſent appear to have any great merit, is pronounced by Sir Andrew, to be "excellent good i'faith." They preſently "make the welkin dance," and "rouze the night-owl," with the catch of *Hold thy peace thou knave*, which is ſtill preſerved. Sir Toby, being "in admirable fooling," ſings, "*Three merry men we be*,"—"*There dwelt a man in Babylon*," and "*O, the Twelfth Day of December:*" of which the two firſt are extant, but the laſt is unfortunately loſt. Another, beginning

Farewell dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone,

Of which they ſing a few lines, is likewiſe preſerved. Shakſpeare takes every opportunity of diſcovering his attachment for theſe old and popular reliques. In the ſame play Orſino ſays,

(7) See the collection of ſongs referred to in a preceding note.

Now good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we had laſt night,
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.

The Clown being accordingly brought in to ſing it, the duke proceeds:

O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario, it is old and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it; it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

The words, indeed, are ſcarcely anſwerable to the eulogium; but united to the air, might have had all the effect upon the audience the author propoſed.

In the courſe of this play, we have another ſcrap from the Clown:

Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind perdie,
Alas, why is ſhe ſo?
She loves another.——

He alſo concludes the piece with an epilogue ſong, of which the firſt ſtanza is,

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey ho, the wind and the rain;
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

It is remarkable that Shakeſpeare puts theſe ſhreds chiefly into the mouths of his fools and lunatics. Edgar, in King Lear, perſonating the character of a Bedlamite, ſings,

Sleepeſt or wakeſt thou jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn,
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Again:

Child Rowland to the dark tower came.

This, if a ſong, was probably ſome tranſlation from the French or Spaniſh. Rowland is the Orlando of the Italian romancers, who had him from France, and gave him to Spain. As to the words which follow, they have not the leaſt connection with *Child Rowland*, but belong indeed to the ſtory of *Jack the Giant Killer*:

His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh-man.

Some of the little effuſions uttered by Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, are very pathetic. For inſtance:

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf,
At his heels a ſtone.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow,
Larded with ſweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love ſhowers.

A number of theſe fragments having been ingeniouſly worked up by Dr. Percy into a little tale, in humble imitation of ſo reſpectable an example, ſomething of

the ſame nature is attempted in the following collection.

Maſter Silence, in his cups, has a ſtanza for every occaſion: we ſhall do nothing, ſays he, but

Eat and drink, and make good chear,
And thank God for the merry year,
When fleſh is cheap, and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there
So merrily, and ever among ſo merrily.

Again:

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all;
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Again:

A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long a.

In the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*, Benedick attempts to ſing the following lines:

The God of love
That ſits above,
That knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve.

This is the beginning of an old popular ſong by Will Elderton; a puritanical parody of which is now extant (8).

In

(8) In the maſquerade ſcene in the third Act of this play, Benedick angers Beatrice, by telling her that ſome one had ſaid of

In *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Old Merry Thought ſings a variety of ſhreds, which have all the appearance of being fragments of old ſongs.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy, for
  She is, ſhe is, ſhe is,
My lord of Lowgraves laſſy.

Give him flowers enow, Palmer; give him flowers enow;
Give him red and white, and blue, green and yellow.

Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear;
  The wind and the rain
  Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear:
  The weather is warm,
  'T will do thee no harm;
Thou canſt not be lodged here.

And in the tragedy of *Bonduca*, Junius ſings:

She ſet the ſword unto her breaſt,
  Great pity it was to ſee,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
  Run trickling down her knee.

her "that ſhe was diſdainful, and had her good wit out of the *hundred merry tales*," an old collection well known in Shakſpeares time; but being now loſt, the late editors have pronounced it a tranſlation of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which there needs no other evidence that they have never read.

Again:

It was an old tale ten thouſand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

Theſe fragments are the rather noticed, as they may chance to prove the means of recovering the entire ballad.

Toward the end of the long reign of queen Elizabeth, Richard Johnſon, author of the Hiſtory of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendom, and Thomas Deloney, the hiſtorian of the Gentle Craft, &c. wrote ballads for the preſs, to be ſung about the ſtreets of London, and up and down the country, in which they ſeem to have excelled both their predeceſſors and contemporaries. For though Elderton was known and celebrated for the prince of ballad-mongers, and ſeems to have made the compoſition of ſuch things his ſole profeſſion, yet are thoſe of his, which have come down to us, by no means to be compared to ſuch as, upon the authority of the different garlands publiſhed under their reſpective names, we may reaſonably attribute to Johnſon and Deloney (9).

Of the merits of Anthony Munday as a ballad-writer, we have no opportunity to judge; not a ſingle ſpecimen of his abilities in that line being now to be diſcovered.

V. The number of ancient printed ſongs and ballads which have periſhed muſt be conſiderable. Very few exiſt of an earlier date than the reign of James, or even of

(9) See "The Crown Garland of Golden Roſes," by Richard Johnſon [1612. *Bib. Bod.*] 1683. "The Garland of Delight," containing Chronicles Hiſtories, &c. written by Thomas Delone, the thirtieth edition, 1681, 12mo. b. l.---"The Royal Garland," by T. D. 1681; and in "The Garland of Good Will," by T. D. 1688, all in the Pepyſian library. From theſe it ſhould appear, that Deloney was author of *Fair Roſamond*, one of the beſt of the old Engliſh ballads.

Charles

Charles the firſt (10). Being printed only on ſingle ſheets, which would fall chiefly into the hands of the vulgar, who had no better method of preſerving their favourite compoſitions, than by paſting them upon the wall (1), their deſtruction is eaſily accounted for. The practice of collecting them into books, did not take place till after queen Elizabeths time, and is probably owing to Johnſon and Deloney, who, when they were advanced in years, and incapable perhaps of producing any thing of merit, ſeem to have contented themſelves with collecting their more juvenile or happier compoſitions into little penny books, entitled Garlands: of theſe, being popular and often reprinted, many are ſtill extant, particularly in the Pepyſian library (2).

Thoſe pieces which we now call old ballads, ſuch as Fair Roſamond, The Children in the Wood, and the Ladys Fall, which an ingenious writer ſeems to conſider "as the native ſpecies of poetry of this country (3)," are comparatively

(10) The oldeſt printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfal of Thomas Lord Cromwell, in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy.

(1) This meaſure, which may in ſome parts be ſtill obſerved, is alluded to by Cotton:

> We in the country do not ſcorn,
> Our walls with ballads to adorn,
> Of patient Griſſel and the Lord of Lorn.

And by Swift:

> The ballads paſted on the wall
> Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Mall *.

(2) See Percy, i. lxxvii. and the preceding page.

(3) Aickin, Eſſays on Song Writing, p. 27. "Many of the ancient ballads," he ſays, "have been tranſmitted to the

* Theſe ladies are only mentioned as probable ſubjects; there is no ſong about either.

preſent

ratively modern, that is of the earlier part of the laſt century, not one of them being found in print, or noticed in any book before its commencement (4). Queen Dido, to be ſure, from its popularity at that time, would ſeem to be ſomewhat older, and is probably one of the oldeſt, as it is certainly one of the beſt we have. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an old writer, "you that deuoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole aletubs into conſumptions; that ſing QUEENE DIDO ouer a cupp, and tell ſtrange news ouer an alepot, &c (5)."

If indeed, by "native ſpecies of poetry," is meant a ſpecies peculiar to this country, it is very certain that we have as little pretenſion to originality in this reſpect as in any other; of which a very ſlight acquaintance with the ballad poetry of other countries will be ſufficient to prove. Our moſt ancient popular ballads, if we may judge from the few ſpecimens preſerved, were ſingularly rude, and not above two or three of theſe are known to

preſent times, and in them the character of the nation diſplays itſelf in ſtriking colours. The boaſtful hiſtory of her victories, the proweſs of her favourite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary ſaint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curioſity to the antiquarian and man of taſte." The illuſtration of this paſſage by appoſite examples, would have been a favour to readers leſs happy in their reſearches after theſe rough rhymes and unadorned narrations than the author.

(4) The earlieſt notice of any of theſe old ballads, is that which Shakeſpeare has put into the mouth of Falſtaff, in the ſecond part of K. Hen. IV. Act ii. Scene 4.

When Arthur firſt in court began,

Which was at that time in all probability a new and popular ballad; and likely enough by Richard Johnſon, who had a great turn for ſubjects of chivalry and romance.

(5) Jacke of Douer, his Queſt of Inquirie, &c. 1604, 4to. (fig. 2.)

have been printed for the people (6). It is barely poſſible that ſomething of the kind may be ſtill preſerved in the country by tradition. The Editor has frequently heard of traditional ſongs, but has had very little ſucceſs in his endeavours to hear the ſongs themſelves (7).

An ingenious Frenchman has projected the hiſtory of his country by a chronological ſeries of ſongs and ballads (8). And the multitude of MS. and printed collections preſerved in the royal library, or otherwiſe attainable, would leave a diligent compiler at no loſs for materials. A hiſtory of England of this ſort would be no leſs intereſting or delightful; but the taſk is impoſſible (9).

This

(6) Ante, p. xvii. xxii.

(7) In a copy of verſes addreſſed to Mr. (now Dr.) Blacklock, by Richard Hewit, (a boy whom, during his reſidence in Cumberland, he had taken to lead him); on quitting his ſervice, are the following lines:

How oft theſe plains I've thoughtleſs preſt;
Whiſtled, or ſung ſome fair diſtreſt,
Whoſe fate would ſteal a tear.

"Alluding," as it is ſaid in a note, "to a ſort of narrative ſongs, which make no inconſiderable part of the innocent amuſements with which the country people paſs the winter nights, and of which the author of the preſent piece was a faithful rehearſer." *Blacklocks Poems*, 1756, 8vo. p. v. It is a great pity, if theſe pieces have any merit, that ſome attempt is not made to preſerve them.

(8) *M. Meuſnier de Querlon, Memoire Hiſtorique ſur la Chanſon (l'Anthologie Françoiſe, tome I.) p.* 44, 45.

(9) Dr. Percy having mentioned the "*fabulous* and *romantic ſongs* which for a *long time prevailed* in *France* and *England*, *before* they had *books of chivalry in proſe*," [Q. *where they are to be found?*] obſerves, that "in *both theſe countries*, the *Minſtrels ſtill* retained ſo much of their original inſtitution, as frequently to make *true events* the *ſubject* of their *ſongs*;" and indeed, that "the memory of events was preſerved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by ſcarce any other means than the *popular ſongs* of the *Minſtrels*;" adding in a note, that "*the*

Editor

This ſlight and imperfect eſſay ought not to be concluded without a wiſh that they who are in poſſeſſion of curioſities of this nature, for almoſt every ſong prior to the commencement of the laſt century is a curioſity, would contrive ſome method or other of making them public, or at leaſt of acquainting us with their exiſtence, and thereby preſerving them from that deſtruction to which they are otherwiſe ſo exceedingly liable. With reſpect to the collection now produced, there is ſcarce a public library which has not been explored, in order to furniſh materials for it. Its contents, indeed, are far from numerous; a defect, if it be one, which neither zeal nor induſtry has been able to remedy.

Editors MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind." With reſpect to the contents of this famous and extraordinary MS. enough has been already ſaid. It is obſervable, however, that *not one* of this *multitude* has made its appearance in public.

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ANCIENT

ANCIENT SONGS.

CLASS I.

Comprehending the Reigns of HENRY III. EDWARD I. EDWARD II. EDWARD III. and RICHARD II.

I.

A SONG OR CATCH IN PRAISE OF THE CUCKOW.

This curious piece, which is thought to be "the moſt ancient Engliſh ſong, with [or without] the muſical notes, any where extant," is preſerved in a manuſcript of the Harleian Library, in the Muſeum (N° 978). It has been already publiſhed by Sir John Hawkins in his very in-

ſtructive

inſtructive and entertaining Hiſtory of Muſic, Vol. ii. p. 93; *and at p.* 96 *of the ſame volume it is reduced into the ſcale of modern compoſition. The ingenious author remarks that "Mr. Wanley has not ventured preciſely to aſcertain the antiquity of this venerable muſical relic," but adds, "that the following obſervations will go near to fix it to about the middle of the fifteenth century." A conjecture in which he is, doubtleſs, greatly miſtaken, as the MS. is evidently of much higher antiquity, and may, with the utmoſt probability, be referred to as early a period (at leaſt) as the year* 1250. *So good a judge of ancient MSS. as Mr. Wanley was could never have been reſtrained by* FEAR *from giving his opinion of their age: that conſideration, however, might have had its weight both with the learned hiſtorian, and with thoſe who have adopted his opinion* *.

Under the words here given are thoſe of a Latin hymn, to which Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Du Cange, thinks the term Rota *alone refers; an opinion for which there does not appear ſufficient reaſon; the word implying no more than our* Round. *And hence perhaps a paſſage in Shakſpeare may receive ſome illuſtration. In Hamlet, Ophelia, ſpeaking of a ballad of "The falſe ſteward who ſtole his maſters daughter," exclaims— "O how the* wheel *becomes it!" evidently meaning the burthen or return of the ſtanza.*

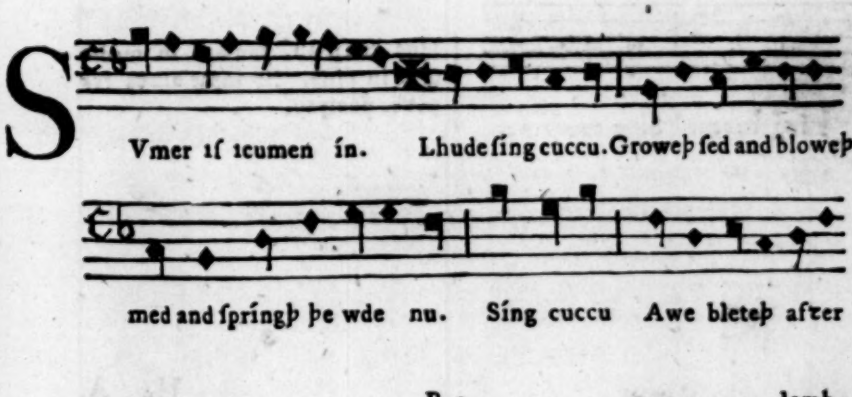
A ROTE *was likewiſe an ancient muſical inſtrument, as we may learn from Chaucer:*

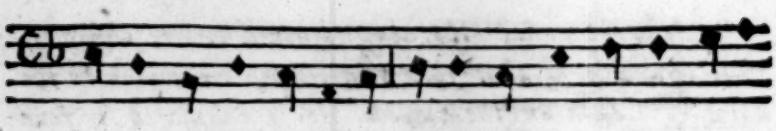
"Wel coude he ſing and playen on a ROTE."

* *Dr. Burney, T. Warton.*

" *As to the muſic,*" *the above learned writer obſerves,* " *it is clearly of that ſpecies of compoſition known by the name of Canon in the uniſon. It is calculated for four voices, with the addition of two for the* Pes, *as it is called, which is a kind of ground, and is the baſis of the harmony.*"

" *It is obſervable,*" *continues he,* " *that the moſt ancient ſpecies of muſical imitation is the ſong of the Cuckow, which muſt appear to be a natural and very obvious ſubject for it. Innumerable,*" *he ſays,* " *are the inſtances that might be produced to this purpoſe; a very fine madrigal in three parts, compoſed by Thomas Weelkes, organiſt of Chicheſter cathedral, about the year* 1600, *beginning 'The Nightingale the organ of delight,' has in it the Cuckow's ſong. Another of the ſame kind, not leſs excellent, in four parts, beginning 'Thirſis ſleepeſt thou?' occurs in the Madrigals of John Bennet, publiſhed in* 1599. *Viraldi's Cuckow concerto,*" *he adds,* " *is well known, as is alſo that of Lampe, compoſed about thirty years ago.*"





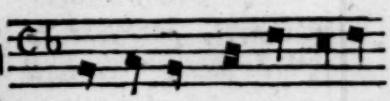
lomb. lhouþ after calue cu. Bulluc ſterteþ. bucke uerteþ

Murie ſing cuccu. Cuccu cuccu Wel ſinges þu cuccu ne ſwik

þu nauer nu.

Hanc rotam cantare poſſunt quatuor ſocij. A paucioribuſ autem q̃m a tribus ul' ſaltem duobus nõ debet dici. pret̃ eoſ qui dicũt pedem. Canit̃ autẽ ſic. Tacẽ tibꝫ cet̃iſ un̄ inchoat cũ hijſ q̃ tenẽt pedẽ. Et cũ uenerit ad p̃mam notam poſt crucẽ / inchoat aliuſ. ⁊ ſic de ceteris.

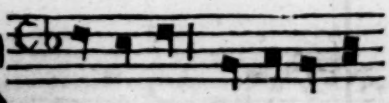
ſingl'i ů repauſent ad pauſacõneſ ſc̃ptaſ ⁊ ñ alibi / ſpacio uniuſ longe note.



S

íng cuccu nu. Síng cuccu.

Hoc repetit un̄ quocienſ op̄ eſt / faciens pauſacionem ín fíne.



S

íng cuccu. Síng cuccu nu.

Hoc dicit ali' pauſanſ ín medio ⁊ ñ ín fíne. S; ínmediate repetẽs p̃ncipiu.

II.

A BALAD AGAINST THE SCOTS,

" many of whom are here mentioned by name, as also many of the English besides the King & Prince. But particularly, of William Walleys taken at the Battel of Dunbar, A. D. 1305. of Simon Frisell, taken at the Battel of Kyrkenclyf, A. D. 1306. both [of] whom were punished as Traitors to our King Edward the first, & their Heads sett (among others of their Countrey-men) upon London-bridge: and of the coronation of Robert le Brus & his Lurking afterward."* WANLEY.

This ballad contains a variety of incidents little noticed by historians. It is given from a MS. of Edward the 2d: time, in the Harleian Library, N° 2253.

LYstneþ Lordynges, a newe song ıchulle bıgẏnne
Of þe ꝛ^{a}ytours of scoꝛlond þꝛ ꝛake beþ wẏþ gẏnne,
Mon þaꝛ loueþ falsnesse & nule neuer blynne,
Sore may him drede þe lẏf þꝛ he ís ẏnne,
Jch vnderstonde:
Selde wes he glad
Þꝛ neuer nes asad
Of nyþe āꝛ of onde.

* *Properly* Fraser, *ancestor of the late Lord Lovat.*

þᵗ ýſugge bý þís ſcottes þᵗ bueþ nou to drawe,
þe heuedes o londone brugge whoſe con ýknawe;
He wenden han buen kynges ant ſeiden ſo in sawe,
Betere hem were han ýbe barouns ant libbe in godes lawe
Wyþ loue.
Whoſe hateþ ſoth ant rýht
Lutel he douteþ godes mýht
þe heye kýng aboue.

To warný all þe gentilmen þᵗ bueþ in ſcotlonde
þe waleis wes to drawe, ſeþþe he wes an honge,
Al q̃c biheueded, ýs boweles ýbrēd,
þe heued to londone brugge wes ſend,
To abýde.
After ſimond frýſel,
þᵗ wes t̃ytour ant ſykell,
Ant ýcud ful wýde.

Sire edward oure kyng, þᵗ ful ýs of piete,
þe waleis q̃rters ſende to is oune contre,
On four half to honge huere mýrour to be,
þer opon to þenche þᵗ monie mýhten ſe,
Ant drede.
Whý nolden he be war
Of þ[e] bataile of donbar,
Hou euele hē con ſpede? *

* *The Scots had been defeated there with great loſs, Anno* 1296.

Byſſhopes

Byſſhopes and barouns come to þe kynges pes,
Aſe men þat weren fals, fykel and les,
Oþes hue him ſworen in ſtude þer he wes,
To buen him hold and ſwe for alles cunnes res
þrye.
þt hue ne ſhulden aȝeyn hum go,
So hue were temed þo,
Weht halt hit to lye.

To þe kyng edward hii faſten huere fay,
Fals wes here foreward ſo forſt is in may,
þat ſonne from þe ſouthward wypeþ away;
Moni proud ſcot þer of mene may
To ȝere.
Nes neuer ſcotlond
Wiþ dunt of monnes hond
Allinge aboht ſo duere.

þe biſſhop of glascou ychot he was ylaht,
þe biſſhop of seint Andre boþe he beþ ycaht,
þe abbot of scon wiþ þe kyng nis nout saht,
Al here p'pos ycome hit ys to naht,
þurh ryhte:
Hii were vnwis
When hii þohte ꝑs
Aȝeyn huere kyng to fyhte.

Þourh conſail of þes biſſhopes ẏnemned bẏfore
Sire Robt þe bruẏtȝ furſt kẏng wes ẏcore,
He mai eueruche daẏ ẏs fon him ſe bẏfore,
Ȝef hee mowen hím hente íchot he bíþ forlore,
Sauntȝ faẏle.
Soht forte sugge,
Duere he ſhal abugge
Þt he bigon bataẏle.

Híí þt hím crounede proude were ant bolde,
Híí maden kẏng of ſome ſo híí ner ne ſholde,
Híí ſetten on ys heued a croune of rede golde,
Ant token hím a kyneȝerde ſo me kyng ſholde,
To deme.
Þo he wes ſet in ſee
Lutel god couþe he
Kẏneriche to ȝeme.

Nou kyng hobbe in þe mures ȝongeþ,*
Forte come to toune nout him ne longeþ;
Þe barouns of engelond mẏhte hue him gâpe
He him wolde techen on englyſſh to pẏpe,
Þourh ſtreẏnþe:

* *K. Robert Brus, after the battle of Kirkencliffe (or Methven, as it is more generally called) fled into the Highlands, where he lurked for ſome time. In a pretended converſation between him and his queen, reported by ſome of our old hiſtorians, ſhe is made to ſay, "You are but a Summer king, I take it; I do not imagine you will be a Winter one." (M. Weſt. 456.) This calumny ſeems alluded to in v. 66.*

Ne

Ne be he ner ſo ſtout
Ȝet he biþ yſoht out
O brede and o leynþe.

Sire Edward of carnarvan, ihu him ſaue ant ſee,
Sire Emer de valence, gentil knyht ant free,
Habbeþ yſuore huere oht þt par la gce dee,
Hee wolleþ ous delyuren of þt falſe contree,
Ȝefe hii conne.*
Muche haþ ſcotlond forlore,
Whet alaſt whet bifore,
Ant lutel ps wonne.

Nou ichulle ſonge þer ich er let,
Ant tellen ou of friſel aſe ich ou by het,
Jn þe batayle of kyrkenclyf Fryſel was ytake,
Ys contínaunce abatede eny boſt to make,
Bifide ſtuelyn;
Knyhtes ant ſweynes,
Fremen ant þeynes,
Monye wiþ hym.

So hii weren byſet on eueruche halue,
Somme ſlaye were, ant ſomme dreynte hem ſelue,
Sire Johan of lyndeſeye nolde nout abyde,
He wod in to þe water his feren him byſyde,
To adrenche.

* *A very judicious proviſo, as appeared in the ſequel.*

Whí

Whí nolden híí be war
Þer nís non aȝeyn ſtar?
Whẏ nolden hẏ hem bẏþenche?

Þís wes byfore ſeint bartholomeus maſſe
Þt Frẏſel wes ẏtake, were hit more oþer laſſe;
To ſire Thomas of multon gentil baroun ant fre,
And to ſire Johan Joſe bẏ take þo wes he,
To honde:
He wes ẏfetered weel
Boþe wíþ ẏrn ant wẏþ ſteel
To bríngen of ſcotlonde.

Sone þer after þe tẏdẏnge to þe kẏng com,
He hím ſende to londone wíþ monẏ armed grom,
He com ẏn at newegate, y telle ẏt on aplyht,
A gerland of leues on ẏs hed ẏdẏht *
Of grene;
For he ſhulde ben ẏknowe
Boþe of heȝe ant of lowe
For t'ẏtour ẏwene.

* *So Wallace, at his mock trial at Weſtminſter, was "crowned with laurel," as Stowe relates, "for that he had ſaid in times paſt, that he ought to bear a crown in that hall (as it was commonly reported)." V.* ante *v.* 11. *and* poſt *v.* 180.

Yfetered

Yfetered were ys legges vnder his horse wombe,
Boþe wiþ yrn ant wiþ stel mankled were ys honde,
A gerland of peruenke set on ys heued,
Muche wes þe poer þt him wes bireued
Jn londe:
So god me amende,
Lutel he wende
So be broht in honde.

Sire herbert of morh^{a}m seyr knyht ant bold,
For þe loue of frysel ys lyf wes ysold,
A waiour he made, so hit wes ytold,
Ys heued of to smhyte ȝef me him brohte in hold,
Wat so bityde:
Sory wes he þenne
Þo he myhte him kenne
Þourh þe toun ryde.

Þenne seide ys scwyer a word anon ryht,
Sire we beþ dede ne helpeþ hit no wyht,
Thomas de boys þe scwyer wes to nome,
Nou ychot our waiour turneþ ous to g^{o}me,
So ybate.

V. 129. l. Norh^{a}m. *He was one of the Scotiſh priſoners in the Tower; and is ſaid to have been ſo confident of the ſafety or ſucceſs of Sir Simon Fraſer, that he had offered to lay his own head on the block if that warrior ſuffered himſelf to be taken: and (however involuntarily) it ſeems he kept his word.* Vide *M. Weſt.* 460.

Ydo

Ydo ou to wyte,
Here heued wes of smyte
Byfore þe tour gate.

Þis wes on oure leuedy euen*, for sothe ychunderstonde,
Þe iustices seten for þe knyhtes of scotlonde,
Sire Thomas of multon, an hendy knyht ant wys,
Ant sire Rauf of sondwych þt muchel is told in þs,
Ant sire Johan Abel;
Mo ymihte telle by tale,
Boþe of grete ant of smale,
Ȝe knowen suyþe wel.

Þenne saide þe iustice þt gentil is ant fre,
Sire simond Frysel, þe kynges taytour hast þou be,
Jn water ant in londe þat monie myhten se,
What sayst þou þareto, hou wolt þou quite þe?
Do say.
So foul he him wiste
Nede waron truste
Forto segge nay.

Þer he wes ydemed so hit wes londes lawe,
For þt he wes lordswyk furst he wes to drawe,
Vpon a reþeres hude forþ he wes ytuht,
Sum while in ys time he wes a modi knyht,
Jn huerte.

* *7th September* 1306.

Wicked-

Wickedneſſe & ſunne
Hit is lutel wunne
þt makeþ þe body ſmerte.

For al is grete poer ȝet he wes ỳlaht,
Falſneſſe & ſwỳkedom al hit g'eþ to naht,
þo he wes in ſcotlond lutel wes ys þoht
Of þe harde iugement þt him wes byſoht
Jn ſtounde.
He wes fourſiþe forſwore
To þe kyng þer bifore,*
& þt him brohte to grounde.

Wiþ feteres & wiþ gỳues ichot he wes to drowe,
From þe tour of londone, þt monie mỳhte knowe,
Jn a curtel of burel aſelkeþe wỳſe,
Ant a gerland on ys heued of þe newe guỳſe,
þurh cheepe;
Monimon of engelond
Forto ſe ſỳmond
þideward con lepe.

* *Sir Simon was one of thoſe whom K. Edward brought out of Scotland in* 1296, *when that kingdom was firſt ſubdued. He remained a cloſe priſoner about eight months, and was then freed, on entering into the uſual engagement with the conqueror, to which, however, it is certain he did not think proper to adhere; eſteeming it, perhaps, more ſinful to keep ſuch a forced obligation than to take it. Abercrombie, I.* 552.

Þo he com to galewes furſt he wes an honge,
Al ꝙc bẏheueded, þah him þohte longe,
Seþþe he wes ẏopened, ís boweles ẏbrend,
Þe heued to londone brugge wes ſend,
To ſhonde:
So ich euer mote þe
Sum while wende he
þ' lutel to ſtonde.

He rideþ þourh þe ſíte as ẏ telle may,
Wiþ gomen & wẏþ solas, þt wes here playẏ,
To londone brugge hee nome þe wayẏ,
Moní wes þe wẏues chil þt þer on lakeþ a dayẏ,
Ant ſeide alas
þt he wes ibore,
& so villiche forlore,
So feír mon aſe he was.

Nou ſtont þe heued aboue þe tubrugge,
Faſte bi waleis, ſoþ forte ſugge,
After ſocour of scotlond longe he mowe prẏe,
Ant afzer help of fraunce, wet halt hit to lẏe,
Jch wene.
Betere hím were in ſcotlond
Wiþ ís ax in ẏs hond
To pleyen oþe grene.

Ant

Ant þe body hongeþ at þe galewes faſte,
Wiþ yrnene claſpes longe to laſte,
Forte wyte wel þe body, & ſcottyſh to garſte,
Foure and tuenti ſ̃ beoþ to ſoþe ate laſte,
By nyhte,
Zef eny were so hardi
Þe body to remny
Alſo to dyhte.

Were ſire Robe þe bruyt; ycome to þis londe,
Ant þe erl of aſſeles,* ſ̃ harde is an honde,
Alle þe oþer pouralle, forſoþe ich vnderſtonde,
Mihten be ful blyþe ant þonke godes ſonde,
Wyþ ryhte;
Þenne myhte vch mon
Boþe riden & gon
In pes wiþ oute vyhte.

Þe t̃ytours of scotlond token hem to rede
Þe barouns of engelond to brynge to dede,
Charles of fraunce, so moni mon tolde,
Wiþ myht & wiþ ſtreynþe hem helpe wolde,
His þonkes.

* *The Earl of Athol, John de Strathbogie. Attempting to eſcape by ſea, he was driven back by a ſtorm, taken, and conveyed to London, where he was tryed, condemned, and, with circumſtances of great barbarity, put to death, 7th, &c. November* 1306. *(M. Weſt.* 461.) *Which proves the preſent ballad to have been compoſed between that time and the 7th September preceding.*

Tprot

Tproꝛ ſcoꝛ for þí ſt^f,
Hang vp þẏn hacheꝛ anꝛ þı knẏf,
Whıl hım laſteþ þe lẏf
Wıþ þe longe ſhonkes.

*** *The following curious particulars of the capture and execution of this Sir Simon Fraſer are tranſcribed from the fragment of an old chronicle in the Britiſh Muſeum, (MSS. Har. 266.) written about the time of Henry the Sixth.*

Howe Roƀt þe Brus was scomfited ín bataille and howe Sẏmond Frıſell was ſlaẏn.

THE frydaẏ next bifore aſſumpcıoun of oure ladẏ kıng Edeward mette Robert þe Brus bıſides seẏnt Joħs toune ın Scotland. and with hıs companye of whıche companye kıng Edewarde quelde ſevene powſand. When Roƀt þe Brus saw þis mẏſchıf and gan to flee. and hovd hẏm þat men mẏȝte nouȝt hẏm fẏnde. but ſ. Símond Frıſell purſuede hẏm socore. so þat he turnede aȝen and abode bataílle for he was a worthy knẏȝht & a bolde of bodẏ and þe engliſſhe men purſuede hẏm sore ẏn euͤy syde. & quelde þe stede þat ſ. Sẏmond Friſell rood vppon and þeı toke hẏm and lad hẏm to þe hoſt. And ſ. Symond bıgan for to flater and speke faire. and saıde lordẏs J shalle ȝeue ȝou .ıııj pousand marke of sẏluer and mẏne hors and harneẏs & all my armure and vıcome. Tho anſwerd Theobaude of Peuenes

Peuenes pat was the kinges archer. Now god me so helpe hit is for nouȝt pᵗ pou spexte for alle the gold of Engelonde. J wold pe noght lete gone. withoute cō-maūdement of king Edeward. And po was he lad to pe king. And pe king wolde not see hym but cō-maunded to lede hym awey to his dome to london on our ladyes Euen Natíuíte. and he was honge & drawe and his heede smyten of. and honged aȝene with chynes of jren oppon the galwes. and his hede was sette oppon london brug on a sper & aȝens Cſteſmaſſe pe body was brent. for encheſoun pat pe men pat kepte þe body by nyȝte ſawe menye devellis rampande with jren crokes. rennynge vppon the gallews & horribliche tmented the body & meny pat ham sawe anoon aftᵉ pei deied for dred or woxen mad or sore sykeneſſe thei had.

The hiſtory of the great Scotiſh champion Wallace *is better known.*

The cruel and arbitrary treatment which theſe and other illuſtrious patriots experienced from the ambitious, but, happily, diſappointed Edward, when treachery or the fortune of war had put them in his power, will for ever deprive his character of that admiration to which his courage and abilities would otherwiſe have juſtly intitled it. The following animated imprecation, with which Wallace's military chaplain concludes his annals, is too remarkable not to deſerve frequent notice, and, indeed, perpetual remembrance.

" Damnandus ſit dies nativitatis *Johannis* de *Monteith**, & excipiatur ſuum nomen ex libro vitæ; maledictus ſit in æternum inhumanus iſte tyrannus, cum nobilis ille

* *The* " immanem proditorem" *of Wallace.*

Scotorum ductor pro ſuæ virtutis præmio vitam æternam habebit, in ſecula ſeculorum. Amen." RELATIONES ARNALDI BLAIR, apud "*The Acts and Deeds of Sir W. Wallace.*" *Edinburgh*, 1758.

III.

A BALLAD AGAINST THE FRENCH,

—"*whoſe officers extorting too much from the inhabitants of Bruges in Flanders, were murthered there; and the French Kings power, commanded by the Count du St. Pol, diſcomfited. After which, K. Philip the Fair ſending another mighty army, under the conduct of the Count d'Artois, againſt theſe Flemings; He was killed, and the French were almoſt all cutt to pieces. The later of theſe Battels was ſtricken on Wedneſday the 7th of July, A. D.* 1301." WANLEY.

From the ſame MS.

LUſtneþ lordínges boþe ȝonge ant olde,
Of þe freẏnſſh men þat were so proude and bolde,
Hou þe flemmyſſh men bohten hem ant ſolde,
Vpon a wedneſdaẏ.
Betere hem were at home in huere londe
Þen forte ſeche flemmẏſſh by þe see ſtronde,
Whare rourh moní frenſh wẏf wrẏngeþ hire honde,
Ant ſíngeþ weẏlawaẏ.

Þe kyng of fraunce mad ſtatuȝ newe,
In þe lond of flaundres among falſe ant trewe,
Þt þe cōmun of bruges ful ſore con arewe,
And ſeiden amonges hem,
Gedere we vs togedere hardilyche at ene,
Take we þe bailifs bi tuentȳ ant by tene,
Clappe we of þe heuedes an onen o þe grene,
Ant caſte we ȳ þe ſen.

Þe webbes ant þe fullaris aſſembleden hem alle,
Ant makeden huere conſail in huere cōmune halle,
Token Peter Conyng huere kyng to calle,
Ant beo huere cheuenteyn.
Hue nomen huere rouncyns out of þe ſtalle,
Ant cloſeden þe toun wiþ inne þe walle,
Sixti bayliues ant ten hue maden adoun falle,
Ant moni an oþer ſweyn.

Þo wolde þe bayliues þat were come from fraunce,
Dryue þe flemiſſhe þt made þe deſtaunce,
Hue turnden hem aȝeynes wiþ ſuerd & wiþ launce,
Stronge men ant lyht.
Ytelle ou for ſoþe, for al huere bobaunce,
Ne for þe auowerie of þe kyng of fraunce,
Tuenti ſcore ant fyue haden þer meſchaunce,
By day ant eke by nyht.

Sire Jakes de ſeint Poul ẏherde 'hou' hit was,
Sixtene hundred of horſmen aſemblede o þe gras,
He wende toward bruges pas pur pas,
Wiþ ſwiþe gret mounde.
Þe flemmẏſſh ẏherden telle þe cas,
Agẏnneþ to clẏnken huere baſyns of bras,
Ant al hem to drẏuen aſe ſton doþ þe glas,
Ant fellen hem to grounde.

Sixtene hundred of horſmen hede þer here fẏn,
Hue leẏȝen ẏþe ſtretes ẏſtẏked aſe ſwẏn,
Þer hue loren huere ſtedes ant mony rouncẏn,
Þourh huere oune prude.
Sire Jakes aſcapede bẏ a coẏnte gẏn,
Out at one poſterne þer me ſolde wẏn,
Out of þe fẏhte hom to ẏs ẏn,
Jn wel muchele drede.

Þo þe kẏng of fraunce ẏherde þis anon
Aſſemblede he is douſſe pers eueruchon,
Þe proude eorl of artoẏs ant oþer monẏon,
To come to paris.
Þe barouns of fraunce þider conne gon,
Jnto þe paleis þt paued is wiþ ſton,
To iugge þe flemmiſſh to bernen ant to ſlon,
Þourh þe flour de lis.

V. 33. hout. *MS.*

Þenne

Þenne ſeide þe kẏng Phelip, luſtneþ nou to me,
Mẏn eorles ant mẏ barouns gentil ant fre,
Goþ faccheþ me þe tᵃ ytours ẏbounde to mẏ kne,
Haſtífliche ant blyue.
Þo ſuor þe eorl of ſeint Poul, ꝑ la goule de,
We ſhule facche þe rẏbaus wher þí wille be,
Ant drawen hē [wiþ] wilde hors out of þe countre,
Bẏ þouſendes fẏue.

Sire Rauf Deuel, ſaẏþ þe eorl of boloẏne,
Nᵒ ne lerrum en vre chanoun ne moyne,
Wende we forþ anon ríþt wiþ oute enẏ aſſoẏgne,
Ne no lẏues man;
We ſhule flo þe Conẏng & make roſte ís loẏne,
Þe word ſhal ſp̂ngen of him in to coloẏne,
So hit ſhal to acres & in to ſeſoẏne,
And maken hím ful wan.

Seuene eorles ant fourtí barouns ẏtolde,
Fiftene hundred knẏhtes proude & ſwẏþe bolde,
Síxti þouſent ſwẏers amonge ȝunge ant olde,
Flemmiſſhe to take.
Þe flemmiſſhe hardeliche hem come to ȝeẏnes,
Þis proude freinſſh eorles huere knẏhtes & huere ſweẏnes,
Aquelleden ant ſlowen bẏ hulles & bẏ pleẏnes,
Al for huere kẏnges ſake.

Þis frenſhe come to flaundres ſo liht ſo þe hare,
Er hit were mýdnýht hit fel hem to care,
Hue were laht bý þe net ſo brýd ís ín ſnare,
Wiþ rouncín & wiþ ſtede.
Þe flemmíſſhe hem dabbeþ o þe het bare,
Hue nolden take for huem raunſoun ne ware,
Hue deddeþ of huere heuedes fare ſo hit fare,
Ant þare to haueþ hue nede.

Þenne ſeýþ þe eorl of Artoís ý ȝelde me to þe,
Peter Conýng by þi nome, ȝef þou art hende ant fre,
Þt ý ne haue no ſhame ne no výlte,
Þt ý ne be noud ded.
Þenne ſwor a bocher, bý mý leaute,
Shalt þou ner more þe kýng of fraunce se,
Ne ín þe toun of bruges in þſone be,
Þou woldeſt spene bred.

Þer hý were knulled ý þe put falle,
Þis eorles ant barouns & huere knýhtes alle,
Huere ledíes huem mowe abide in boure & in halle,
Wel longe:
For hem mot huere kyng oþer knýhtes calle,
Oþer ſtedes taken out of huere ſtalle,
Þer hí habbeþ dronke bittrere þen þe galle,
Vpon þe drue londe.

When

When þe kyng of fraunce yherde þis tydynge,
He smot doun is heued is honden gon he wrynge,
Þourhout al fraunce þe word bygon to spṕnge,
Wo wes huem þo.
Muche wes þe sorewe ant þe wepinge
Þt wes in al fraunce among olde ant yynge,
Þe mest part of þe londe bygon forte synge
Alas ant weyla wo.

A wey þou yunge pope, whet shal þe to rede,
Þou hast lore þin cardinals at þi meste nede,
Ne keuerest þou hē neuere for noneskunnes mede,
Forsoþe y þe telle.
Do þe forþ to rome to amende þi misdede,
Bide gode halewen hue lete þe betere spede,
Bote þou worche wysloker þou loseſt lond & lede,
Þe coroune wel þe felle.

Alas þou seli, fraunce for þe may þunche shome,
Þat ane fewe fullaris makeþ ou so tome,
Sixti þousent on a day hue maden fot lome,
Wiþ eorl & knyht.
Her of habbeþ þe flemysſh suiþe god game,
Ant suereþ by seint omer & eke bi seint Jame
Zef hy þer more comeþ hit falleþ huem to shame
Wiþ huem forte fyht.

J telle ou for ſoþe þe bataille þus bígon
Bituene fraunce ant flaundres, hou hue weren ſon,
Vor vrenſhe þe eorl of flaundres in p̂ſon heden ẏ don
Wiþ t^e ſoun vntrewe.
Ȝe[ſ] þe p̂nce of walís his lẏf habbe mote,
Hit falleþ þe kẏng of fraunce bittrore þen þe ſote,
Bote he þe raþere þer of welle do bote
Wel ſore hit ſhal hẏm rewe.

IV.

S O N G

—" *in praiſe of the author's miſtreſs, whoſe name was Alyſoun.*"

From the ſame MS.

BYtuene merſh & aueríl,
When ſpraẏ biginneþ to ſp̂nge,
Þe lutel foul haþ hire wẏl
On hyre lud to ſẏnge;
Jch líbbe in louelongínge
For ſemlokeſt of alle þẏnge,
He maẏ me bliſſe bríinge,
Jcham in hire bandoun.

An

An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from heuene it is me sent,
From all wymmen mi loue is lent,
& lyht on Alysoun.

On hen hire her is fayr ynoh,
Hire browe broune, hire eze blake;
Wip lossum chere he on me loh;
Wip middel smal & wel ymak:
Bote he me wolle to hire take,
Forte buen hire owen make,
Longe to lyuen ichulle forsake,
And feye fallen adoun.
An hendy hap, &c.

Nihtes when y wende & wake,
For pi myn wonges waxep won,
Leuedi al for pine sake
Longinge is ylent me on.
In world nis non so wyter mon
Pt al hire bounte telle con,
Hire swyre is whittore pen pe swon,
& feyreft may in toune.
An hend, &c.

Icham for wowing al for wake,
Wery so water in wore;
Left eny reue me my make,
Ychalbe yzyrned zore.

Betere ís þolíen whýle ſore
Þen mournen euermore,
Geyneſt vndergore,
Herkne to mý roun.
An hendí, &c.

V.

A LOVE SONG,

—"*whoſe author deſcribes his beautiful, but unrelenting miſtreſs.*"

From the ſame MS.

BLOW northerne wýnd,
Sent þou me mý ſuetýng.
Blow northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou.

Jchot a burde in boure brýht,
Þat fullý ſemly ís on sýht,
Menſkful maiden of mýht,
Feír ant fre to fonde.
Jn al þis wurhliche won,
A burde of blod & of bon
Neuer ȝere ýnuſte non
Luſſomore in londe. Blow, &c.

Wiþ

Wiþ lokkes leſliche & longe,
Wiþ frount & face feir to fonde,
Wiþ murþes monie mote heo monge,
þat brid ſo breme in boure.
Wiþ loſſom eye, grete ant gode,
Wiþ browen blẏſſol vnderhode,
He þt reſte hī on þe rode
þt leflych lẏf honoure. Blou, &c.

Hire lure lumes liht,
Aſe a launterne a nẏht,
Hire bleo blẏkẏeþ so brẏht,
So feẏr heo is ant fẏn.
A ſuetlẏ ſuẏre heo haþ to holde,
Wiþ armes ſhuldre aſe mon wolde,
Ant fyngres feẏre forte folde,
God wolde hue were mẏn!

Middel heo haþ menſkful smal,
Hire loueliche chere as ĉſtal;
þeȝes, legges, fet ant al,
Ẏwraht wes of þe beſte.
A luſſum ledẏ laſteles,
þt ſwetíng is & euer wes,
A betere burde neuer nes
Ẏherẏed wiþ þe heſte.

Heo

Heo is dereworþe in daẏ,
G^a^ciouſe ſtout ant gaẏ,
Gentil iolẏf so þe jaẏ,
Worhliche when heo wakeþ.
Maiden murgeſt of mouþ,
Bi eſt, bi weſt, by norþ & ſouþ,
Þ^c^ nís ficle ne crouþ
Þ^t^ ſuch murþes makeþ.

Heo is coral of godneſſe,
Heo is rubie of rẏhtfulneſſe,
Heo is ĉſtal of clairneſſe,
Ant baner of bealte.
Heo is lilie of largeſſe,
Heo is paruenke of proueſſe,
Heo is ſolſecle of suetneſſe,
And ledẏ of lealte.

To loue þ^t^ leflich ís ín londe,
Ytolde hī as ẏch vnderſtonde,
Hou þis hende haþ hent in honde,
On huerte þ^t^ mẏn wes.
Ant híre knẏhtes me han ſo ſoht,
Sẏkẏng, ſorewẏng & þoht,
Þo þre me han ín bale broht,
Aȝeyn þe poer of pees.

To

To loue yputte pleyntes mo,
Hou ſykyng me haþ ſiwed so,
Ant eke þoht me þrat to slo,
Wiþ maiſtrý ȝef he mýhte.
Ant ſerewe ſore in balful bende,
Þt he wolde for þis hende
Me lede to mý lyues ende,
Vnlahfulliche in lyhte.

Hire loue me luſtnede vch word,
Ant beh him to me ouer bord,
Ant bed me hente þat hord,
Of myne huerte hele.
Ant biſecheþ þt swete and ſwote,
Er þen þou falle aſe ſen of fote,
Þt heo wiþ þe wolle of bote
Dereworþliche dele.

For hire loue ý carke ant care,
For hire loue ý droupne ant dare,
For hire loue mý bliſſe is bare,
Ant al ich waxe won.
For hire loue in slep ýſlake,
For hire loue al nýht ich wake,
For hire loue mournýng ý make,
More þen ený mon.

VI.

A SONG ON HIS MISTRESS,

——"*whom he admires as the fairest maid bituene Lyncolne & Lyndeseye, Norhampton and Lounde (i. e. London).*"

From the same MS.

WHEN þe nyhtegale singes þe wodes waxen grene,
Lef & g^{a}s & blosme sp̂nges in auerẏl ẏwene,
Ant loue is to myn herte gon wiþ one spe so kene,
Nẏht & daẏ mẏ blod hit drẏnkes, myn herte deþ me tene.

Jch haue loued al þis ȝer þ^{t} ẏ maẏ loue na more,
Jch haue siked moni syk lēmon for þin ore,
Me nis loue neuer þe ner, & þ^{t} me reweþ sore,
Suete lēmon, þench on me, ich haue loued þe ȝore.

Suete lēmon, ypreẏe þe of loue one speche,
Whil y lẏue in world so wẏde oþer nulle ẏ seche;
Wiþ þy loue, mẏ suete leof, mí blis þou mihtes eche,
A suete cos of þy mouþ mihte be mẏ leche.

Suete

Suete lemmon, ẏpẽȝe þe of a loue bene,
Ȝef þou me loueſt aſe men ſaẏs, lemmon as ẏ wene;
Ant ȝef hit þí wille be þou loke þt hit be ſene,
So muchel y þenke vpon þe þt al ẏ waxe grene.

Bituene lyncolne & lyndeſeye, norhã mptoun ant lounde,
Ne wot y non ſo faẏr a maẏ as ẏ go fore ẏbounde:
Suete lẽmon, ypreȝe þe þou louíe me a ſtounde.
Ywole mone mẏ ſong on wham þt hit ẏs on ẏlong.

VII.

A SONG SETTING FORTH THE GOOD EFFECTS OF THE SPRING.

From the ſame MS.

LENTEN ẏs come wiþ loue to toune,
Wiþ bloſmen & wiþ briddes roune,
þt al þis bliſſe brẏngeþ;
Daẏes eȝes in þis dales,
Notes ſuete of nẏhtegales,
Vch foul ſong ſingeþ.

Þe þreſtelcoc him þreteþ oo,
A way ís huere wynter wo,
When woderoue ſpingeþ;
Þis foules ſingeþ ferly fele,
Ant wlyteþ on huere wynter wele,
Þat al þe wode ryngeþ.

Þe roſe rayleþ hire rode,
Þe leues on þe lyhte wode,
Waxen al wíþ wille;
Þe mone mandeþ hire bleo,
Þe lilie ís loſſom to ſeo,
Þe fenyl & the fille.

Wowes þis wilde drakes,
Miles murgeþ huere makes,
Aſe ſtrem þt ſtikeþ ſtílle;
Mody meneþ so doh mo,
Jchot ycham on of þo,
For loue þt likes ille.

Þe mone mandeþ hire lyht,
So doþ þe ſemly ſonne bryht,
When briddes ſingeþ breme;
Deawes donkeþ þe dounes,
Deores wíþ huere derne rounes,
Domes forte deme.

Wormes

Wormes woweþ vnder cloude,
Wymmen waxeþ wounder proude,
So wel hit wol hem ſeme.
Ȝef me ſhal wonte wille of on,
Þis wunne weole ẏ wole forgon,
Ant wẏht in wode be fleme.

VIII.

"A DITTY UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THIS LIFE AND THE APPROACH OF DEATH."

From the ſame MS.

WYnter wakeneþ al my care,
Nou þís leues waxeþ bare,
Ofte ẏ ſike & mourne ſare,
When hit cometh ín my þoht
Of þis worldes íoíe hou hit geþ al to noht.

Nou hit ís, & nou hit nẏs,
Alſo hit ner nere ẏwẏs,
Þt moní mon ſeiþ ſoþ hit ẏs,
Al goþ bote godes wille,
Alle we ſhule deẏe þah vs like ẏlle.

All þat gren me gaueþ grene,
Nou hit faleweþ al bỳ dene,
Jhu help þt hit be ſene,
Ant ſhild vs from helle;
For ỳnot whider ỳ ſhal, ne hou longe her duelle. 15

IX.

A SONG UPON THE MAN IN THE MOON.

We are here preſented, by the ſame MS. with the idea our anceſtors entertained of an imaginary being, the ſubject of perhaps one of the moſt ancient as well as one of the moſt popular ſuperſtitions in the world. He is repreſented leaning upon a fork, on which he carries a buſh of thorn, becauſe it was for "pycchynde ſtake" on a Sunday that he is reported to have been thus confined. There cannot be a doubt that the following is the original ſtory, however the Moon became connected with it.*

"¶ *And*

* *In the Midſummer Night's Dream, Peter Quince, the carpenter, in arranging his* dramatis perſonæ *for the play before the Duke, directs that*—"*One muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lantern, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine.*" *Which we afterwards find done.* "*All that I have to ſay,*" *concludes the performer of this ſtrange part,* "*is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.*" *And ſuch a character appears to have been familiar to the old Engliſh ſtage. Vide alſo Tempeſt, Act II. Scene II.*

" ¶ *And while the children of Iſrael were in the wilderneſs, they found a man that gathered ſticks upon the ſabbath-day.*

" *And they that found him gathering ſticks, brought him unto Moſes and Aaron, and unto all the congregation.*

" *And they put him in ward, becauſe it was not declared what ſhould be done to him.*

" *And the* LORD *ſpake unto Moſes, The man ſhall be ſurely put to death: all the congregation ſhall ſtone him with ſtones without the camp.*

" *And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and ſtoned him with ſtones, and he died; as the* LORD *commanded Moſes.*" *Numbers,* XV. 32, *& ſeq.*

But with due reverence to omnipotent authority, ſuch a deciſion from any other quarter muſt have been deemed rigid juſtice; conſidering that the fact had never happened before, was prohibited by no expreſs law, and, for anything that appears, an act of the utmoſt neceſſity. Whoever, therefor, altered the ſentence to a perpetual pillory-like impriſonment in the moon, ſeems to have proceeded upon the more juſt and rational principles,—on the ſuppoſition, that is, of its being criminal for a poor wretch to pick a few thorns in church-time to keep his family from ſtarving.

MON in þe mone ſtond & ſt^ꝛ,
On is boꝛ forke is burþen he bereþ,
Hiꝛ is muche wonder þꝛ he na doun ſlyꝛ,
For douꝛe leſte he valle he ſhoddreþ anꝛ shereþ.

When þe forſt freſeþ muche chele he byd,
  Þe þornes beþ kene is hattren to tereþ;
Nis no wyþt in þe world þat wot wen he syt,
  Ne, bote hit bue þe hegge, what wedes he wereþ.

Whider trowe þis mon ha þe wey take,
  He haþ ſet is ofot is oþer to foren,
For non hiþte þat he haþ ne syþt me hym ner shake,
  He is þe floweſte mon þat euer wes yboren.
Wher he were oþe feld pycchynde ſtake,
  For hope of ys þornes to dutten is doren,
He mot myd is twybyl oþer trous make,
  Oþer al is dayes werk þer were yloren.

Þis ilke mon vpon heh whener he were,
  Wher he were y þe mone boren ant yfed.
He leneþ on is forke ase a grey frere,
  Þis crokede caynard ſore he is adred.
Hit is mony day go þat he was here,
  Jchot of is ernde he naþ nout yſped,
He haþ hewe ſumwher a burþen of brere,
  Þarefore ſum hayward haþ taken ys wed.

Zef þy wed ys ytake bring hom þe trous,
  Sete forþ þyn oþer fot, ſtryd ouer ſty,
We ſhule preye þe hayward hom to vr hous,
  Ant maken hym at heyſe for þe mayſtry;

Drynke

Drynke to hym deorly of fol god bous,
Ant oure dame douſe ſhal ſitten hym bỳ,
When þat he ís dronke aſe a dreỳnt mous,
þenne we ſchule borewe þe wed ate baỳlỳ.

þís mon hereþ me nout, þah ích to hỳm crỳe,
Jchot þe cherl ís def, þe del hỳm to drawe,
þah ich ȝeȝe vpon heþ nulle nout hỳe,
þe loſtlaſe ladde con nout o lawe.
Hupe forþ hubert, hoſede pỳe,
Jchot þart a marſtled ín to þe mawe;
þah me teone wíþ hym þat mỳn teh mỳe,
þe cherld nul nout adoun er þe daỳ dawe.

*** *It was from the MS. whence the foregoing pieces are extracted that Bp. Percy printed the ballad of* RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE *(Reliques, II. 1.), of which he has inadvertently omitted the concluding ſtanza. In this inadvertency, as well as in his other variations from the original, he has been religiously followed by his learned friend the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton; who, nevertheleſs, declares that he had tranſcribed the ballad before he knew that it was printed in the "* SECOND *" edition of Percy!——How unlucky that it ſhould be in the* FIRST *too!—The ſtanza, however, is curious, and it is to be regretted that the right reverend editor ſhould, by ſuch an unaccountable overſight, have left his copy imperfect.*

Be þe luef, be þe loht, ſire edward *,
Þou ſhalt ride ſporeles o þý lýard,
Al þe rýhte way to douere ward,
Shalt þou neuer more breke foreward,
And þat reweþ ſore.
Edward, þou dudeſt aſe a ſhreward,
Forſoke þyn emes lore.
Richard, &c.

* *The Prince, afterwards K. Edward I.*

X.

A SONG,

—" *made A. D.* 1308. *in praiſe of the valiant Knight Sir Piers de Birmingham, who while he lived was a ſcourge to the Iriſh, and died A. D.* 1288."

The name of de Birmingham is famous in the Iriſh annals about this period, but the gallant actions, and even the very exiſtence of this valiant knight, ſeem to have no other record than the following ballad, which is given from a MS. in the Harleian library (N° 913) of the ſame age.

SIth gabriel gan grete
Vre ladí marı ſwete
Þt godde wolde ī hír liȝte,
A pouſand ȝer hít iſſe,
Þre hundred ful ı wiſſe,
A' oú ȝeríſ eíȝte.

Þan

Þan of þe eíȝt ȝer'
Tak twíeſ ten ıfer'
Þt wol be .xxṭí fulle;
Apan þe .xx. daí
Of aúíl bı for maí,
So deþ vs gan to pulle.

He pullıd us of on,
Al ırlond makıþ mon
Engelonck aſ welle;
Ful wel ẏe wıtte hıs nam,
Sır pers þe b¹mgh²m,
Nō nede hít ıſ to telle.

Hıſ nam hıt was a' ısse
Y ſigge ȝou ful ı wiſſe
Þt vppe ſſal arıſe:
ī felle fleſſe a' bone
A bett' kníȝt naſ none,
No none of mor' þ'ſe.

Noble werrur' he waſ,
A gode caſtel ī place,
On ſtede þ' he wold rıde,
Wıþ hıſ ſper a' ſcheld
ī hard wodde a' felde,
No þef hī durſt abıde.

Do penchip al ī hī,
Wip weepín who wol wín,
Hou gode he waſ to nede.
ī batail ſtif to ſtond,
I wiſ is per' nas nond,
Alaſ he ſold be dede!

Al engliſ men þt bep
Sore mow wep iſ dep,
þt ſuch a knigt ſſold falle;
Þos knigtiſ euch one
Of hī mai mak mone,
Aſ þuink of hā alle.

Þuink he migt be,
A' þt for pingeſ pre,
He vſſid oft a' lome,
Þt waſ one of pe beſt,
He ne leet no pef hav reſt,
ī no ſtid þ he come.

An oþ ping al ſo,
To yriſmen he waſ ſo,
þt wel wide whar';
Eū he rode aboute
Wip ſtreinp to hūt hā vte,
Aſ hūt dop pe har'.

For

For whan hi wend beſt
ī wilderníſ hav reſt,
þt no mā ſſold hā ſee,
Þan he wold driue aqueſt
Anō to har neſt,
J' ſtid þ hi wold be.

Of ſlep he wold hā wak,
For ferdníſ he wold q^{a}k,
A' fōd to ſculk awai;
For þe híre of har bedde
He tok har heuid to wedde,
A' ſo he tayt hā plai.

Þoſ ýriſ men of þe lond
Hi swor a' tok an hond
Þe engliſ mē to t^{a}i;
A' ſeid hi wold quelle
Aſ fale as ic ȝou telle
Al apon o dai.

Þe erl of vlueſter,
Sir' emond þe botiler,
Sir' Jon le fiz tomaſ,
Algate al bi name
Sir' perſ þe b^{i}mgh^{a}me,
Þiſ was har cōpaſ.

Þiſ

Þiſ cōpaſmēt cō vte
F²m kniȝt to kniȝt abute,
Hit naſ noȝt lāg ihidde;
Þoſ kniȝtiſ f²id al,
Þt meſchās moſt hā fal,
Ȝif ſcape hi ſſold þ́ mídde.

A' ſwor bi godiſ name
To ȝild pe cūtre pane,
Whan hi míȝt cō to;
A' pt wip vte lette
To certein dai iſette,
Þiſ ping ſſold be do.

Lang er þiſ dai was cō
Hit was forȝít wip ſom,
Pt neiſſe bep to nede;
Alaſ what ſſold hi íbor
Þroȝ hā þis lond iſ ilor
To ſpille ale a' bred.

Sir' pers pe b¹mgh²m
On erníſt a' again
Þis dai waſ ís poȝt;
He poȝt ordreſ to mak,
What time he míȝt hā tak,
Of t²nail naſ hī noȝt.

O konwir

O konwir pᵗ was king
His keperin he gan bⁱng,
Pe maiſtˢ heet gílboíe;
Riȝt at pe tⁱnite,
Whan hodes ſold beſt be,
To pers ī totomoye,

A' ȝite of opˢ ſtoore
Cō epemᶜmal more,
A' opˢ fale bi name;
Sir' perſ lokid vte
He ſeeí ſuch a rute
Hī poȝt hit naſ no game.

Sir perſ ſeſ hā com,
He receíuíd al a' ſom,
Noȝt on iwernd nas;
Sip hoodiſ he let mak,
Noht on naſ for ſak,
Bot al he did hā gᵃce.

Saue o wrech pᵗ ṗ waſ,
He cupe noȝt red ī place,
'Ne' ſíng 'whar' he cō;
He was of caẏm is kínne,
A' he refuſid hī,
He wend vnhodid hō.

V. 123. No ſíng what he cō. *MS.*

He

He þt̄ piſ ſang let̄ mak,
For ſir perſiſ sake,
Wel wid hap igo;
Wid whar iſoȝt̄,
A' god þdon iboȝt̄,
Two hūdrid daieſ a' mo.

XI.

AZEYN MI WILL I TAKE MI LEUE.

From an immenſe folio in the Bodleian library, known by the title of MS. Vernon, conſiſting of between four and five hundred large parchment leaves, and containing a variety of religious and other poems, in a character which the editor conjectured, on looking over it, to be of the fourteenth century (i. e. of the reign of Edward III. or Richard II.). The ſong is at folio 404.

NOW B̄nes, Buírd⁹, bolde and blype,
To bleſſen ow her nou am I boūde,
I pōke ȝou alle a pousend ſipe,
And preí god saue ȝou hol and ſoūde;

10 Wher

Wher eu ȝe go, on gras or grounde,
He ow gouerne, w^t^outen greue,
For frēdschipe p^t^ I here haue foūde,
Aȝeyn mí wille I take mí leue.

For frēdschipe & for ȝiftes goode,
For mete & drínke ſo gret plente,
Þat lord p^t^ rauȝt was on pe roode
He kepe pí comelí cumpayne;
On ſee or lond, wher pat ȝe be,
He gouerne ow wip outen greue;
So good disport ȝe han mad me,
Aȝeín mí wílle J take my leue.

Aȝeín mí wílle alpauȝ J wende,
J may not alwey dwellen here,
For eúí þíng ſchal haue an ende,
And frendes are not ay J fere.
Be we neuer ſo lef and dere,
Out of þís world al ſchul we meue,
And whon we buske vnto vr bere
Aȝeyn vr wílle we take vr leue.

And wende we ſchulle, J wot neu whēne,
Ne whoderward, pat we ſchul fare,
But endeleſ blíſſe, or ay to brēne,
To euerí mon ís ȝarked ȝare;

For

For þí J rede, vch mon be ware,
And lete vr werk vr wordes preue,
So þat no sũne vr soule forfare,
Whon þat vr lyf hap taken his leue.

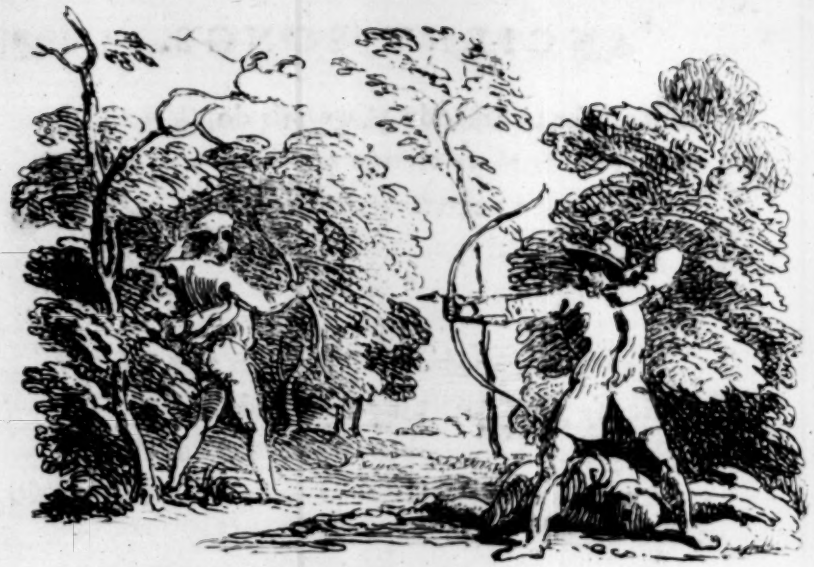
Whon þat vr lyf his leue hap lauht,
Vr bodí líth bounden bí þe wowe,
Vr richeſſes alle from vs ben raſt,
Jn clottes colde vr cors ís prowe.
Wher are þí frẽdes? ho wol þe knowe?
Let seo ho wol þí ſoule releue;
J rede þe mon, ar þou ly lowe,
Beo redí ay to take þí leue.

Be redí ay, what eũ bí falle,
Al sodeynlí lest þ^{u} be kíht;
Þ^{u} wost neũ wh^{e}ne þí lord wol calle,
Loke þ^{t} þí laũpe beo breñynge bríht:
For leue me wel, but þ^{u} haue líht,
Riht foule þí lord wol þe repreue,
And fleme þe fer out of his ſiht,
For al to late þ^{u} toke þí leue.

Now god þat was ín Bethleem bore,
He ȝíue vs grace to serue hĩ so,
Þ^{t} we maí come his face to fore,
Out of þis world whon we schul go:

And for to amende ꝑt we mís do,
In cleí or ꝑt we clynge and cleue;
And mak vs euene wt frend and fo,
And ín good tyme to take vr leue.

Nou hauep good daí, gode men alle,
Hauep good daí, ȝonge and olde,
Hauep good day, bope grete and smalle,
And graūt mcí a pouſend folde.
Ȝíf euer J míȝte, ful fayn J wolde,
Don ouȝt ꝑt weore vnto ȝou leue.
Críst kepe ow out of cares colde,
For nou ís tyme to take mẏ leue.



ANCIENT SONGS.

CLASS II.

Comprehending the Reigns of HENRY IV. HENRY V. and HENRY VI.

I.

ROBIN LYTH.

This ſingularly curious relic is given from a ſmall quarto MS. in the Sloane library in the Muſeum (N° 2593.), conſiſting of a pretty conſiderable number of poetical pieces, "ſome pious, ſome the contrary," in a hand which appears to be nearly, if not quite, as old as the time of Henry V. But from the uncommon rudeneſs of the following extract, which is totally diſſimilar in point of language and manner to any thing the editor has hither-

to

to met with, one may safely venture to pronounce it at least of equal date with the commencement of the preceding reign. Who or what this Robin Lyth was, does not, otherwise than by this little performance, composed, it should seem, to eternize the manner of his death, and of the revenge taken for it, any where appear. That he was a native or inhabitant of Yorkshire is, indeed, highly probable, for two reasons: the first is, that a mile or two north of Whitby is a village called LYTH, *whence he may be reasonably supposed to have acquired his surname: the second, that near Flamborough, in Holderness, is a large cavern in the rocks, subject, at present, to the influx of the sea, which, among the country people, retains to this day the name of* ROBIN LYTH HOLE; *from the circumstance, no doubt, of its having been one of his skulking places. Robin Hood, a hero of the same occupation, had several such in those and other parts: and, indeed, it is not very improbable that* our *hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his masters death, had set up for himself. See a further account of the above cave in Pennants Tour in Scotland,* 1769. (1776. 4*to. p.* 19.)

The first and last line was, possibly, the burthen of the song, and repeated after every other.

RObyn̄ lyth in grene wode bowndȳ.
J herde a carpyng of a clerk al at ȝone wodꝑ ende,
Of gode robyn & gandeleyn was ꝑ̊ nō oꝑ̊ 'pynge';
Stronge theuys wern ꝑ° chylderī nō, but bowmē gode & hende;
He wentȳ to wode to getȳ hē fleych, if god wold it hē sende. 5

V. 3. gynge. *MS.*

Al day wētȳ po chylderī too, & fleych fowndȳ he nō,
Til it wer' a geyn euȳ pe chylderī wold gō hom;
Half a honderid of fat falyf der he comȳ a ȝon,
& alle he wern fayr & fat ȷ now, but markyd was pˢ nō.
Be der' god, ſeyde gode [robyn], her' of we xul haue on.
Robȳ 'bent' his ȷoly bowe pˢın he ſet a flo,
Pᵉ fatteſt der of alle pᵉ herte he clef a to.
He hadde not pe der ı́ ſlawe ne half out of pᵉ hyde,
Pˢ cam a ſchrewde arwe out of pᵉ weſt pᵗ felde robert, pryde.
Gandeleyn lokyd hȳ eſt & weſt be eu̓y ſyde,
Hoo hat mȳ mayſt̓ ſlayín ? ho hat dō pıs dede ?
Xal ȷ neu̓ out of grene wode go tı[l] ȷ ſe ſydıs blede.
Gandeleyn lokyd hȳ eſt & lokyd weſt, & ſowt undˢ pᵉ ſuñe,
He ſaw a lytıl boy he clepȳ Wrennok of doune;
A good bowe ín hıs hond, a brod arwe pˢíne,
& fowr' & xx goode arwys truſyd ın a prumme.
Be war pe, war pe, gandeleyn, her of pu xalt ha' ſuñe;
Be war pᵉ, war pe, gādeleyn, her of pᵘ gyſt plente.
Eu̓e on for ā opˢ, ſeyde gandeleyn, mys aūt̓ haue he xal ſle.
Qwer at xal oᵉ marke be ? ſeyde gandeleyn.
Eu̓yche at opˢıs herte, ſeyde Wrennok ageyn.
Ho xal ȝeue pe ferſte ſchote ? ſeyde gādeleyn.
& ȷ xal ȝewe pe on be forn, ſeyde Wrennok ageyn.

V. 11. went. *MS.*

Wrennok

Wrennok ſchette a ful good ſchote, & he ſchet not
to hye,
Þrow pᵉ ſāchoþis of his bryk, it towchyd neypˢ thye.
Now haſt þu ȝouȳ me on be forn, al þus to Wrennok
ſeyde he,
&, þrow 'pᵉ' myȝt of oᶜ lady, a better j xal ȝeue þe.
Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe & ſet pˢin a flo,
He ſchet þrow his grene certyl, his hˢte he clef on too.
Now xalt pᵘ neuˢ ȝelpe Wrennok, at ale ne at wyn,
Þᵗ pᵘ haſt ſlawe goode robȳ & his knaue gandeleyn;
Now xalt þu neuˢ ȝelpe Wrennok, at wyn ne at ale,
Þᵗ pᵘ haſt ſlawe goode robȳ, & gādeleȳȳ his knawe.
Robȳ lyȝth in grene wode, bow[n]dȳ.

V. 32. pᵘ. *MS.*

II.

REQUIEM TO THE CONSPIRATORS AGAINST HENRY IV.

The occaſion of this ſarcaſtic performance, a ſpecies of wit too frequently employed againſt ſuch as have proved unſucceſsful in great attempts, by thoſe who in different circumſtances would have been the loudeſt and moſt ſervile in their praiſe, was ſhortly as follows.

In the year 1399, *almoſt immediately after the acceſſion of Henry IV. John Holland earl of Huntingdon, and Thomas Holland, his nephew, earl of Kent (who had been lately degraded from the dukedoms of Exeter and Surry) with John Montagu earl of Saliſbury, in order to effect the reſtoration of their depoſed ſovereign, and conſequently of the titles and poſſeſſions of which the two former had been deprived by his ſucceſſor *, entered into a conſpiracy to kill the King and Princes in Windſor-caſtle, into which they propoſed to gain acceſs under colour of a mummery or Chriſtmas game in the approaching holidays. Kent and Saliſbury, accordingly, came to Windſor on the Sunday after the Circumciſion, in the duſk of the evening, with about four hundred armed men; but the King, having received notice of his danger from the Lord Mayor †, had privately withdrawn himſelf to London. The two Lords, diſappointed of their prey, rode inſtantly to Sunnings, the reſidence of Richards young queen, where Kent, in a boaſting manner, related the circumſtance of the kings flight, and declared his reſolution to reſtore King Richard, who, as he pretended, had eſcaped out of priſon, and was then at Pontefract with* 100,000 *men. From*

* *On account of their having been concerned in the accuſation of the late duke of Glouceſter. Vide the proceſs,* Rot. Parl. 499. *Saliſbury was included in the charge, but does not appear to have been further proceeded againſt.*

† *Fabian and Stowe impute this diſcovery to the treachery of the earl of Rutland (late duke of Aumarle), whom Mr. Hume in particular reproaches with great energy. But that the ſtory is void of all foundation ſeems plain from a petition preſented to the King by the Houſe of Commons in favour of this nobleman and the earl of Somerſet (both of whom had been appellants of the duke of Glouceſter) on account of their loyalty, in which ſo ſignal an inſtance of Rutlands would ſcarcely have been omitted. See* Rot. Parl. III. 460. *The charge ſeems to have originated with the author of a MS. narrative in French rime, now in the Harleian library (N° 1319.), of which Stowe has evidently had a copy, and which has ſo much the air of a romance, as to make it probable that the writer has only perſonated the author of the preceding Hiſtory of King Richard, which is, indeed, a curious and authentic piece.*

Sunnings

Sunnings they went to Wallingford, and thence to Abingdon, every where calling on all who loved King Richard to take arms and join them. At length they arrived, late in the evening, at Cirenceſter in Glouceſterſhire, where they took up their lodging; but the townspeople, not giving implicit credit to the ſtory they brought of K. Richard and his immenſe army, attacked their inn about midnight, and the two lords, finding every avenue blocked up, kept ſkirmiſhing with the aſſailants till nine in the morning, when, being quite fatigued, they ſurrendered at diſcretion, begging only that they might not be put to death till they could have a conference with the king. Their petition would probably have been complied with, had not a certain prieſt of their party ſet fire to ſome houſes, in order to draw off the attention of the people to the preſervation of their property, and thereby afford an opportunity for the lords to eſcape. Unfortunately, however, this manœuvre ſerved only to irritate them againſt their priſoners, whom they conſidered as the authors of the conflagration: ſo that, leaving their houſes to purſue their revenge, they drew the two noblemen out of the abbey, where they had been confined ſince the morning, and beheaded them without further proceſs. Ralph lord Lumley, and Sir Thomas Blunt, ſuffered at the ſame time. The reſt were ſent to Oxford, and there executed.——The duke of Exeter was all the while in London, expecting the reſult of this enterpriſe; but when he learned the unfavorable turn it had taken, he immediately took horſe, and, with Sir John Schevele, fled to the coaſt of Eſſex, intending to eſcape by ſea; but being driven back in repeated attempts, he contrived to ſecrete himſelf for ſome time, and was at laſt diſcovered by the country people ſitting in a friends houſe at ſupper. He was taken firſt to Chelmsford, and thence, for the purpoſe of greater*

* *An old chronicle quoted by Leland (Itinerary, VI. 31.) ſays he was apprehended in a mill at Pritewelle. "And at Pytwell in Eſſex was taken Sir John Holland duke of Exeter, &c." Fabian, II. 342.*

 ſecurity,

ſecurity, to Pleſhy, the manor of the late duke of Glouceſter, in whoſe death he was generally thought to have had too much concern. No ſooner, therefor, did the tenants and villains of the manor underſtand him to be in their power, than, reſolving to be themſelves the avengers of their deceaſed lord, they compelled him to be delivered up to them, and cut off his head. Thomas lord Deſpenſer (lately earl of Glouceſter) whoſe particular ſhare in the plot does not appear, was intercepted in his flight, and beheaded at Briſtol. Several others ſuffered, on the ſame account, both at Oxford and London; among whom were Sir Bernard Brocas, Sir John Schevele (already named), and one Maudlin, a prieſt, who is, by ſome writers †, reported to have been paſſed upon the people for king Richard. Thomas Merks, biſhop of Carliſle, a prelate of uncommon ſpirit and abilities, was accuſed and condemned, but afterwards pardoned, though never forgiven. To ſum up the whole, the unfortunate monarch for whoſe ſake this rolling-ſtone (as an old writer terms it) was put in motion, bearing*

* *In Rymer, Vol. VIII. p. 121. is a mandate from the council to the conſtable of the Tower, to receive the body of John earl of Huntingdon, which leads Mr. Carte to conclude it certain that he was beheaded in London. But this again is utterly inconſiſtent with the account given by Sir W. Dugdale (Baro. II. 80. referring to* Claus. 1 H. IV. p. 1. m. 16.*) of the Kings ſending his precept to the churchwardens of Pleſhy, "to deliver his head" to the counteſs's meſſenger, "to be buryed with his body." Query, however, if the precept were not for the "body" to be buryed with the "head," which Otterbourne expreſs'y tells us was ſent to London. We find it, at leaſt, to have been the caſe with the earl of Kent, whoſe counteſs procured the kings precept to the ſheriffs of London, to take down his head, and deliver it to her to be buryed; and afterwards obtained leave that his body, interred at Cirenceſter, might be taken up, and carryed to the priory of Mountgrace in Cleveland, which he had founded. (Baro. II. 77.) See alſo the act for the attainder and forfeiture of Kent, Huntingdon, Saliſbury, Deſpenſer, and Lumley (there called "*Rauf Lomley chivaler"). Rot. Parl. III. 459. *which expreſsly ſays, that all "* par les loialx lieges nre dit Sr le Roy feurent priſez & decollez."

† *Vide Stowe in particular; and conſult his authority, the French narrative mentioned in a preceding note.*

the

the fatal cataſtrophe of his brother * *and friends, and utterly rejecting all ſuſtenance, had his afflictions ſpeedily terminated by a broken heart. (Walſingham, Otterbourne, and the Monk of Eveſham* †.*)*

Such are the tragical events which our balladmaker has conſidered as fit objects of buffoonery and ſcurrility. His performance is nevertheleſs a curious and even uſeful and intereſting appendage to Engliſh hiſtory, as he has preſerved the names of ſeveral prelates and nobles, whom no hiſtorian has mentioned as having been engaged in this conſpiracy. We muſt be content to remain in the dark with reſpect to the origin or application of the nickname of "Jac Nape" (Jackanapes); which appears to be deſigned either for Surry or for Exeter, and may have depended on ſome anecdote or circumſtance which has periſhed with the ſcandalous chronicle of the time.

The ballad is given from a manuſcript in the Cotton library, Veſpaſian, B. xvi.

*** *The* Placebo *and* Dirige *is part of the maſs or ſervice for the dead in the Romiſh church, of which the author diſtributes the ſeveral parts among the characters he has introduced.*

Lucie widow of Edmund earl of Kent, brother and ſucceſſor to this Thomas, bequeathed 1000 *crowns to the priory of the Holy Trinity in London, on condition that every convent in each of the houſes named in her will, ſhould once a month in their quire ſay "* Placebo *and* Dirige *by note, for the ſouls of them the ſaid Edmund and Lucie by name," &c. Dug. Baro. II.* 77.

* *Edward the Black Prince married the widow of Thomas Holland earl of Kent, mother of John duke of Exeter.*

† *Theſe are the only writers of authority; Hall, Holinſhed, and Sir J. Hayward tell a very different ſtory: Mr. Carte is, as uſual, the moſt correct, though he does not appear to be ſo in every particular.*

JN the moneth of May, when g^{a}ſſe growep grene,
Flag^{a}nt in her floures, w^{t} swete ſauour,
Jac Napes wold oũ the ſee, a maryn̄ to ben.
With his clogs & his cheyn, to ſeke more treſour;
Suych a payn p'kked hym, he aſked a confeſſour;
Nicolas said, I am redi thi confeſſour to be.
He was holden ſo, that he ne paſſed that hour.
For Jac Napes ſoule *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

Who shall execute his exequies, w^{t} a solempnite,
Biſſhopes & lordes, as grete reſon is,
Monkes, chanons, preſtes and other clergie,
P^{a}y for this Dukes ſoule, pat it might come to blis;
And let neũ ſuychī another come after this.
His int'fecto˜s, bleſſed might thei be,
And g^{a}unte them for ther dede to regne w^{t} angelis,
And for Jac Nape ſoule *Placebo & Dirige*.

Placebo begynneth the biſſhop of Herford;
Dilexi, for myn auauncement, ſaith pe biſſhop of Cheſtre;
Heir me, ſaip Salisbury, this goth to ferre forthe;
Ad Dūm cū tribularer, ſaip pe abbot of Glouceſtre;
Dūs cuſtodit, ſaip the abbot of Roucheſtre;
Leuaui oculos, ſaip frere Stanbury, *volauí*;
Si iniq'tates, ſaip pe biſſhop of Worce[s]tre;
For Jac Nape ſoule, *De profundis clamaui*.

Opa

Opa manuū tuar', ſeip the Cardynal wiſely,
That brought forth *confitebor*, for all this Napes reſon;
Audiui vocem, ſonge Allemighty god an hye,
And p̄fore ſyng we, *Magnificat aīa mea Dūm.*
Vnto this Dirige moſt we gon & come,
This paſcall tyme, to ſay verylı,
Thre pſalmes & thre leſſoñs, p^t all is and ſome;
For Jac Nape ſoule, *Placebo* and *Dirige.*

Executors of this office, *Dirige* for to ſynge,
Shall begyn the biſſhop of Synt Aſſe;
Verba mea auribꝫ, ſaip abbot of Redyng.
Alle your ioye and hope is come to alaſſe;
Comit̄ere Dñe, yet g^a unte vs g^ace,
Saip abbot of Synt Albans, ful sorily;
The abbot of pe Toure hill, w^t his fat face,
Quakep & tremulep, for *Dñe ne in furore.*

Maiſter Water liard shal ſyng *Nequando*;
The abbot of Weſtmynſtre, *Dñe Deus meus in te ſpaui*;
Requiem et̄nam, g^a unte them all to come to,
p^t to a *Pater noſt̄*, ſaip the biſſhop of Synt Dauy:
For thes ſoules pat wiſe were & mighty,
Suffolk, moleyns, and Roos, thes thre;
And in eſpecial for Jac Napes, pat euer was wyly;
For his soule *Placebo* & *Dirige.*

Riſe

Riſe vp, Say, rede *parce in Domine*;
Nichil enī ſunt dies mei, þ̄ ſhalt ſynge;
Þe biſſhop of Carlyle, ſyng *Credo* ful ſore:
To ſuychī fals T^{a}itours come foule endyng.
The baron of Dudley, with grete mornyng,
Redeth, *tedet aīam meam vite mee*:
Who but Danyel, *qui laſarū*, ſhal ſyng?
For Jac Nape ſoule, *Placebo* & *Dirige*.

John Say redeth, *manus tue fecerunt me*;
Libera me, ſyngeth Trevilian, warre the rere;
That thei do no more ſo, *Requieſcant in pace*:
Thus p^{a}yes all Englond ferre & nerre,
Where is Som^{c}ſet? whi aperes he not here?
To ſynge *Dies ire* & *miſerie*?
God g^{a}unte Englond all in fere,
For thes t^{a}itours to ſyng *Placebo* & *Dirige*.

Meny mo þ̄ be behynde, þe ſothe forto telle,
Þ^{t} shal meſſes oppon thes do ſynge;
J p^{a}y som man do ryng the belle,
Þat þeſe for ſaiden may come to þe ſacryng.
And þat in brief tyme, w^{t}out more tarieng,
Þat þis meſſe may be ended in ſuychī degre;
And þat all Englond ioyfull may ſynge,
Þe cōmendacōn with *Placebo* & *Dirige*.

ILLUS-

ILLUSTRATION OF THE NAMES IN THE PRECEDING BALLAD.

V. 3. Jac Nape.] *Supposed to be a nickname for John Holland duke of Exeter, or Thomas Holland duke of Surry.*

V. 6. Nicolas.]

V. 17. Bisshop of Herford.] *John Trevenant or Trefrant, dyed* 1404. *He was K. Henrys ambassador to the Pope in this very year. And it may be here mentioned, once for all, that many of the persons named in this ballad are not represented as having had the least concern in that conspiracy by any historian.*

V. 18. Bisshop of Chestre.] *John Burghill was bishop of Lichfield at this time, and is supposed to be here meant.—He dyed* 1414. Vide Godwin. de præsulibus, in locis.

V. 19. Salisbury.] *The bishop of that see is probably intended. This was Richard Metford, who dyed in* 1407.

V. 20. Abbot of Glouceſtre.] *Walter Frowceſter, d.* 1412.

V. 21. Abbot of Roucheſtre.] *John de Shepey, d.* 1419.

V. 22. Frere Stanbury.]

V. 23. Bisshop of Worce[s]tre.] *Tidemannus de Winchcombe, a favourite counsellor of the late king. He, on this occasion, retired to his bishopric, and was never afterwards seen at court.* Isti duo episcopi *(says the Monk of Evesham, having just before spoken of Bishop Merks)* privati viri & maximi consiliarii cum Rege Ricardo dudum extiterunt. Adeo ut majorem partem noctis per annum cum illo insompnem ducerent. De quo multi multa loquuntur. Vita R. Ricardi II. p. 168. *He dyed* 1401.

V. 25. The Cardynal.]

V. 34. Bisshop of Synt Asse.] *John Trevaur. He was Henrys ambassador to Spain in this year. He afterwards joined Owen Glendowr, and dyed in* 1410.

V. 35.

V. 35. Abbot of Redyng.] *Richard de Yately?*

V. 38. Abbot of Synt Albans.] *John Moot, d.* 1405.

V. 39. Abbot of pe Toure hill.]

V. 41. Maiſter Water liard.]

V. 42. Abbot of Weſtmynſtre.] *William de Colcheſter. He is expreſsly charged as the father of this conſpiracy by Hall, Hollinſhed, and Sir John Hayward. He invites the noblemen and other conſpirators to a ſumptuous feaſt, and it is after this dinner that Exeter is made to harangue the company, and propoſe a juſt at Oxford as a means to ſeize and kill the King, &c. He is ſaid, on hearing of the ill conſequences of his plot, to have been ſtruck with the palſy, as paſſing between the abbey and his houſe, and to have dyed ſpeechleſs in a very ſhort time. This, however, is certainly not true, as he lived till* 1420. *Otterbourne only ſays,* " Abbas Weſtm. & Rogerus Walden, ... tantum qualiter Deus novit, poſt interrogationem & reſponſionem liberi dimittuntur." *p.* 228.

V. 44. Biſſhop of Synt Davy.] *Guy de Mona. He was treaſurer of England in the 21ſt of K. Richard, and again in the 4th of K. Henry. Walſingham ſays of him, in general, that he had been the cauſe of many evils. He dyed* 1407.

V. 46. Suffolk, moleyns and Roos.] *Michael de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, dyed* 1415. *Sir William Molins, dyed* 1406. *William lord Roos of Hamlake, now Helmsley, was the only nobleman who enjoyed this title at that time. He dyed* 1414.

V. 49. Say.]

V. 51. Biſſhop of Carlyle] *Thomas Merks. He was committed to the Tower, and afterwards, by the interceſſion of his friends, obtained leave to change his priſon for Weſtminſter Abbey. At the inſtance of K. Henry, he was tranſlated by the Pope to a biſhopric* in partibus, *and never afterward obtained any preferment in England, except a rectory in Glouceſterſhire by means of the Popes letters. He dyed* 1409.

V. 53.

V. 53. Baron of Dudley.] *John de Sutton was lord of Dudley at this time, and dyed in* 1407.

V. 55. Danyel.]

V. 57. John Say.]

V. 58. Trevilian.]

V. 61. Som'ſet.] *John Beaufort earl of Somerſet, Henrys half-brother. He marryed Margaret, ſiſter to Thomas duke of Surry; and dyed in* 1409. (V. ante *p.* 54.)

III.

SATIRE AGAINST THE LOLLARDS,

——*particularly leveled at Sir John Oldcaſtle, Lord Cobham, the Coryphæus of the ſect; who, having been condemned to the flames for his erroneous opinions, made his eſcape from the Tower before the day appointed for his execution. This happened in the year* 1413, *when the preſent ballad ſeems to have been written. Lord Cobham in his retreat, in order to effect a ſpeedy and thorough reformation both in Church and State, formed a plan of ſeizing the kings perſon, and actually cauſed a large body of his enthuſiaſtic adherents, to the number, as is ſaid, of* 20,000, *all totally ignorant of his deſigns, but not the leſs ready to execute his orders, to aſſemble in St. Giles's fields, where many of them were ſeized, and the reſt diſperſed by the civil power. And their chieftain himſelf, being taken a few years after, was hanged as a traitor, and burnt*

on

on the gibbet as a heretic, purſuant to his ſentence. (Vide Rot. Parl. IV. 107, &c.)

Lollardy, a word of uncertain derivation, is well known to mean with us the doctrines propagated by John Wickliffe and his followers, which had in the beginning of this reign gained a conſiderable footing. To check the further progreſs of this popular hereſy, and maintain the cauſe of "the great goddeſs Diana," which appears to have been in no ſmall danger, the reigning clergy had*

* *The intent of the Lollards (according to the Stat. 2 H. V. c. 7.) was to ſubvert the Chriſtian Faith, the Law of God, the Church and the Realm. The following diſtich is ſuppoſed to have been circulated by ſome of the ſect about this period:*

Wit hath wonder, and reaſon cannot ſcan,
How a moder is mayd, and God is man.

Which Mr. Barrington tells us was thus anſwered by "the orthodox:"

Leve reaſon, beleve the wonder;
Belef hath maſter, and reaſon is under.*

Not doubting that this ſpecimen of divine logic had all the ſucceſs it deſerved, we ſhall add an equally happy elucidation of that heretical ſtumbling-block, though Catholic miracle, the tranſubſtantiated wafer:

Hyt ſemes quite and is red,
Hyt is quike and ſemes dede,
Hyt is fleſhe & ſemes bred,
Hyt is on & ſemes too,
Hyt is God body & no mo.

MSS. Reg. 17 A. xvi.

This may not be quite ſuch ſmooth poetry, but ſurely it is as good reaſoning as Mr. Drydens view of the tenets of the two churches on this point ſoon after his converſion:

The literal ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

(Hind and Panther.)

As if the acknowleged impoſſibility of one aſſertion were a ſufficient inducement to believe it, when oppoſed to the unintelligibility of another.

* *Vide Obſervations on the Statutes, p.* 310.

recourſe to two methods; of which Ridicule or Satire was the more innocent, but Hanging and Burning the more efficacious †.

The following ballad is contained in the ſame MS. with the preceding. The only liberty taken with it, beſides the change of pointing, has been to divide each line according to the rime.

LO he pat can be cl'ſtes clerc,
And knowe pe knottes of his crede,
Now may se a wonder werke,
Of harde happes to take goud heede,
The dome of deth is heuy drede,
For hym pt wol not mcy crie,
Pan is my rede, for mucke ne mede,
Pt no man melle of Lollardrÿe.

J sey for meſelf, yut wiſt J neū,
But now late what hit shuld be,
& by my trouth J haue wel leū,
No more kyn pan my a. b. c.

† *The latter argument is irrefragable, and indeed the only mode of conviction upon which the Orthodox Clergy of all ages and countries have, as the* dernier reſort, *choſen to rely. It was uſed at the Reformation with great ſucceſs, particularly by that pious prince and ſubtle theologiſt Henry VIII. whoſe* ultima ratio *it was in all his public diſputations, where, as is well known, he never failed to ſilence his opponent. Unfortunately, ſome of the moſt dexterous polemics of that period were afterwards confuted upon their own principle. (Vide Foxes Martyrs, Lives of Cranmer, Ridley, &c.)*

To

To lolle ſo hie in suych degre,
Hit is no ꝑfit pfecie,
Sauf seker sample to þe & me,
To be war of lollardie.

The game is noȝt to lolle ſo hie,
Þ^s fete failen fondement,
& yut is a moch̄ folie,
For fals beleue to ben brent;
Þ^s þe bibell is al mys went,
To iangle of Job or Jeremye,
Þ^t conſtruen hit after her entent,
For lewde luſt of lollardie.

Hit is vnkyndly for a kníȝt,
Þ^t shuld a kynges caſtel kepe,
To bable þe bibel day & níȝt,
Jn reſtyng tyme when he shuld slepe,
& carefoly awey to crepe,
For alle þe chief of chiualrie,
Wel augh̄t hȳ to waile & wepe,
Þ^t ſuych̄ luſt haþ in lollardie.

An old caſtel & not repaired,
W^t waſt walles & wowes wide,
Þe wages ben ful yuel wared,
W^t suích̄ a capitayn to abide,

Þat

Þat rereth ríot for to ride
Agayns þe kyng & his clergie,
W^{t} þ^{t}ue peyne & þore pride,
Þer is a poynt of lollardie.

For many a man w^{t}yn a while
Shal aby his gult ful ſore,
So fele goſtes to be gild,
Hym aught to rue e$\tilde{u}$more;
For his sorowe shal he ne$\tilde{u}$ reſtore,
Þ^{t} he venemed w^{t} enuye,
But ban þe burthe þ^{t} he was of bore,
Or e$\tilde{u}$ had luſt in lollardie.

E$\tilde{u}$y shepe þ^{t} shuld be fed in felde,
& kepte fro wolfes in her folde,
H$\tilde{e}$ nedeth ne$\tilde{þ}$ spere ne shulde,
Ne in no caſtel to be w^{t}holde.
For $\tilde{þ}$ þe paſture is ful colde,
In som^{e} ſeſon when hit is drie,
& namly when þe ſoyle is ſolde,
For lewde luſt of Lollardie.

An old caſtel draw al do$\tilde{n}$,
Hit is ful hard to rere it newe,
W^{t} suych a congrega$\tilde{c}$on,
Þat caſt hem to be vntrewe:

When begg^{s} mow ne^{þ} bake ne brewe,
Ne haue wherw^{t} to borow ne bie,
Þan mot [they] riot robbe or reve,
Vnde[r] þe colour of Lollardie.

That caſtel is not for a kyng,
Þ^{t} þe walles ben oũthrowe,
& yut wel wors abidyng,
Whan þe captayn away is flowe;
And forſake ſpere & bowe,
To crepe fro knyȝthode into clergie,
Þ^{t} is a bitter blaſt yblowe,
To be bawde of lollardie.

J trowe þ^{t} be no knyȝt alyue
Þ^{t} wold haue don ſo open a shame,
For pat crafte to ſtudi or ſtriue
Hit is no gentel mañes game;
But if hym luſt to haue a name
Of pelo^{r} vnder ypocrafie,
& þ^{t} were a foule defame
To haue suych loſe of lollardie.

And þde lolle pei neu̓ ſo long,
Yut wol lawe make hē lowte,
God wol not ſuffre hē be ſo ſtrong
To bryng her p^{r}pos ſo abowte;

Wt saunȝ faile & saunȝ doute,
To rere riot and robberie,
By reſon pei ſhul not long route,
While pe taile is docked of lollardie.

Of pe hede hit is las charge
When gͣce wol not be his gide,
Ne ſuffre hym for to lepe at large,
But heuely his hede to hide.
Where ſhuld he oꝑ route or ride
Agayns pe chief of chiualrie,
Not hardi in no place to abide,
For alle pe ſekte of lollardie.

A god, what vnkyndly goſt
Shuld greue pt god grucched nouȝt!
Thes lollardes pt lothen ymages moſt
Wt mañes handes made & wrouȝt,
& pilgrimages to be souȝt,
Pei ſeien hit is but mawmentrie;
He pat pis loſe firſt vp brouȝt
Had gret luſt in lollardie.

He wer ful lewde pt wold byleue
In figure made of ſtok or ſton,
Yut foꝛme ſhuld we noñ reꝑue
Neꝑ of marie ne of Jon,

Petre, poule, ne oꝑ noñ
Canoníſed by clergie,
Þan pe ſeyntes eu̓ychoñ
Be litel holde to lollardie.

And namly James among hē alle
For he twyes had tʳnement,
Moch míſchānſe mot hī be falle
Þt laſt beheded hym ín kent;
& alle þat were of pat aſſent
To criſt of heuen J clepe & crie
Sende hē pe ſame Jugement,
& all pe ſekte of lollardie.

For þt vengans agayns kynde
Was a poynt of cowardyſe,
& namly ſuych on to bete or bynde
Þt míȝt not ſtand ſet ne riſe;
What dome wold ye hȳ deuyſe
By lawe of armes or gentrie,
But ſerue hȳ ın pe ſame wiſe
& alle pe ſekte of lollardie?

When falſnes failep frele folie,
Þ'de wol ꝑſeyn ſone among,
Þan willerdome wt old enuy̓
Can noñ oꝑ way but wrong.

For

For ſynne & shame w^t ſorowe ſtrong,
So ouſet w^t avutrie,
Þ^t fals beleue is fayn to fong
Þe lewde luſt of lollardie.

And vnder colo^r of suích lollyng,
To shape ſodeyn surreccioñ
Agaynſt oure liege lord kyng,
W^t fals ymaginacionñ.
& for p^t corſed concluſion,
By dome of kníȝthod & clergie,
Now t^rneth to confuſioñ
Þe ſory ſekte of lollardie.

For holy writ berith witnes
He p^t fals is to his kyng
Þ^t shamful deth & hard diſtreſs
Shal be his dome at his endyng;
Þan double deth for ſuych lollyng
Is heuy when we ſhul heñes hye,
Now lord p^t madeſt of nouȝt all thing
Defende vs all fro Lollardie.

IV.

A ROUNDELL OF 'KYNG HENRY ÞE SEXT' AYENS HIS CORONACION,

MADE BY LYDEGATE DAUN JOHN.

From the Harleian MSS. N° 7333. Dan John Lidgate, monk of Bury, who, if we regard the bulk and number of his writings, was certainly the greateſt poet we ever had, dyed very old, anno 14... *Hen. VI. was crowned in* 1422.

REioice ye Reames of englond & of ffraunce,
A braunche pat ſprang oute of the floure de lys,
Blode of Seint Edward and Seint lowys,
God hath this day ſent in goũnaunce.

God of nature hath yoven him ſuffiſaunce
Likly to atteyne to grete honure and priſ.

O hevenly bloſſome, o budde of all pleſaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wiſe
As was thi fader by circumſpect adviſe,
Stable in v'tue withoute variaunce.

V.

A ROUNDEL ON FORTUNE.

From MSS. More. Ff. 1. 6.

WHEN fortune liſt yewe here aſſent,
What is too deme pt may be doo,
There ſchapeth nought from her entent,
For as ſche will it goth ther to.

All paſſeth by her iugement,
The hy aſtate the pore allſoo,
When Fortune [&c.]

Too lyve in ioy out of turment,
Seyng the worlde goth too and fro,
Thus is my ſchort aviſeament,
As hyt comyth ſo lete it go.
When Fortune [&c.]

VI.

A SONG ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

From the ſame MS.

WHO ſo lyſt to loue god ſend hym right good ſpede.

Some tyme y loued, as ye may ſee,
A goodlyer ther myght none be,
Here womanhode in all degree,
Full well ſhe quytt my mede.
[Who ſo lyſt, &c.]

Vn to the tyme, vpon a day,
To ſone ther fill a gret affray,
She badde me walke forth on my way,
On me ſhe gatt none hede.
Woſo lyſt, &c.

J aſkid the cauſe why and wherfor,
She diſpleſide was w^{t} me ſo ſore;
She wold nat tell, but kept in ſtore,
Perdy it was no nede.
Woſo lyſt, &c.

For

For ıf y hadde hur dıſpleaſed
Jn worde or dede, or hır greued,
Than ıf ſhe hadde before meved,
She hadde cauſe ın dede.
Woſo lıſt, &c.

But well y wote y hadde nat done,
Hur to dıſpleſe, but ın grete mone
She hath me left and ys a gone,
For ſorwe my hert doth blede.
Wo ſo lyſt, &c.

Some tyme ſhe wold to me complayne,
Yff ſhe had felt dyſeaſe or payne,
Now ſele y nought but grete diſdayne,
Allas, what ıs your rede?
Wo ſo liſt, &c.

Shall y leue of, and let hur go?
Nay ner the rather will y do ſo,
Yet though vnkyndneſſe do me wo,
Hur will y loue and drede.
Wo ſo lıſt, &c.

Some hope that whan ſhe knowith the caſe,
Y truſte to god that withyne ſhort ſpaſe
She will me take a gayne to grace,
Than haue y well a bydde.
Wo ſo liſt, &c.

And

And for trew louers ſhall y pray,
That ther ladyes fro day to day,
May then rewarde ſo that they may
With ioy ther lyues lede.
Wo ſo liſt, &c.

Amen pur Charyte.

VII.

A SONG ON THE IVY AND THE HOLLY.

From a MS. of Henry the 6ths time. (Bibl. Harl. N° 5396.)

NAY, juy, nay, hyt ſhal not be J wys,
Let holy hafe pe mayſtry as pe maner ys.

Holy ſtond in pe halle fayre to be hold,
Juy ſtond w^t^out pe dore, ſhe ys ful ſore a cold.
Nay, juy [&c.]

Holy & hys mery men pey dawnſyn & pey ſyng,
Juy & hur maydenys pey wepyn & they wryng.
Nay [&c.]

Jvy

Jvy hath a lybe, ſhe kaght yt w^{t} pe colde,
So mot pey all hafae p^{t} w^{t} jvy hold.
Nay, Juy, noy, hyt [&c.]

Holy hat berys as rede as any roſe,
The foſter pe hunter kepe hem fro pe doo.
Nay, juy, nay, hyt [&c.]

Juy hath berys as blake as any ſlo,
Ther com pe oule & ete hym as ſhe goo.
Nay, juy, nay, hyt [&c.]

Holy hath byrdys a ful fayre flok,
The nyghtyngale, pe poppynguy, pe gauntyl lauyrok.
Nay [&c.]

Gode juy, what byrdys aſt p^{u} ?
None but pe howlet p^{t} kreye how how.
Nay, juy, nay, hyt ſhal [&c.]

VIII.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF SIR PENNY.

The praiſes of this worthy knight have been a favourite topic both with the Engliſh and Scotiſh poets.—See "Ancient Scotiſh poems," publiſhed by Lord Hailes, Edinburgh 1770. p. 153; or the "Caledonian Muſe," Lond. 1785. p. 164.——There is an excellent poem on this ſubject in a MS. of the Cotton library, Galba E. ix.——This is from the Sloane MS. (N° 2593) above deſcribed.

GO bet peny go bet for þ^{n} makȳ bop^{e} frynd & ſo.

Peny is an hardy knyȝt,
Peny is mekyl of myȝt,
Peny of wrong he makyt ryȝt,
In eũy cũtr' qwer he goo.

Þow ȝ haue a mā ȝ ſlawe,
& forfetyd þe kyngꝭ lawe,
Ȝxal ſyndȳ a mā of lawe,
Wyl takȳ mȳ peny & let me goo.

& ȝf ȝ haue to dō fer or ner,
& peny be mȳ maſſenger,
Þ^{a}n am ȝ no þing in dwer,
My cauſe xal be wol do.

&

& ȝf ȝ haue pens bop^e good & fyn,
Mē wyl byddȳ me to p^e wyn,
Þ^t ȝ haue xal be p^t,
Sekyrly peí wıl ſeyn ſo.

& q̄n ȝ haue nō ī mȳ purs,
Peny bet ne peny wers,
Of me peı holdȳ but lytıl fors,
He was a mā let hȳ goo.

IX.

"LYTYLL THANKE."

From a MS. in the Cotton library (Titus A. xxvi.) of Henry the 6ths time. A few ſtanzas at the beginning are ſuppoſed to be loſt.

* * * * *

GO ye be ffore be twayne and twayne,
Wyſly that ye be not J ſayne,
And J ſhall go home & com a gayne,
To witte what dothe owre ſyre,
Gode goſyp.
For ȝyff hit happ he dyd me ſee,
A ſtrype or to god myght ſend me,
Ȝytte ſche that is a ferre lette her flee,
For that is nowght be pıs fyre,
Gode goſyp.

That

That eũyche of hem browght þ dyſche,
Sum browght fleſhe and ſom brought fyſhe;
Quod margery meke thañ wt a wyiſe,
J wold pt ffrankelyne pe harper were here,
Gode goſip.

She hade notte ſo ſone pe word J ſayd,
But in come ffrankelyn at a brayd,
God ſaue youe, maſtres, he ſayde,
J come to make youe ſome chere,
Gode goſyp.

A non he be gan to drawe owght his harpe,
Tho the goſſypp⁹ be gan to ſtarte,
They callyd the tawyrner to ffyll pe quarte,
And lette note for no coſte,
Good goſyp.

Then ſeyd pe goſſypp⁹ all Jnfere,
Streke vp harp, & make gode chere,
& wher that J goo fere or nere,
To owre hu[s]bond, make pou no *boſte*,
God goſſip.

Nay maſtres, as mote J thee,
Ye ſchall newyr be wrayed ffor me,
J had leũ her dede to be
As here of to be knowe,
Good goſyp.

They

They ffylled the pottꝭ by & by,
They lett not for no coſte trully,
The harpyr ſtroke vp merrely,
That they myght onethe blowe,
Good goſyp.

They ſette them downe they myght no more,
Theyre leggꝭ pey thought were paſſyng ſoore,
They prayd the harper kepe ſum ſtore,
And lette vs drynke a bowght,
Gode goſyp.

Heye the tauernere J praye the,
Go fyll the potteys lyghtyly,
And latte vs dry[n]ke by & by,
And lette the cupe goo route,
Good goſyp.

This ys the thowght that goſſypꝰ take,
Onys in the weke they wyll merey make,
And all ſmalle drynckys they wyll for ſake,
And drynke wyne of the beſt,
Good goſyp.
Some be at the tauerne onys Jn the weke,
And ſome be there eúy day eke,
And ellſe ther hartꝭ will be ſeke,
And gyffe her hoſbondys ewyll reſte,
Good goſyp.

When

When they had dronke & made pem' glad,
And they ſchuld rekyn' theyn' pey ſad,
Call they tauernere a none they bade,
That we were lyghtly hens,
Good goſyp.
J ſwere be god and by ſeynt Jayme,
J wold notte that oure ſyre at home,
That we had this game,
Notte for fourty pens,
Good goſyp.

Gadyr the ſcote & lette vs wend,
And lette vs goo home by lurcas ende,
For dred we mete note wt owre frend
Or that we come home,
Good goſyp.
When they had there countꝰ caſte,
Eueryche of hem ſpend vjd at pe laſt,
Alas, cothe ſeyſcely, J am a gaſte,
We ſchall be ſchent eury chone,
Good goſyp.

Fro the tauerne be they all goone,
And eúyche of hē ſchewythe her wyſdom,
And there ſche tellythe her huſbond anone,
Shee had been at the chyrche,
Gode goſyp.

V. 55. *The words* ſhold wyt, *or others of the like import, ſeem wanting to perfect both the ſenſe and the metre.*

Off

Off her werke ſhe takythe no kepe,
Sche muſte as for anowe go ſclepe,
And ells for aggeyr wyll ſche wepe,
She may no werkꝭ wurche,
Good goſyp.

Off her ſlepe when ſche dothe wake
Faſte in hey then gan ſche a rake,
And cawthe her ſerwantꝭ abowte the bake,
Yff to here they outhe had ſayd,
Good goſyp.

Off þis proſes J make a nend,
Becawſe J will haue womē to be my ffrend,
Of there de woſyon they wold ſend
A peny for to drynke at the end,
Gode goſyp.

X.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From the Sloan MS. N° 2593.

WOlcū ȝol þu mery mā in worchepe of þis holy day.

Wolcū be pu heuene kyng,
Wolcū born in on morwenȳg,
Wolcū for hō we xal ſyng,
Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe ſtefne & Jon,
Wolcū innocētꝑ eúychon,
Wolcū thomas martʳ on,
Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe good newe ȝerˀ,
Wolcū twelpe day bopᵉ in fer,
Wolcū ſeyntꝑ lef & der,
Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe candylmeſſe,
Wolcū be ȝe qwȳ of blys,
Wolcū bope to mor & leſſe,
Wolcū ȝol.

Wolcū be ȝe pᵗ arn her,
Wolcū alle & mak good cher,
Wolcū alle ā oꝑ ȝer,
Wolcū ȝol.

XI. CAROL

XI.

CAROL FOR ST. STEPHENS DAY.

From the ſame MS.

SEȳt ſteuene was a clerk ī kȳg herowdρ halle,
& ſeruyd hī of bred & clop as eu̍ kȳg be falle.

Steuȳ out of kechon cā wt boꝛıs hed ō honde,
He ſaw a ſterr' was fayr & bryȝt ou̍ bedlē ſtōde.

He kyſt a doū pe boꝛρ hed & went ın to pe halle,
J for ſak pe kȳg herowdρ & pı werkρ alle.

J forſak pe kȳg herowdρ & pı werkρ alle,
Pſ ıs a chyld ın bedlē born ıs betſ pā we alle.

Qn̄t eylyt pe ſteuen ? qn̄t ıs pe be falle ?
Lakkyt pe eyp̄ mete or drynk ın kyng herowdρ h[alle] ?

Lakıt me neyp̄ mete ne drynk ī kȳg herowdρ halle,
Pſ ıs a chyld ın bedlē born ıs betſ pā we alle.

Qn̄t eylyt pe ſteuȳ ? art yn̄ wod, or yn̄ gȳnyſt to brede ?
Lakkyt pe eyp̄ gold or ſe, or ony ryche wede ?

Lakyt ne neyꝑ gold nor ſe, ne nō ryche wede,
ꝑ is a chyld in bedlē born xal helpȳ vs at oᶜ nede.

ꝑt is al ſo ſoꝑ, ſteuȳ, al ſo ſoꝑ j wys,
As þis capon crowe xal pt lyth her in mȳ dych.

ꝑt word was not ſo ſone ſeyd, pt word ī pt halle,
ꝑe capon crew xp̄s natꝰ eſt a mong pe lordꝑ alle.

Ryſyt vp mȳ turmētowrꝑ be to & al be on,
& ledt ſteuȳ out of þis town & ſtont hȳ wt ſton.

Tokȳ he ſteuene & ſtonyd hȳ in þe way,
& ꝑ for is his euȳ on cryſtꝑ owȳ day.

XII.

CAROL FOR ST. EDMUNDS DAY.

From the ſame MS.

SYnge we nowe alle a ſu' *Aue rex 'gētis' Anglorū.*

A new ſong j wil be gȳne,
Of kyng edmund pt was ſo fre,
How he deyed wt oute ſyne,
& bow[n]dȳ his body was to a tre.

Wt

Wt arwys ſcharpe pey gūne hȳ prykke,
For nō rewpe wold pey lete,
As dropys of reyn pey comȳ pikke,
& eúy arwe wt oꝑ gā mete.

& his hed alſo pei of ſmette,
A mong pe brerꝑ pei it keſt,
A wolf it kept wt outȳ lette,
A blynd mā fond it at pe laſt.

Prey we to pt worpl kyng
Pt ſufferid ded pis ſame day,
He ſaf vs bope eld & ȝyng,
& ſcheld vs fro pe fendꝑ fray.

ANCIENT SONGS.

CLASS III.

Comprehending the Reigns of EDWARD IV. EDWARD V. RICHARD III. HENRY VII. and HENRY VIII.

I.

BALET, BY ANTHONY WOODVYLE EARL RIVERS.

WRITTEN DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN PONTEFRACT CASTLE, ANNO 1483.

This little piece is preſerved by Rouſe the hiſtorian (p. 214), and has been reprinted by Percy (Reliques, II. 4). But as the uſe of the Fairfax MS. enabled the preſent editor to ſupply a conſiderable chaſm in the printed copies, the curious reader will not be ſorry to ſee it complete.

The

The meaſure, which is now properly regulated, was ordinarily adopted by ſong-writers, from Chaucer to Skelton.

The muſic of the MS. is (as uſual) a compoſition in three parts, by Dr. Fayrfax.

SUM what muſyng,
And more mornyng,
Jn remembring
The unſtydfaſtnes,
This world being
Of ſuch whelyng,
Me contrarieng,
What may J geſſe?

J fere dowtles,
Remediles,
Js now to ſeſe
My wofull chaunce
[For vnkyndneſſ,
Wt outen leſſ,
& no redreſſ,
Me doth a vaunce.

Wt diſpleſaunce,
To my grevaunce,
& no ſuraunce,
Of remedy].

Lo in this traunce,
Now in ſubſtaunce,
Such is my dawnce,
Willyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly
Bowndyn am J,
And that gretly,
To be content;
Seyng playnly
That fortune doth wry
All contrary
From myn entent.

My lyff was lent
Me to on intent,
Hytt is ny ſpent;
Welcome fortune:
But J ne went,
Thus to be ſhent,
But ſho hit ment,
Such is hur won.

V. 30. That *omitted. MS.*
V. 34. To an entent. *MS.*

II.

GRAMERCY MYN OWN PURSE.

Given from the "Boke" of "hawkynge & huntynge," &c. better known by the title of the "Boke of Saint Albans," where it was firſt printed, by the anonymous ſchoolmaſter, 1486. *But the edition made uſe of was the ſecond, "Enprynted at Weſtmeſtre by Wynkyn the Worde the yere of thyncarnacon of oure lorde. M.CCCC. lxxxxvi."*

"Dame Julyans Bernes," the compiler of this volume, or at leaſt the authoreſs of the "boke of [hawkynge and] huntynge"—for, beſides this, it contains "liber armorum," "the treatyſe of fyſſhynge wyth an angle," and "the blaſynge of armes,"—is generally ſuppoſed to have been the daughter of Sir James Berners of Berners Roding in Eſſex, and ſiſter to Richard lord Berners; ſhe was prioreſs of the nunnery of Sopewell near St. Albans, and is ſaid to have flouriſhed in and about the year 1460. *(See Bale, Ballards Memoirs of Britiſh Ladies, &c.)*

After the "Explicit" of this laſt "boke" are ſome miſcellaneous obſervations, as, "Beſtys of the chace;" "The names of dyuers manere houndes;" "The propritees of a good Grehounde;" "The proprytees of a good horſe;" ſeveral old curious proverbial ſentences; "The companyes of beſtys & foules;" "The dewe termys to ſpeke of brekynge or dreſſynge of dyuers beeſtys & foules. &c. . . . . And . . . . of certen fyſſhes;" "The ſhyres and byſſhopryckes [& prouynces] . . . . . of Englonde." And then, but without any title or head, comes the following ballad. [ſig. e. vi. b.]

A Faythfull frende wolde I fayne fynde,
To fynde hym there he myghte be founde,
But now is the worlde wext ſoo vnkynde,
Pt frenſhip is fall to the groũde.
Now a frende I haue foũde
That I woll nother banne ne curſe,
But of all frendes in felde or towne,
Euer gramercy myn owne purſe.

My purſe it is my preuy wyf,
This ſonge I dare bothe ſynge and ſaye,
It partyth men of moche ſtryfe,
Whan euery man for hiſelf ſhall pay.
As I ryde in riche aray,
For golde and ſyluer men woll me flouryſſh,
By this matere I dare well ſay,
Euer gramercy myn own purſe.

As I ryde wyth golde ſo rede,
And haue to doo wyth londys lawe,
Men for my money woll make me ſpeede,
And for my goodes they woll me knawe;
More and leſſe to me woll drawe,
Bothe the better and the wurſe,
By this matere I ſaye in ſawe,
Euer gramercy myn owne purſe.

It fell by me vpon a tyme,
As it hath doo by many one mo,
My horſe, my nete, my ſhepe, my ſwyne,
And all my goodes they fell me fro,
I went to my frendes and tolde theym ſo,
And home agayne they badde me truſſe;
I ſayd agayne whan I was wo
Euer gramercy myn owne purſſe.

Therfore I rede you, ſyres all,
To aſſaye your frendes or ye haue nede,
For and ye come downe and haue a fall,
Full fewe of theym for you woll grede:
Therfore aſſaye theym euerychone,
Bothe the better and the wurſe:
Our lorde that ſhope bothe ſonne and mone
Sende vs ſpendynge in our purſe.

III.

TROLY LO.

This ſong, which is given from MSS. Sloan, N° 1584, a ſmall book, partly paper, partly parchment, chiefly written by "Johann' Gyſborn Canonic' de Cou$^{h^a}$m," whoſe

manual or pocket-book it ſeems to have been (tpe H. 8.), if it be that mentioned by Langham under the above title, has been once popular, which is the principal inducement to its inſertion.

So well ys me be gone. troly lole ſo
Well ys me be gone troly loley.

OFF ſuyng men J wyll begyne. Troly, loley.
For they goo mynyon trym. Troly, loley.
Off mett & drynk & feyr clothyng. Troly, loley.
By dere god J want none. Troly, loley.
His bonet is of fyne ſcarlett. Troly, loley,
Wt here as black os geitt. Troly, lolye.
His dublett ys of fyne ſatyne. Troly, lolye.
Hys ſhertt well mayd & tryme. Troly, lolye.
Hys coytt itt is ſo tryme & rownde. Troly, lolye.
His kyſſe is worth a cl. Troly, lolye.
His hoyſſe of london black. Troly, lolye.
Jn hyme ther ys no lack. Troly, lolye.
His face yt ys ſo lyk a mā. Troly, lolye.
Who cane butt love hyme thā? Troly, lolye.
Wher ſo eū he bee he hath my hert. Troly, lolye.
And ſhall to deth depart. Troly, lolye.

So well ys me begone. troly, loly.
S[o] well ys me be gone. Troly, lolye.

IV. THE

IV.

THE DYING MAIDENS COMPLAINT.

From the ſame MS.

GReuus ys my ſorowe,
Both evyne and moro,
Vnto my ſelffe a lone,
Thus do J make my mowne,
That vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this peyne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannot refreyne.

Whan other mē doyth ſleype,
Thene do J ſyght and weype,
All Ragins in my bed,
As one for paynes neyre ded;
That vnkyndnes haue kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refreyne.

My

My harte ytt haue no reſte,
Butt ſtyll w^{t} peynρ oppreſte,
And yett of all my smart,
Ytt grevith moſte my harte,
That vnkyndnes ſhuld kyll me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refreyne.

Wo worth truſt vntruſty!
Wo worth love vn̄ lovyd!
Wo worth hape vn blamyd!
Wo worth favtt vn̄ namyd!
Thus vnkyndly to kyll me,
And putt me to this payn̄,
Now alas what remedy,
That J cannott refrayne.

Alas J lyve to longe,
My paynes be ſo ſtronge,
For c̄forth haue J none,
God wott J wold fayne be gone;
For vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refreyne.

Jff ony wyght be here
That byeth love ſo dere,
Come here lye downe by me,
And weype for company;
For vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refrayne.

My foes whiche love me nott
Be vayle my deth J wott,
And he that love me beſte
Hyme ſelfe my deth hath dreſte;
What vnkyndnes ſhuld kyle me
Jf this ware nott my payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannott refreyne.

My laſt wyll here J make,
To god my ſoule J be take,
And my wrechyd body
As erth in a hole to lye;
For vnkyndnes to kyle me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas what remedy,
That J cannot refreyne.

O harte J the bequyeth
To hyme that is my deth,
Yff that no harte haith he
My harte his ſchal be;
Thovght vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Yett yf my body dye
My hertt cannott refrayne.

Placebo, dilexi,
Com weype this obſequye,
My mowrmar^{9}, dolfully,
Com weype this pſalmody,
Of vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Behold this wrechid body,
Y^{t} y^{or} vnkyndnes haith ſlayne.

Now J be ſych all ye
Namely y^{t} lovers be,
My love my deth for gyve,
And ſoffer hyme to lyve;
Thought vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Yett haid J rether dye
For his ſake ons agayne.

My tombe ytt ſchalbe blewe,
Jn tokyne that J was trewe;
To bringe my love from dovte,
Jtt ſhalbe wryttynge abowtte
That vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne;
Behold this wrechid body,
That yor vnkyndnes haith ſlayne.

O lady lerne by me,
Sley nott love wylfully,
For fer love waxyth denty.
Vndkyndnes to kyle me,
Or putt love to this payne,
J ware the better dye
For loves ſake agayne.

Grevus Js my ſoro,
Butt deth ys my boro,
For to my ſelfe a lone
Thus do J make my mone,
That vnkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And paſſyd is my payne,
Prey for this ded body,
Yt yor vnkyndnes haith ſlayne.

V.

UPON THE INCONSTANCY OF HIS MISTRESS.

From a MS. of the early part of Henry the 8ths time. Bibl. Harl. N° 2252. Left unfiniſhed by the copyiſt.

MOrnyng, mornyng,
Thus may J synge,
Adew my dere adew;
Be god alone,
My love ys gon,
Now may J go ſeke a new.

Nay, nay, no, no,
I wys not ſoo,
Leve of & do no more;
For veraylye
Sm̃ wemen ther be,
The whyche bep^e brotyll ſtore.

I lovyd

I lovyd on,
Not long agon,
On whom my harte was ſett,
So dyd ſhe me,
Whye ſhuld J lye?
I can hyt not forgette.

Hyr lett's wyll prove
She was my love,
& ſo I wyll hyr clayme,
Thowghe my Sweteharte
Be fro me starte,
She ys the more to blame.

Thowe my Swete harte
Be fro me ſtarte
& changyd me for a new,
I am content,
& wyll aſſente
Wt hym pt hape hyr now.

For be ſaynte gyle,
& mary mylde,
He ys a mynion man,
Myche ppyr & good,
Cōmyn of Jentyll blode,
& myche good paſtyme he can.

He ys worthy
Myche bett' then J
To haue the love of hyr,
Therfor, ſwete harte,
Farwell my pte,
Adew, ſomtyme my dere.

For whoo wyll ſeke
A mynyon eke
In ynglond or in fraunce.

* * * *

VI.

MANERLY MARGERY MILK AND ALE.

By John Skelton, poet laureat; who enumerates it in his "Crowne of Lawrell" (Works, 1736. p.). It is preſerved in the Fairfax MS. with a muſical compoſition in three parts, by "Willm Cornyſſh, Junior;" and, with another piece, ſet by the ſame maſter, ſuppoſed to be a ſatire againſt the drunken Flemings who came over with Ann of Cleves, will be found, with the harmony in the modern method, in Sir John Hawkinses Hiſtory of Muſic, III. 3, &c.

The reader is not to impute the groſſneſs of ſentiment viſible in the following ballad to the peculiar profligacy of the author; it was the vice of the age: the love-letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen contain expreſſions which would be thought at preſent too obſcene for a common proſtitute. The ladys anſwers are not preſerved.

AY be ſherewe yow be my fay,
This wanton clarkꝑ be nyſe all way,
A vent, a vent, my popagay,
What will ye do no thyng but play?
Tully valy, ſtrawe, let be J ſay,
Gup criſtian clowt, gup Jak of pᵉ vale,
Wᵗ manʳly mʳgery mylk & ale.

Be god ye be a ꝑty pode,
& J loue yoᵘ an hole cart lode,
Strawe Jamys foder, ye play pe fode,
J am no hakney for yoʳ rode,
Go watch a bole, yoʳ bak is brode,
Gup criſtian clowt, gup Jak of pᵉ vale,
Wᵗ manerly [mʳgery mylk & ale].

J wiſſ ye dele vncurteſly,
What wolde ye frompill me? now fy,
What & ye ſhalbe my piggꝑ nye.
Be criſt ye ſhall not: no hardely
J will not be Japed bodely.
Gup criſtian clowte, gup Jake of pᵉ vale,
Wᵗ manerly margery [mylk & ale].

Walke forth yor way, ye coſt me nought,
Now haue J fownd p^{t} J haue ſought,
Pe beſt chepe fleſſh p^{t} euyr J bought,
Yet, for his loue p^{t} all hath wrought,
Wed me, or els J dye for thought.
Gup criſtian clowte, yor broth is ſtale,
Go manerly margery mylk & ale.
Gup criſtian clowte, gup Jak of p^{e} vale,
W^{t} man^{r}ly margery [mylk & ale].

*** *Since Sir J. Hawkinses tranſcript was made, the MS. appears to have received certain alterations, occaſioned, as it ſhould ſeem, but certainly not authoriſed, by the over-ſcrupulous delicacy of its late or preſent poſſeſſor.*

VII.

AN AMOROUS STRUGGLE.

This little ſketch from nature, conſidering the time in which it muſt have been written, has a merit not frequently found in contemporary productions. The editor once thought it might be aſcribable to Skelton, whoſe free manner it ſomewhat reſembles. But a compariſon with the immediately preceding ballad, indiſputably his, renders that ſuppoſition exceedingly improbable.

It

It is given from a folio volume of muſical compoſitions of Henry the eighths time (as it appears) in the editors poſſeſſion. But the muſic, which is in parts, and without the leaſt pretenſions to melody, was not thought worth inſerting.

Harl. MS. Add. 5665

BE pes, ȝe make mè spılle my ale.
Now thyngke ȝe this ys a fayre ray?
Let go, y ſay;—ſtrawe for ȝeure tale;
Leff werke, a twenty a deuell a way:
Wene ȝe pt eùy body left to play?
A byde a while—what haue ȝe haſte?
Y trow, for all ȝeure gret a fray,
Ȝe will not make to huge a waſte.

After a ſay; thē may ȝe wette;
Why blame ȝe me wtovte offence?
Y wiſſe wanton, ȝe ſhull not ȝette—
A, kan ȝe that?—nov gode go hens:
What do ȝe here, wtín ovre spence?
Recke ȝe not to make vs ſhende?
Y wulde not ȝette for furty pence
My moder cam ín or that ȝe wende.

Cum kys me. Nay. be god ȝe ſhall.
Be criſte y nelle. What ſee the man!
Ȝe hert my legge a ȝenſte the walle;
Ys this the gentery that ȝe can?

Take to ȝev alle, & be ſtille than—
Now haue ȝe leyde me on the flore,
But hadde y wyſte when ȝe bygan
Be criſte y wolde haue schytte the dore.

☞ *"Such readers as have no reliſh for pure antiquity" may be better pleaſed with the following (apparent) alteration of this old Song, from MS. Sloan. (N° 1792), by a hand of Charles the firſts time, under the title of*

A MAIDES DENIAL.

NAY piſh, nay pray, nay faith, & will you? fie!
A gent, & uſe me thus! Jn faith Jle cry.
Gods body what a man's this! nay fie for ſhame!
Nay faith, away, nay fie! in troth you are to blame.
Harke! ſomebody comes, hands offe J pray,
Jle pinch, Jle ſcratch, ile ſpurne, nay runne away.
Jn faith you ſtriue in vaine, you ſhall not ſpeed;
You mare my ruffe, you hurt my back, my noſe will bleed.
Looke how the doore is open, somebody sees;
What will they ſay? in faith you hurt my knees.
Your buttons scratch, o what a quoile is here!
You make mee ſweat, in faith, here is goodly geare.
Nay faith let me intreat y^{n} leaue, if you liſt;
You hurt my head, 'you' teare my smocke; but had J wiſt

So

So much before, J would haue kept you out;
Jt is a proper thing you goe about.—
J did not think you would haue done me this,
But now J see J took my aime amiss.
A little thing would make vs not bee freinds,
You haue vſed mee well, J hope youle make amends.
Hould ſtill, Jle wipe your face, you sweat amaine,
You haue gott a goodly think with all this paine.
O God how hot am J! w^t will you drinke?
Jf you goe sweating downe, w^t will they thinke?
Remember s^r how you haue vsed mee now,
Doubt not ere long but J will meete with you.
Jf any man but you had vſed mee so,
Would J haue putt it upp? in faith s^r no.
Nay goe not yet, ſtay here & supp with mee,
And then at cards wee better will agree.

VIII.

DOWNE, BELLY, DOWNE.

"The following ſong," ſays Sir John Hawkins, "appears to have been written in the time of one of the Henries [ſci. VII. and VIII.], and ſeems to be a fruitleſs prayer, tending to avert the conſequences of indubitable pregnancy." Hiſtory of Muſic, III. 18.

The

The ingenious author has been ſtudiously careful to conceal his authorities for the ancient poetry firſt publiſhed in the above work: a mode of proceeding which, as it aſſumes a degree of confidence that no editor, be his rank, honour, and integrity what they may, has a right to exact, cannot be too much diſcountenanced. It is, however, only fair to add, that this, as well as every other, ſong, adopted on the credit of the learned hiſtorian, carries evident intrinſic marks of its authenticity.

WITH all the hart in my body,
Now jentill belly downe.
And ſhee was ſore afrayd,
And grieuouſly diſmayed,
With putting on hyr gowne.
Hyr belly was ſo grete,
Hyr gowne was not fete,
For ſorrow dyd ſhe ſwete,
And ſange
Downe, belly, downe.

Thys game gothe all amyſe;
I louid ſo well to kyſſe,
I thought it joy and blyſſe
To daunce in euery towne;
But alas and well away
That euer I uſyd ſuche playe,
For now wyth ſorrowe may I ſaye
Downe, belly, downe.

Euery

Euery morning erly
My ſtomake is all quaſie;
It hurtithe me
Full greuouſely,
With ſicknes am I bound:
God and our bleſſyd lady,
And alſoe good king Henry
Send me ſome remedy
To kepe my belly downe.
Downe, downe, now jentil belly downe.

IX.

BEWARE MY LYTTYLL FYNGER.

The following dialogue, which Sir J. Hawkins thinks very ancient, and of which, he ſays, the ſimplicity is no leſs remarkable than the ſtyle, is given from that authors Hiſtory of Muſic, Vol. III. p. 19. It is certainly as old as the æra of the preſent claſs.

BEWARE my lyttyll fynger; Syr I you deſire,
Ye wrynge my hand to ſore,
I pray you do no more,
Alas therefor,
Ye hurt my lyttyll fynger.

Why ſo do you ſay?
Ye be a wanton may,
I do but with you play,
Beware my lyttyll fynger.

Syr no more of ſuche ſport,
For I have lyttyl comfort
Of your hyther reſort,
To hurt my lyttyll fynger.

Forſoth goodly myſteris,
I am ſory for your diſeas:
Alack what may you pleas?
Beware my lytyll fynger.

Forſoth ye be to blame,
I wis it will not frame,
Yt ys to your grete ſhame
To hurt my lyttyll fynger.

Thys was agayn my wyll certayn,
Yet wold I haue that hole agayn,
For I am ſory for your payn,
Beware my lyttyll fynger.

Seeing for the cauſe ye be ſory,
I wold be glad wyth you for to mary,
So that ye wold not ouerlonge tarry
To hele my lyttyll fynger.

I ſay

I ſay wyth a joyfull hart agayne,
Of that I wold be full fayn,
And for your ſake to take ſume payne
To hele your lyttyll fynger.

Then we be both agreed
I pray you by our wedding wede,
And then ye ſhall haue lyttyll nede
To hele my lyttyl fynger.

That I will by Gods grace,
I ſhall kyſſe your minion face,
That yt ſhall ſhyne in euery place,
And hele your lyttyl fynger.

Beware my lyttyll fynger,
Alas my lyttyll fynger,
And oh my lyttyll fynger,
Ah lady mercy! ye hurt my lyttyll fynger.

X.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

" In which," Sir J. Hawkins, from whom it is given, gravely remarks, " there is great ſimplicity of ſtyle and ſentiment, and a frankneſs diſcoverable on the lady's part not warranted by the manners of the preſent time."

[He] MY harts luſt and all my pleſure,
Is geuen where I may not take it agayne.
[She] Do you repent? [He] Nay, I make you ſure.
[She] What is the cauſe then you complayne?

[He] It pleſyth my hart to ſhew part of my payne.
[She] To whom? [He] To you. [She] Pleſe that wyl not me;
Be all theſe words to me, they be in vayn,
Complayn where you may haue remedy.

[He]

[He] I do complayn, and find no releſſe.
[She] Yea, do you ſo? I pray you tell me how.
[He] My lady lyſt not my paynes to redreſſe.
[She] Say ye ſoth? [He] Yea, I make God a vowe.

[She] Who is your lady? [He] I put caſe you.
[She] Who I? nay, be ſure it is not ſo.
[He] In fayth ye be. [She] Why do you ſwere now?
[He] In good fayth I loue you and no mo.

[She] No mo but me? [He] No, ſo ſay I.
[She] May I you truſt? [He] Yea, I make you ſure.
[She] I fere nay. [He] Yes, I ſhall tell you why.
[She] Tell on, lets here. [He] Ye haue my hart in cure.

[She] Your hart? nay. [He] Yes without meſure.
I do you loue. [She] I pray you ſay not ſo.
[He] In fayth I do. [She] May I of you be ſure?
[He] Yea, in good fayth. [She] Then am I yours alſo.

XI.

IN PRAISE OF THE JOYFUL LIFE OF A BATCHELOR.

From Sir J. Hawkinses Hiſtory of Muſic.

THE bachelor moſt joyfullye,
In pleaſant plight doth paſs his daies,
Good fellowſhipp and companie
He doth maintaine and kepe alwaie.

With damſells braue he maye well goe,
The maried man cannot doe ſo,
If he be merie and toy with any,
His wife will frowne, and words geue manye:
Her yellow hoſe ſhe ſtrait will put on,
So that the married man dare not diſpleaſe his wife Joane.

XII.

MY SWETE SWETING.

From the ſame Work.

AH, my ſwete ſwetyng!
My lytyl prety ſwetyng,
My ſwetyng wyl I loue whereuer I go;
She is ſo proper and pure,
Full ſtedfaſt, ſtabill and demure,
There is none ſuch, ye may be ſure,
As my ſwete ſweting.

In all thys world, as thynketh me,
Is none ſo pleſaunt to my eye,
That I am glad ſoo ofte to ſee,
As my ſwete ſwetyng.

When I behold my ſwetyng ſwete,
Her face, her hands, her minion fete,
They ſeme to me there is none ſo mete,
As my ſwete ſwetyng.

Aboue all other prayſe muſt I,
And loue my pretty pygſnye,
For none I fynd ſoo womanly
As my ſwete ſwetyng.

XIII.

A [LOVE] SONGE.

From MSS. Harl. 3362.

MY Joye it is from her to here
Whom p^{t} my mynd ys eū to ſee,
& to my hart ſhe ys moſt nere,
For I loue hur & ſhe lovyth me.

Of deuty neds J muſt hur love,
W^{ch} hath my hart ſo ſtedfaſtly,
Ther ys no payne may me convert,
But ſtyll to loue hur whyle ſhe lovyth me.

Both loue for loue, & hart for hart,
W^{ch} hath my hart ſo ſtedfaſtly,
Therfore my hart ſhall not remove,
For I loue hur & ſhe lovyth me.

Chryſt

Chryſt wolt the ffuger of hur ſwete face
Were pyctored wher eũ I 'be',
Yn eũy hall, from place to place,
For I loue hur & ſhe lovyth me.

Her cõpany doth me confort,
Therfor in haſt J wyll reſorte,
To yoye my harte w^t play & ſport,
For I loue hur & ſhe lovyth me.

V. 14. dwell. *MS.*

XIV.

SONG ON THE VICTORY OF FLODDON FIELD.

The battle of Floddon, in Northumberland, was fought the 9th of September, 1513, being the fifth year of King Henry the 8th (who, with a great army, was then before Terouen in France) between Thomas Howard earl of Surry, commander in chief of the Engliſh forces, and James the 4th, King of Scots, with an inferior army of 15000 men, who were entirely routed with great ſlaughter, and their heroic ſovereign left dead upon the field.

The relation of this ſignal victory and defeat has been the ſubject of as much rejoicing with the poets of England

as of ſorrow to thoſe of her ſiſter kingdom. No event in Engliſh hiſtory has produced a greater number of poetical effuſions than the field of Floddon.

In 1664 *was publiſhed "A metrical Hiſtory of the Battle of Floddon," the compoſition, as it is conjectured, of ſome North-country ſchoolmaſter in the time of Q. Elizabeth. Two different editions of this old piece appeared in the year* 1774. *One in a ſmall* 12mo. *with the name of J. Benſon Philomath. The other was printed at Berwick, from an old MS. and attended with a number of annotations and hiſtorical remarks, with other intereſting, uſeful, and curious communications, by the reverend Mr. Lambe, vicar of Norham upon Tweed. It was likewiſe printed, though very incorrectly, by old Gent of York. And there is a MS. copy of it in the Britiſh Muſeum (Harl. Lib.* 3526*).*

In the above library are alſo the following poems relative to this event.

N° 367. *beginning—*

"*Nowe lette vs talke of the mounte of Floden.*"

N° 293. "*A Ballate of the Batalle of Flodene-feeld,*" ..... *(in praiſe of the Stanleys, and the men of Lancaſhire and Cheſhire).*

N° 2252. *beginning—*

"*As I lay muſing myſelf alone.*"

And in the ſame number is that beginning—

"*O Rex Regum in thy Realme celeſtial,*"

printed in The Mirror for Magiſtrates, which, with another by Ulpian Fulwell, is inſerted by Mr. Lambe in his Appendix, N° VI. and VIII. p. 133, 153.

Skelton, in his rude way, exults very much on the ſubject. See his works, ed. 1736. *p.* . *Lambes Appendix, N° VII. p.* 143.

A defeat is never a favourite and rarely a ſucceſsful topic of poetry. The Scotiſh muſe muſt however on this occaſion be allowed the bays. The beautiful and affecting

little

little ballad, which appears to have been compoſed immediately after the battle, beginning—

" Ive heard of a lilting,"

is as ſweet and natural a piece of elegiac poetry as any language can boaſt.

There is a MS. poem on the battle of Flowden hill in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh; but of what nature or merit the editor had not opportunity to diſcover.

The following ballad may poſſibly be as ancient as any thing we have on the ſubject. It is given from " The " moſt pleaſant and delectable hiſtory of John Winchcomb, " otherwiſe called Jack of Newberry," written by Thomas Deloney, who thus ſpeaks of it:

" In diſgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the commons of England made this ſong: which TO THIS DAY *is not forgotten of many."*

It will not be contended, however, that the ballad here printed exhibits the genuine Engliſh of Henry the 8ths time. Honeſt Thomas, no doubt, like greater editors, had too refined a taſte to prefer accuracy and fidelity to pleaſing the eyes or tickling the ears of his readers.

This Author is mentioned by Kempe (Nine Days Wonder. 1600. 4to.) as " the great ballade maker T. D. or Thomas Deloney, chronicler of the memorable Lives of the Six Yeomen of the Weſt, JACK OF NEWBERY, *The Gentle Craft, and ſuch like honeſt men, omitted by Stowe, Hollinſhed, Grafton, Hall, Froiſſart, and the reſt of thoſe well-deſeruing writers." Warton, Hiſt. Eng. Poet. iii. 430. He had ſatiriſed Kempe in what he calls " abhominable ballets." Warton ſays, that Jack of Newbury was entered in the Stationers book to T. Mylington, Mar. 7, 1596; and the Gentle Craft to Ralph Blore, Oct. 19, 1597.*

Deloney was, in 1596, committed to the Counter by the Lord Mayor for ridiculing the Queen and book of orders about the dearth of corn in one of his ballads.

THE SONG.

KING Jamie hath made a vow,
Keep it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely London,
Upon Saint James his day.

Upon Saint James his day at noon
At fair London will I be;
And all the lords in merry Scotland,
They ſhall dine there with me.

Then beſpake good Queen Margaret,
The tears fell from her eye,
Leave off theſe wars moſt noble King,
Keep your fidelity.

The water runs ſwift & wonderous deep
From bottom unto the brim;
My brother Henry hath men good enough.
England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this ſilly fool,
In priſon faſt let her lye;
For ſhe is come of the Engliſh blood,
And for theſe words ſhe ſhall die.

That

That day made many a fatherleſs child,
And many a widow poor;
And many a Scottiſh gay lady
Sate weeping in her bower.

With that beſpake L. Thomas Howard,
The queens chamberlain that day,
If that you put Q. Margaret to death,
Scotland ſhall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King Jamie did ſay,
Away with this fooliſh mome;
He ſhall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So ſoon as I come home.

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Engliſh men fain;
At Bramſtone-green this battel was ſeen,
There was King Jamie ſlain.

Then preſently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their enſigns gay were won all away,
Our ſouldiers did beat them blind.

V. 24. ſweeping.

To tell you plain, twelve thouſand were ſlain,
That to the fight did ſtand;
And many a priſoner took that day,
The beſt in all Scotland.

Jack with a fether was lapt all in lether,
His boaſtings were all in vain;
He had ſuch a chance with new morrice dance,
He never went home again.

XV.

O DEATH, ROCKE ME ON SLEPE.

The following poem, Sir John Hawkins tells us, appears by the MS. from which it was taken, to have been compoſed about the time of Henry VIII. It and another, which he has printed, were communicated to him by "a very judicious antiquary lately deceaſed," whoſe opinion of them was, that they were written either by, or in the perſon of Anne Boleyn; a conjecture, he adds, which her unfortunate hiſtory renders very probable. It is, however, but a conjecture: any other ſtate-priſoner of that period having an equal claim. George viſcount Rochford, brother to the above lady, and who ſuffered on her account, "hath the ſame," according to Wood, "of being the author of ſeveral poems, ſongs, and ſonnets, with other things of the like nature;" and to him the preſent editor is willing to refer the enſuing ſtanzas.

O Death,

O Death, rocke me on ſlepe,
Bringe me on quiet reſte,
Let paſſe my uerye giltleſs goſte,
Out of my carefull breſt;
Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the ſounde my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

My paynes who can expres?
Alas! they are ſo ſtronge,
My dolor will not ſuffer ſtrength
My lyfe for to prolonge;
Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the ſound my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedye,
For now I dye.

Alone in priſon ſtronge,
I wayle my deſtenye;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taſte this miſerye.

Toll on the paſſinge bell,
Ringe out the doleful knell,
Let the ſounde my dethe tell,
For I muſt dye,
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

Farewell my pleaſures paſt,
Welcum my preſent payne,
I fele my torments ſo increſe,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Ceaſe now the paſſing bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the ſound my deth doth tell,
Deth doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye.

XVI.

BESS, FORSAKEN, MAKETH COMPLAINT.

From the editors folio MS. The muſic is a compoſition in three parts, which it was not thought neceſſary to inſert.

Now Add. MS 5665

JN wyldernes
Ther' found y beſſe,
Secret alone,
Jn grete dyſtres,
Remedyles,
Makȳg her moone.

Alas, ſhe ſeyd,
Y was a mayde,
As other be,
And at a brayd
Y was a frayd
Right pyteuſly.

A wanton chyld
Spake wordꝭ myld
To me alone,
& me begylyd,
Goten wt chıld,
& now ys gon.

Now ht ys ſo,
Lefe of my woe,
Wt gode devyſe,
And let hȳ goo,
Wt ſorow allſo,
& play the wyſe.

Now

Now may J wynd
W^t oute a ffrynd,
W^t hert on fayn',
Jn ferre cūt^r'
Men wene J be
A mayde agayn.

This young men ſay,
Yn ſport & play,
Go wach a byrde;
Men tellyth yn town',
When clothis be downe,
The ſmock ys hyd.

J cā not kepe,
But ſoor' y wepe,
& all for oon';
So ſr' my hert
Shall he not ſtert,
Thof he be gon.

Alas p^t he
Has th^9 lefte me
My ſylf alone,
Jn wyld^s nes,
Remedyles,
Makȳg my moō^e.

XVII.

¶ A CAROLL BRINGYNG IN THE BORES HEED.

——*Printed from that eminent and excellent antiquary Thomas Hearnes* "Notæ & Spicilegium" *to William of Newborough (III. 745.), where it is thus introduced:*— "*I will beg leave here to give an exact copy of the Chriſtmaſs Carol upon the Boar's Head (which is an ancient Diſh, and was brought up by K. Henry 'II.' with Trumpets before his Son when his ſaid Son was crowned* [*Hollynſhed's Chron. Vol. III. p.* 76.]*) as I have it in an old Fragment (for I uſually preſerve even Fragments of old books) of the Chriſtmaſs Carols printed by Wynkyn de Worde,.... by which it will be perceived how much the ſame Carol is altered as it is ſung in ſome places even now from what it was at firſt. It is the laſt Thing, it ſeems, of the Book (which I never yet ſaw intire) and at the ſame time I think it proper alſo to add the Printer's Concluſion, for this reaſon, at leaſt, that ſuch as write about our firſt Printers may have ſome notice of the Date of this Book, and the exact Place where printed, provided they cannot be able to meet with it, as I believe they will find it pretty difficult to do, it being much laid aſide about the time that ſome of David's Pſalms came to be uſed in it's ſtead.*"

The Colophon runs thus: ¶ Thus endeth the Chriſtmaſſe carolles / newely enprinted at Londō / in the fleteſtrete at the ſygne of the ſonne by Wynkyn de Worde. The yere of our lorde. M. D. xxi.

By

By the words "ſome places even now" he ſeems to allude to Queens College, Oxford, where this antique ceremony is ſtill obſerved; with this conſiderable improvement, indeed, that the Boars head is neatly carved in wood.

The book of Pſalms above referred to is in a note thus deſcribed, "Certaine of David's Pſalmes intended for Chriſtmas Carolls fitted to the moſt common but ſolempne Tunes, every where familiarly uſed: By William Slatyer. Printed by Robert Young 1630. 8°."

The ancient creſt of the family of Edgcumbe was the Boars head, crowned with bays, upon a charger; which has been very injudiciously changed into the entire animal.

¶ *CAPUT apri differo*
Reddens 'laudes' domino.

¶ The bores heed in hand bring I
With garlans gay and roſemary
I pray you all ſynge merely
Qui eſtis in conuiuio.

¶ The bores heed I vnderſtande
Is the 'chefe' ſeruyce in this lande
Loke where euer it be fande
Seruite cum cantico.

V. 1. differo] *Sic pro* defero.
V. 2. laudens.
V. 3. thefe.

¶ Be gladde lordes bothe more and laſſe
For this hath ordeyned our ſtewarde
To chere you all this Chriſtmaſſe
The bores heed with muſtarde.

XVIII.

IN DIE NATIVITATIS.

This, and the following ancient Chriſtmas Carols, are given, merely as curioſities, from the editors folio MS. where each is accompanied with a muſical compoſition for three voices; but which, neither in point of merit nor antiquity, ſeems to deſerve, what the editor once intended it, a place in this work.

Nowel, Nowel (the old French name for Chriſtmas), was the uſual burden to this ſort of things. Many inſtances of which may be found in N° 2593. Bib. Sloan.

NOwell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Tydyngꝑ gode y thyngke to telle.

The borys hede that we bryng here
Be tokeneth a p'nce with owte pere,
Ys born' this day to bye v^{o} dere,
Nowell.

A bore

A bore ys a ſouerayn beſte,
And acceptab[l]e in eũy feſte,
So mote thys lord be to moſte & leſte,
Nowell.

This borys hede we bryng wt ſong,
Jn worchyp of hym that thus ſprang,
Of a virgyne to redreſſe all wrong,
Nowell.

XIX.

IN DIE NATIVITATIS.

NOwell, nowell, nowell, nowell.
Who ys ꝑ ꝓt syngyt ſo nowell, nowell?

I am here, ſyre cryſtꝰ maſſe.
Well come my lord ſ. cꝰſtꝰ maſſe,
Welcome to vs bope mor & laſſe,
Com ner nowell.

Deu vo garde, bewe ſ. tydȳgꝰ y ȝou brȳg,
A mayde hath born a chylde full ȝong,
The weche cauſeth ȝew to ſyng,
Nowell.

Criſte

Criſte is now born of a pure mayde,
Jn an oxe ſtalle he ys layde,
Wher' for syng we alle atte abrayde,
Nowell.

Bevvx bien par tutte la company,
Make gode chere & be ryght mery,
And syng wt vs now ioyfully,
Nowell.

ANCIENT SONGS.

CLASS IV.

Comprehending the Reigns of EDWARD VI. MARY, and ELIZABETH.

I.

TYE THE MARE, TOM BOY.

This very old and once very favourite and popular ſong is given from a MS. collection of Old Songs, &c. formerly uſed in and about the biſhopric of Durham, ſometime the property of Mr. James Mickleton, and now in the Harleian library (N° 7578). The muſic, by "Robart Johnſon," a well-known compoſer of Henry the 8ths time, is only a ſingle part, but if complete would ſcarcely have been proper to be inſerted here, being a continued harmony from the beginning to the end.

The following ſong is particularly alluded to in the "paſſing merrie Interlude" of "Tom Tylere and his wyfe", firſt

firſt printed in 1578? *And in Ameſes Typographical Antiquities (p.* 508*) is "A ballet, declaringe the fal of the whore of Babylone, intituled, Tye thy mare Tom-boye, &c." which, though for what reaſon does not appear, he has placed under the year* 1547.

TY the mare, tom boy, ty the mare, tom boye,
Leſt ſhe ſtray from the a waye,
Now ty the mare, tom boye.

The mare is ſo mynyone,
So ſmoth & ſo ſmikere,
Yt in myne apynion
There is nott a trykere
From hence to Avynion,
Yf ſhe ware nott a kyckere,
Att ned by ſentt nynyon,
J knowe nott a quycker.
Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

Gyll now to name here,
A mare of good mold,
She wold be mayd tamere,
Yff tamer whoo could;
Here dame was a framer,
To ryd here who ſhuld,
No labur could lame here,
To gallape whill they wolde.
Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

Becauſe thou doſt lyke her,
& lyſt nott to chang her,
I wold ſhe were meker,
& be no more a ranger;
But ſhe is a ſtriker,
& ther in here danger,
For hym y^t ſhall kepe her
At Racke & att manger.
Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

At larg yf thou lett her
Than ſeke & can nott fynd her,
Yett wer yo^u much bett^r
In trāmells to bynd here;
A loock & a fetter
Before & behynd her,
At lyver to ſett here,
Wher yo^u lyſt to aſyne her.
Now ty the mare, tom boy, &c.

The trimer thou tyuer her,
To ſhow her a ſtarrer,
The mo will deſyer her,
& therfor beware her;
For whoo y^t may hyer her
To ryd will nott ſpar her,
But no man can tyer her,
Whill towe leggs may bear her.
Ty the mare, tom boy.

Yf hunger dyſeaſe her,
  Than muſt thou be watching,
With hard meatt to pleas her,
  Yt ſhe may be catchyng,
A morſell to daſſe her,
  Ther at to be ſnaching,
Such baytt ſhall apeaſe her,
  Yf thou mayk no patching.
    Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

To gloſſe or to glavere,
  J will for no medyng,
But yffe yo^{u} wilt haue her
  All tymes at thy nedyng,
Lett her nott tayk ſaver
  At others mens fedyng,
For then will they crave her
  Becauſe of her bredyng.
    Now ty the mar, tom boy, &c.

A fooll of y^{t} fylly,
  Yt ware lyk her mother,
From ſeland to ſylly
  Ware nott ſuch a nother:
No more of her will J
  Speake one word nor other,
But make much of gylly,
  J pray the tom brother.
    Nowe tye the mar, tom boy, &c.

II.

IN DISPRAISE OF WOMEN.

From the ſame MS. Where it is attended with muſical notes, but as "ther laketh all the other parts," theſe are not copyed. At the end is, finis q. m^{r} heath; *but whether he were author, or compoſer, or both, or neither, is altogether uncertain.*

HEY downe downe downe, *&c.*

Theſe women all,
Both great and ſmall,
Ar waveryng to and fro,
Now her now ther,
Now every wher,
But J will nott ſay ſo.

They love to rang,
Ther mynds doth chaunge,
And maks ther frynds ther foo;
As lovers trewe
Eche daye they chewſe new,
But J will nott ſay ſo.

They

They laughe, they ſmylle,
They do begyle,
As dyce yᵗ men doth throwe;
Who vſeth them much
Shall neuᵉ be ryche,
But I will nott ſay ſo.
Syng dedell, dedell, heygh howe.

Sum̃e hot ſū cold,
Ther is no hold,
But as the wynd doth blowe;
When all is done,
They chaung like the moone,
But J will nott ſay ſo.

So thus one and other
Takith after ther mother,
As cooke by kind doth crowe.
My ſong is ended,
The beſte may be amended,
But J will nott ſay ſo.

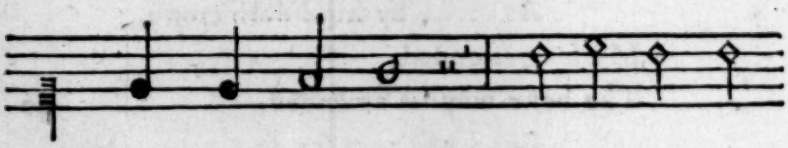
J will recant,
Becauſe women be ſkant,
J will ſing placebo.
Ho is ther? ho!

Maſtris Joane
Is nott alone.
As many fethers in a coake,
So many ſhrows in a flock,
Syng dedell, dedell, heygh howe,
Syng heygh howe, heye downe.

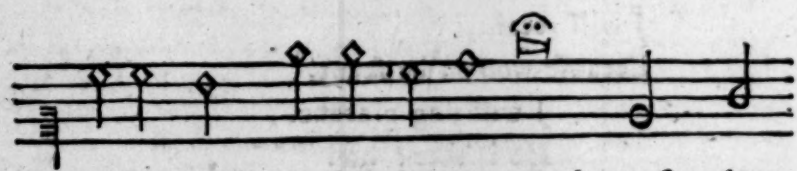
III.

FYLL THE POOT MAYD.

From the ſame MS.

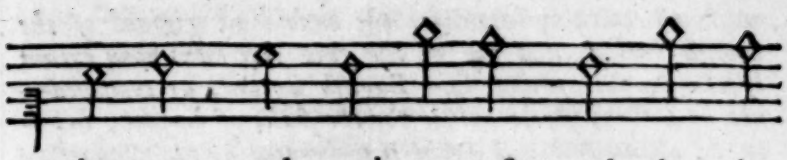


FYLL the poott mayd, fyll the poott when

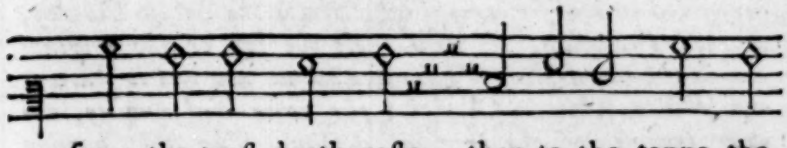


ye be prayd; go fyll the poot mayd: waſhe clean

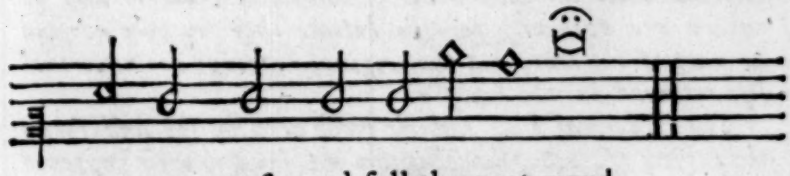
the



the cuppe, and mayke a tooſte, and when the



fyere the tooſt dooth roſte, then to the tappe the



next waye cooſt, and fyll the poot mayd.

IV.

CAPTAIN CAR.

The elegant editor of the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry has inſerted in that collection a Scotiſh ballad, entitled "Edom o' Gordon," printed at Glaſgow in 1755; *but "improved, and enlarged with ſeveral fine ſtanzas, recovered from a fragment of the ſame ballad in 'his' folio MS." and by him "clothed in the Scotiſh orthography and idiom." Of the ballad to which the above fragment appears to have belonged, the reader is here preſented*

with an entire ancient copy, the undoubted original of the Scotiſh ballad, and one of the few ſpecimens now extant of the genuine proper Old Engliſh Ballad, as compoſed—not by a Grub-ſtreet author for the ſtalls of London, but—to be chanted up and down the kingdom by the wandering Minſtrels of "the North Countrie." This curioſity is preſerved in a miſcellaneous collection in the Cotton Library, marked Veſpaſian, A. xxv. At the top of the original ſtands the word Jhus *(Jeſus), and at the end is* Finis p me Willm Aſheton Clericū: *the name and quality, we may ſuppoſe, of the original author. The MS. having received numerous alterations or corrections, all or moſt of which are evidently for the better, they are here adopted as part of the text, but the original readings are neverthe-leſs retained in the margin.*

The Hiſtorical Fact which gave occaſion to, and forms the ſubject of, the following ballad, and which happened in the year 1571, *may be found both in Archbiſhop Spotſ-woods Hiſtory (an extract of which is given in the later editions of Percy), and in Crawford of Drumſoys Memoirs.*

Dr. Percy is of opinion, that "from the different titles of this ballad the old ſtrolling bards or minſtrels made no ſcruple of changing the names of the perſonages they introduced, to humour the hearers." If ſuch a practice ever did exiſt, it is very certain that the preſent ballad affords no inſtance of it, as in fact Car *(or, according to the Scotiſh orthography,* Ker*) was actually ſent with a party by Sir* Adam Gordon, *who commanded for the Queen, as deputy to his brother the earl of Huntley, to ſummon the caſtle of Towy or Tavoy (here called Crecrynbroghe), belonging to Alexander Forbes (here called the lord Hamleton), and which, inſtead of ſurrendering, was reſolutely defended by his lady, who gave Car very injurious language. Now though it does not appear that his barbarity—for he actually ſet fire to the caſtle, and burnt therein the lady and her whole family, to the amount in all of thirty-ſeven perſons—was authoriſed (if indeed it could have*

have been authoriſed) by any previous orders, yet as he was never called to any account for it, the infamy of the tranſaction naturally extended to Gordon, who from the ſuperiority of his ſtation might even be conſidered as the greater criminal; and as he was, at the ſame time, better known, his name was not improperly ſubſtituted by the Scotiſh Minſtrels for that of his ſubordinate officer.

IT befell at martynmas,
When wether waxed colde,
Captaine care ſaide to his mē
We muſt go take a holde.
Sÿck, ſike & totowe ſike,
& ſicke & like to die;
The ſikeſt nighte that eū J abode,
God lord haue mcy on me!

Haille m̄ & wether you will,
& wether ye like it beſt.
To the caſtle of Crecrynbroghe,
& there we will take o^{r} reſte.
Sycke, ſicke, et c.

J knowe wher is a gay caſtle,
Is build of lyme & ſtone,
Wthin their is a gay ladie,
Her lord is ryd from hom.
Sicke, ſick, et c.

V. 14. J knowe a gay caſtle.
V. 15. builded.
V. 17. riden & gone.

The

The ladie lend on her caſtle walle,
She loked vpp and downe,
There was ſhe ware of an hoſt of mē
Come riding to ye towne.
Sycke, et c.

Com yow hether my merimē all,
& look what J do ſee,
Yonder Js ther an hoſt of mē,
J muſen who they bee.
Sick, et c.

She thought he had been her own wed lord
Y^t^ had comd riding home;
Then was it trait^r^ captaine care,
The lord of eſter towne.
Sick, et c.

They were no ſon at ſupper ſett,
Then after ſaid the grace,
Or captaine care & all his men
Wer lighte aboute the place.
Sicke, et c.

V. 19. She lend.
V. 24. Se yow my merimē all.
V. 25. & ſe yow what J ſee.
V. 26. Yonder J ſee an hoſt of mē.
V. 29. her wed lord.
V. 30. As he come.

Gyue

Gyue oů thi howſſe thou lady gay,
& J will make the a bande,
To nighte thouſt ly w^t^in my *armes*,
To morrowe thou ſhall ere my lande.
Sick, et [c].

Thē beſpacke the eldeſt ſonne,
That was both whitt & redde,
O mother dere geue oů ye howſſe,
Or ellꝑ we ſhalbe deade.
Sicke, et c.

J will not geue oů my hous, ſhe ſaithe,
Not for feare of my lyffe,
It ſhalbe talked throughout ye land
The ſlaughter of a wyffe.
Sicke, et c.

Fetche me my peſtilett,
& charge me my gonne,
That J may ſhott at 'the' bloddy butcher,
The lord of eaſter towne.
Sicke, et c.

V. 41. thou ſhall ly in.
V. 50. For feare.
V. 51. throughout ye world.
V. 56. at h^e^ prowde.

She ſtyfly ſtod on her caſtle wall,
& lett the pellettꝛ flee,
She myſt the blody bucher,
& ſlew other three.
[Sicke, et c.]

J will not geue oũ my hous, ſhe ſaithe,
Netheir for lord nor lowne,
Nor yet for traitoꝝ captaine care,
The lord of Eaſter towne.
Sicke, et c.

J deſire of captine care,
& all his bloddye band,
Yt he would ſaue my eldeſt ſonne,
Ye eare of all my lande.
Sicke, [et] c.

Lap him in a ſhete, he ſayth,
& let him downe to me,
& J ſhall take him in my armes,
His waran wyll J be.
Sicke, [et] c.

V. 59. Styfly vpon her wall ſhe ſtodde.
V. 61. But then ſhe myſt.
V. 62. & ſhe ſlew.
V. 76. ſhall J be.

The

The captayne ſayd vnto him ſelfe,
W^th ſped before ye reſt—
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his breſt.
Sicke, [et] c.

He lapt them in a handkerchef,
& knet it of knotꝑ three,
& caſt them ouer ye caſtell wall,
At y^t gay ladye.
Sicke, [et] c.

Fye vpon ye Captayne care,
& all thy bloddy band,
For y^u haſt ſlayne my eldeſt ſonne,
Y^e ayre of all my land.
Sicke, [et] c.

Then beſpake ye yongeſt ſonn,
Y^t ſat on ye nurſes knee,
Sayth mother gay geue ouer your houſe,
It ſmoldereth me.
Sicke, [et] c.

J wold geue my golde, ſhe ſaith,
& ſo I wolde my ffee,
For a blaſte of ye weſteyn wind
To dryue the ſmoke from thee.
Sicke, et c.

V. 85. caſt it.

Fy vpō ye John Hamleton,
That eu̍ J paid the hyre,
For yu haſt broken my caſtle wall,
& kyndled in thee ffyre.
Sicke, et c.

The lady gate to her cloſe pler,
The fire fell aboute her head,
She toke vp her childrē thre,
Seth babꝑ we are all dead.
Sicke, et c.

Then beſpake ye hye ſteward,
Yt is of hye degree,
Saith ladie gay you are no 'bote'
Wether ye fighte or flee.
[Sicke, et c.]

Lord Hamletō dremd in his dreame,
In caruall where he laye,
His halle were all of fyre,
His ladie ſlayne or daye.
[Sicke, et c.]

Buſk & bowne my mery mē all,
Evē & go ye with me,
For J 'dremd' yt my hall was on fyre,
My lady ſlayne or day.
Sick, et c.

He

He buſkt him and bownd hym,
& like a worthi knighte,
& when he ſaw his hall burnīg,
His harte was no dele lighte.
[Sick, et c.]

He ſett a trūpett till his mouth,
He blew as it pleſd his grace,
Twēty ſcore of hāletons
Was light aboute the place.
[Sick, et c.]

Had J knowne aſmuch yeſternighte
As J do to daye,
Captaine care & all his mē
Should not haue gone ſo quite *awaye*.
[Sick, et c.]

Fye vpon the captaine care,
And all thy blody ‘ bande,’
Thou haſte ſlayne my lady gaye,
More wth thē all thy lande.
[Sick, et c.]

Yf y^{u} had ought eny ill will, he ſaith,
Thou ſhoulde haue taken my lyffe,
& haue ſaved my children thre,
All & my loueſome wyffe.
[Sick, et c.]

V. 132. hālentons. *MS.*
V. 139. baidx ? *MS.*

V.

A MERY BALLET OF THE HATHORNE TRE,

——"*To be ſonge aft^s Donkin Dargeſon,*" *from the ſame MS. This Tune, whatever it was, appears to have been in uſe till after the Reſtoration. In a volume of old ballads in the poſſeſſion of John Baynes, eſq; is one "to the tune of Dargeſon".*

JT was a maide of my countre,
As ſhe came by a hathorne tre,
As full of flowers as might be ſeen,
Se m̓veld to ſe the tre ſo grene.

At laſt ſhe aſked of this tre,
Howe came this freſhnes vnto the,
And every branche ſo faire & cleane?
I m̓vaile y^t you growe ſo grene.

The tre maid anſwere by and by,
I have good cauſſe to growe triumphantly,
The ſweteſt dew y^t ev^s be ſene
Doth fall on me to kepe me grene.

Yea, quoth ye maid, but where you growe,
You ſtande at hande for every blowe,
Of every man for to be ſeen,
J mivaile y^t^ you growe ſo grene.

Though many one take flowers frō me,
& manye a branche out of my tre,
J have ſuche ſtore they wyll not be ſene,
For more & more my twedgꝑ growe grene.

But howe and they chaunce to cut the downe,
And carry thie braunches into the towne?
Then will they never no more be ſene,
To growe againe ſo freſhe & grene.

Thoughe that you do, yt ys no boote,
Althoughe they cut me to the roote,
Next yere againe J will be ſene
To bude my branches freſhe and grene.

And you faire maide canne not do ſo,
For yf you let your maidhode goe,
Then will yt never no more be ſene,
As J with my braunches can growe grene.

The maide wth that begane to bluſhe,
And turned her from the hathorne buſhe,
She though[t]e her ſelffe ſo faire & clene,
Her bewtie ſtyll would ever growe grene.

Whan that ſhe harde this marvelous dowbte,
She wandered ſtyll then all aboute,
Suſpecting ſtill what ſhe would wene,
Her maid heade loſte would never be ſeen.

Wᵗʰ many a ſighe ſhe went her waye,
To ſe howe ſhe maide her ſelff ſo gay,
To walke, to ſe, and to be ſene,
And ſo out faced the hathorne grene.

Beſides all that, yt put her in feare,
To talke with companye anye where,
For feare to loſſe the thinge that ſhuld be ſene
To growe as were the hathorne grene.

But aftᵉ this never J could here
Of this faire mayden any where,
That ever ſhe was in foreſt ſene,
To talke againe of the hathorne grene.

VI. A BALLET.

VI.

A BALLET.

From the ſame MS.

THE man ys bleſt that lyves in reſt,
And ſo can keepe hym ſtylle,
And he is 'accurſte' that was the firſt
That gave hys wyff her wyll.

What paine & greff wthout relieff
Shall we pore men ſuſtayne
Yff every gyle ſhall have her wyle,
& ov^{r} vs ſhall reigne!

Then all o^{r} wyves during y^{r} lyves
Wyll loke to do the ſame,
And beare in hande yt ys as lande
That goeth not from the name.

There ys no man whoſe wyſdome canne
Reforme a wylfull wyff,
But onely god who maide the rod
For o^{r} vnthryfty lyffe.

V. 3. a coruſte.

Let vs therefor crye owt & rore,
And make to god requeſt,
That he redreſſe this wilfulnes,
And ſet o^{r} hart^{e} at reſt.

Wherefor good wyves, amende youre lyves,
And we wyll do the ſame,
& kepe not ſtyle that nought ye wyle
That haith ſo evell a name.

VII.

A SONGE,

TO THE TUNE OF LABUNDULA SHOTT,

MADE BY MR. GEORGE MANNINGTONNE.

In Eaſtward hoe, *by Jonſon, Chapman, and Marſton, Quickſilver the apprentice is introduced as a priſoner in the Counter, reading ſome verſes, which he calls his* Repentance; *he then ſays,*

Quick. *I writ it when my ſpirits were oppreſs'd.*

St. Petro. *Ay, I'll be ſworn for you, Francis.*

Quick. *It is in imitation of* Mannington's; *he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horſe's head at a blow.*

Friend.

Friend. *So, Sir.*

Quick. *To the tune of,* I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.

After repeating ſome of his poem, he proceeds in this manner.

Quick. *This ſtanza now following alludes to the ſtory of* Mannington, *from whence I took my project for my invention.*

Friend. *Pray you go on, Sir.*

Quick. O Mannington, *thy ſtories ſhew,*
Thou cutt'ſt a horſe head off at a blow;
But I confeſs I have not the force,
For to cut off the head of a horſe,
Yet I deſire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horſe head of ſin:
And leave his body in the duſt
Of ſin's highway, and bogs of luſt;
Whereby I may take virtue's purſe,
And live with her for better, for worſe.

In the books of the Stationers company is the following entry, "7 *November* 1576, *licenſed unto him (i. e. Richard Jones) a ballad, intituled, A woeful Ballad, made by* Mr. George Mannynton, *an hour before he ſuffered at Cambridge caſtell.*" *See Dodſleys Collection* [*of Old Plays*], *Vol. IV. p.* 294, 296. *and Vol. XII. p.* 394."

This ballad is given, and the above information extracted, from the Gentlemans Magazine for January 1781; *where it is ſaid, by the perſon who communicates it, under the ſignature of R. C. to be* "*written in a neat but at preſent not very legible hand, on a blank leaf in an old hiſtory of England;*" *the date* 1582 *appearing, in a different hand, on the oppoſite page.*

I Wayle in woe, I plundge in payne,
With ſorrowing ſobbes I do complayne,
With wallowing waves I wiſhe to dye,
I languiſhe ſore here as I lye;
In feare I faynte, in hope I houlde,
With ruth I runne*, I was to boulde,
As luckleſſe lot aſſigned me,
In dangerous dale of deſtinie,
Hope bids me ſmyle, feare bids me weepe,
Such care my ſillye ſoule doth keepe.

Yet too too late I do repent
The wicked wayes that I have ſpent,
The rechleſſe care of careleſſe kynde,
Which hath bewitched my wofull mynde:
Such is the chance, ſuch is the ſtate
Of them that truſt to much to fate.
No bragging boaſte of gentell bloudde
What ſo it be, can do me good;
No witt, no ſtrengthe, no bewties hewe,
What ſo it be, can death eſchewe.

The dyſmall day hath had his will,
And juſtice ſeekes my lyfe to ſpill,
Revendgement craves by rigorous lawe
Whereof I litell ſtood in awe,

* i. e. *My eyes overflow with ſorrow.*

The

The dolefull dumpes to end this lyfe
Bedeckt with care and worldly ſtryfe;
The frowning judge hath geven his dome,
O gentell death thou art welcome.
The loſſe of life I do not feare,
Then welcome death the end of care.

My frendes and parents whereſoever you be,
Full litell do you thinke on me,
My mother mylde and dame ſo deare
Your loving chylde lyeth fettered heare.
Would God I had (I wiſh to late)
Bene borne and bread of meaner ſtate!
Or els would God my rechleſſe eare
Had bene obedient for to heare
Your ſage advyſe and counſell trewe!
But in the Lord parents adue.

You valyant hartes of youthfull trayne,
Which heare my heavie harte complayne,
A good example take by me,
Which knue the kace whereſoever you be,
Truſt not to much to Bilboe blade,
Nor yet to fortunes fickle trade;
Hoyſte not your ſeales no more in wynde,
Leſte that ſome rocke you chance to fynde,
Or elſe be dryven to Lybia land
Whereas the barke may ſinke in ſande.

You ſtudents all that preſent be
To viewe my fatall deſtenie,
Would God I could requyte your payne
Wherein you labour, although in vayne.
If mightie Jove would thinke it good
To ſpare my lyfe and vytall bloud,
In this your proffered curteſie
I would remayne moſt ſtedfaſtly
Your ſervant true in deed and word;
But welcome death as pleaſeth the Lord.

Ye, welcome death the ende of woe,
And farewell lyfe my fatall foe;
Ye, welcome death the end of ſtryfe,
Adue the care of mortall lyfe.
For though this lyfe do flitt away,
In heaven I hope to lyve for aye;
A place of joye and perfect reſt,
Which Chriſt hath purchaſed for the beſt.
Till that we meet in heaven moſt higheſt,
Adue, farewell, in Jheſus Chriſt.

VIII.

THE THREE RAVENS.

A DIRGE.

From Ravenſcrofts "Meliſmata. Muſical Phanſies. Fitting the Cittie, and Countrey Humours. To 3, 4, and 5. voyces. Lond. 1611." 4to. It will be obvious, that this ballad is much older, not only than the date of the book, but than moſt of the other pieces contained in it.

Treble. 4 voc.

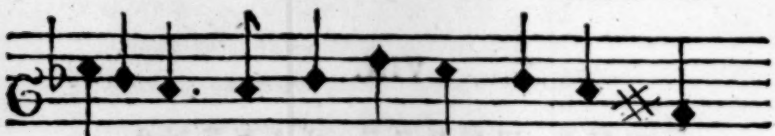
THERE were three Rauens ſat on a tree,

Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe.

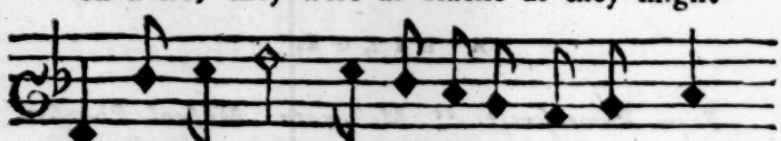
There were three Rauens ſat on a tree, with

a downe.

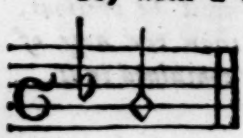
a downe. There were three Rauens ſat



on a tre, they were as blacke as they might



be, with a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe



downe.

The one of them ſaid to his mate,
Downe a downe hey downe,
The one of them ſaid to his mate,
With a downe;
The one of them ſaid to his mate,
Where ſhall we our breakefaſt take?
With a downe dery downe.

Downe in yonder greene field,
Downe a downe hey downe,
Downe in yonder greene field,
With a downe;

Downe

Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a Knight ſlain vnder his ſhield,
With a downe.

His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
Downe a downe hey downe.
His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
With a downe,
His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they their maſter keepe,
With a downe.

His Haukes they flie ſo eagerly,
Downe a downe.
His Haukes they flie ſo eagerly,
With a downe.
His haukes they flie ſo eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie,
With a downe.

Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
Downe a downe,
Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
With a downe,
Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
As great with yong as ſhe might goe,
With a downe.

She lift vp his bloudy hed,
Downe a downe,
She lift vp his bloudy hed,
With a downe,
She lift vp his bloudy hed,
And kiſt his wounds that were ſo red,
With a downe.

She got him vp vpon her backe,
Downe a downe,
She got him vp vpon her backe,
With a downe,
She got him vp vpon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake,
With a downe.

She buried him before the prime,
Downe a downe,
She buried him before the prime,
With a downe,
She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her ſelfe ere euen-ſong time,
With a downe.

God ſend euery gentleman,
Downe a downe,
God ſend euery gentleman,
With a downe,

God

God ſend euery gentleman,
Such haukes, ſuch hounds, and ſuch a Leman,
With a downe. 70

IX.

THE OVER COURTEOUS KNIGHT.

From "Deuteromelia: or the Second part of Muſicks melodie, or melodious Muſicke. Of pleaſant Roundelaies; K. H. [King Henrys] mirth or Freemens Songs. and ſuch delightful Catches. Lond. 1609." 4to. This is a ſequel to "Pammelia," a collection of a ſimilar nature, publiſhed in the ſame year; and, like it, "contains a great number of fine vocal compoſitions of very great antiquity." See Hawkinses Hiſt. Muſic, vol. iv. p. 18.

This ſong is in the firſt volume of ſome editions, the third in others, of Durfeys Pills to purge Melancholy; and in a different volume is a moderniſed copy of it, with conſiderable variations, beginning—

"There was a knight, and he was young."

Bp. Percy found the ſubject worthy of his beſt improvements; ſee Reliques, vol. ii. p. 341.

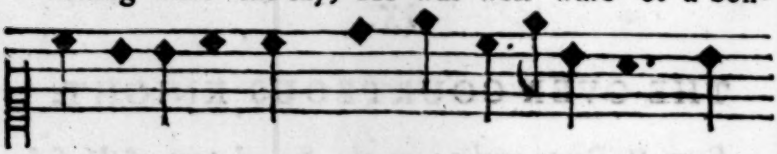
In Major Pearſons collection of Old Ballads is a different copy, intitled, "The Politick Maid," beginning—

"There was a knight was wine dronke."

Yonder

YONDER comes a courteous Knight, Luſtely

raking ouer the lay, He was well ware of a bon-



ny laſſe, as ſhe came wandring ouer the way. Then

ſhe ſang downe a downe, hey downe der - ry,

then ſhe, &c.

Ioue you ſpeed fayre Lady, he ſaid,
Among the leaues that be ſo greene;
If I were a king and wore a crowne,
Full ſoone faire Lady ſhouldſt thou be a queen.
Then ſhe ſang, downe, &c.

Alſo Ioue ſaue you faire Lady,
Among the Roſes that be ſo red;
If I haue not my will of you,
Full ſoone faire Lady ſhall I be dead.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

Then he lookt Eaſt, then hee lookt Weſt,
Hee lookt North, ſo did he South;
He could not finde a priuy place,
For all lay in the Diuels mouth.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

If you will carry me, gentle ſir,
A mayde vnto my fathers hall,
Then you ſhall haue your will of me,
Vnder purple and vnder paule.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

He ſet her vp vpon a Steed,
And him ſelfe vpon another:
And all the day he rode her by,
As though they had been ſiſter and brother.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

When ſhe came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She yode in at the wicket gate
And ſhut the foure ear'd foole without.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

You had me (quoth ſhe) abroad in the field,
Among the corne, amidſt the hay;
Where you might had your will of mee,
For, in good faith ſir, I neuer ſaid nay.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

Ye had me alſo amid the field,
Among the ruſhes that were ſo browne;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me downe.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

He pulled out his nut-browne ſword,
And wipt the ruſt off with his ſleeue;
And ſaid, Ioues curſe come to his heart,
That any woman would believe.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

When you haue your owne true loue,
A mile or twaine out of the towne,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then ſhe ſang, &c.

X.

JOHN DORY.

This celebrated old ballad, which, could due proof be obtained of its real antiquity, would, in all probability, be found to belong to the preceding, or, poſſibly, even to an anterior, claſs, is given from the publication laſt deſcribed, where it is inſerted among the "Freemens ſongs of 3 voices." This was the favourite performance of the Engliſh Minſtrels ſo lately as the reign of King Charles II. And Dryden, in one of his lampoons, refers to it as to the moſt hackneyed thing of the time.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
TO BE REPEATED LIKE JOHN DORY,
WHEN FIDLERS SING AT FEASTS.

In the Chances, by Fletcher, firſt printed in 1647, *but written long before, the author having dyed in* 1625, *old Antonio, when under the hands of the ſurgeon, who aſks if indulgence in allowing muſic will pleaſe, ſays,*

——*Yes; and let 'em ſing*
JOHN DORRIE.
2 Gent. *'Tis too long.*
Ant. *I'll have* JOHN DORRIE!
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.

The "Song of JOHN DORRIE" *is accordingly ſuppoſed to be ſung, for which he orders the muſicians ten ſhil-*

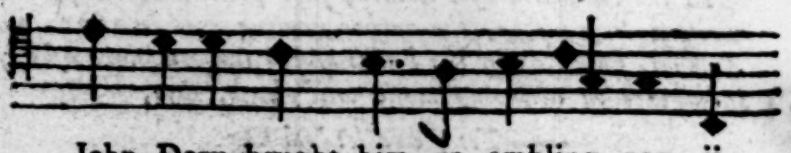
lings. It is likewiſe alluded to in the Knight of the Burning Peſtle, Act II. And ſtill more circumſtantially by the facetious Bp. Corbett, who tells us, that he

——*to* PARIS *rode along,*
Much like JOHN DORY *in the* SONG,
UPON AN HOLY TIDE.
'He' on AN AMBLING NAG *did get, &c.*

AS it fell on a holy day ij

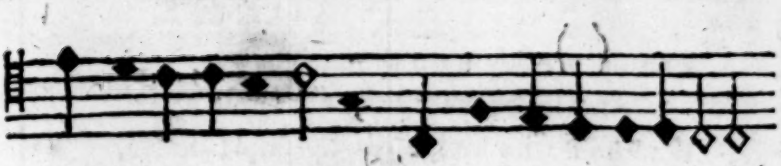
holy day, and upon an holy

tide a tide a



John Dory bought him an ambling nag ij

ambling nag



to Paris for to ride a. :‖:

ride a. And when

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The firſt man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France a;
John Dory could well of his courteſie,
But fell downe in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my Liege & my King,
For my merie men and for me a;
And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee a.

And Nicholl was then a Corniſh man,
A little beſide Bohide a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a ſide a.

Run up my boy unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canſt ſpie a.
Who ho! who ho! a goodly ſhip I do ſee,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoiſt their ſailes, both top and top,
The meiſſeine and all was tride a;
And every man ſtood to his lot,
Whatever ſhould betide a.

The roring cannons then were plide,
And dub a dub went the drumme a:
The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
To courage both all and ſome a.

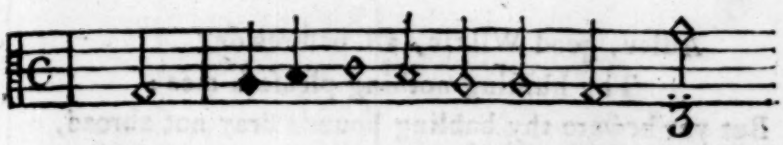
The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the ſword a:
John Dory at length, for all his ſtrength,
Was clapt faſt under board a.

XI.

ROBIN LEND TO ME THY BOW.

A canon in the uniſon, for four voices, from "Pammelia. Muſicks Miſcellanie. Or, Mixed varietie of Pleaſant Roundelayes, and delightfull Catches. of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. *parts in one. Lond.* 1609. 4*to.*" *That it was a popular ſong in the beginning of Queen Elizabeths reign appears from its being mentioned (amongſt others) in a curious old muſical piece, (MSS. Harl.* 7578. *before mentioned)*

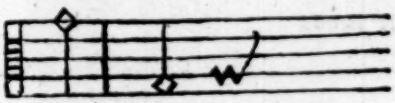
mentioned) containing the deſcription and praiſes of the city of Durham, written about that time; but of which the correſponding parts are unfortunately loſt. It is likewiſe mentioned in "A very mery and pythie commedie, called The longer thou liueſt the more foole thou art." By W. Wager. London. 4to. b. l. n. d.



NOW Robin lend to me thy bow, Sweet

Robin lend to me thy bow, For I muſt now a

hunting with my lady goe, with my ſweet Lady



goe. Now, *vt ſup.*

And whither will thy Lady goe? 5
Sweet Wilkin tell it vnto mee;
And thou ſhalt haue my hawke, my hound, and eke my bow,
To wait on thy Lady.

My lady will to Vppingham *,
To Vppingham forſooth will ſhee;
And I my ſelfe appointed for to be the man,
To wait on my Lady.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beſhrewde,
Thy hunting nothing pleaſeth mee:
But yet beware thy babling hounds ſtray not abroad,
For angring of thy Lady.

My hounds ſhall be led in the line,
So well I can aſſure it thee;
Vnleſſe by view of ſtraine ſome purſue I may finde,
To pleaſe my ſweet Lady.

With that the Lady ſhee came in,
And wild them all for to agree;
For honeſt hunting neuer was accounted ſinne,
Nor neuer ſhall for mee.

* *A market town in Rutlandſhire.*

XII.

THE UNGRATEFUL KNIGHT,

AND

THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

——*is preſerved in Deloneys Hiſtory of Jack of Newbery, already mentioned, where it is thus introduced.* "*His Ma-*
"*jeſty* [*i. e. K. Henry the* 8*th, who was then upon a viſit*
"*to Jack*] *came next among the ſpinners and carders, who*
"*were merrily a working: . . . . The King and Queen and*
"*all the nobility heedfully beheld theſe women, who for*
"*the moſt part were very fair and comely creatures; and*
"*were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after*
"*due reverence) the maidens in dulcet manner chanted*
"*out this ſong, two of them ſinging the ditty, and all the*
"*reſt bearing the burden.*"

THE MAIDENS SONG.

IT was a knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Was taken priſoner and left forlorn,
Even by the good earl of Northumberland.

Then was he caſt in priſon ſtrong,
Follow my love, leap over the ſtrand,
Where he could not walk nor lye along,
Even by the good earl of Northumberland.

And

And as in ſorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
The earl[s] ſweet daughter walks that way,
And ſhe is the fair flower of Northumberland.

And paſſing by like an angel bright,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
This priſoner had of her a ſight,
And ſhe, &c.

And aloud to her this knight did cry,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
The ſalt tears ſtanding in his eye,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair lady, he ſaid, take pity on me,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And let me not in priſon die,
And you the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fair ſir, how ſhould I take pity on thee,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Thou being a foe to our country,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

Fair lady, I am no foe, he ſaid,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Through thy ſweet love here was I ſtay'd,
For thee the fair flower of Northumberland.

Why ſhould'ſt thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

I ſwear by the Bleſſed Trinity,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I have no wife nor children I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

If courteouſly you will ſet me free,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I vow that I will marry thee,
So ſoon as I come in fair Scotland.

Thou ſhalt be a lady of caſtles and towers,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And ſit like a queen in princely bowers,
When I am at home in fair Scotland.

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And got her fathers ring away,
To help this knight into fair Scotland.

Likewiſe much gold ſhe got by ſleight,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And all to help this forlorn knight,
To wend from her father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant ſteeds both good and able,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
She likewiſe took out of the ſtable,
To ride with the knight into fair Scotland.

And to the jaylor ſhe ſent this ring,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
The knight from priſon forth did bring
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

This token ſet the priſoner free,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Who ſtraight went to this fair lady,
To wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant ſteed he did beſtride,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And with the lady away did ride,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Good ſir, how ſhould I follow you here,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand:
And on my ſaddle I ſhall not keep,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Fear not the ſoard, fair lady, quoth he,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
For long I cannot ſtay for thee,
And thou the fair flower of Northumberland.

The lady prickt her wanton ſtead,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And over the river ſwom with ſpeed,
And ſhe, &c.

From top to toe all wet was ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
This have I done for love of thee,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode ſhe all one winters night,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Till Edenborough they ſaw in ſight,
The faireſt town in all Scotland.

Now chuſe, quoth he, thou wanton flower,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Where * thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland.

For I have wife and children five,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
In Edenborough they be alive,
Then get thee home to fair England.

* *i. e.* Whether.

This

This favour thou ſhalt have to boot,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
I'le have 'thy' horſe, go thou on foot,
Go get thee home to Northumberland.

O falſe and faithleſs knight, quoth ſhe,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And canſt thou deal ſo bad with me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland?

Diſhonour not a ladies name,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
But draw thy ſword, and end my ſhame,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

He took her from her ſtately ſteed,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And left her there in extream need,
And ſhe the fair flower of Northumberland.

Then ſat ſhe down full heavily,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
At length two knights came riding by,
Two gallant knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Saying, Courteous knight take pity on me,
And I the fair flower of Northumberland.

V. 107. my.

I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And by a falſe knight that brought me here,
From the good earl of Northumberland.

They took her up behind them then,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
And brought her to her father again,
And he the good earl of Northumberland.

All you fair maidens, be warned by me,
Follow my love, come over the ſtrand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
To lord, nor lady, nor fair England.

XIII.

THE WEAVERS SONG.

From the ſame Work. "*Then came his highneſs, where* "*he ſaw a hundred looms ſtanding in one room, and two* "*men working in every one, who pleaſantly ſung in this* "*ſort.*"

When

WHEN Hercules did uſe to ſpin,
And Pallas wrought upon the loom,
Our trade to flouriſh did begin,
While conſcience went not ſelling broom;
Then love and friendſhip did agree,
To keep the bands of amity.

When princes ſons kept ſheep in field,
And queens made cakes of wheated flower,
The men to lucre did not yield,
Which brought good cheer in every bower;
Then love and friendſhip did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

But when the Gyants huge and high,
Did fight with ſpears like weavers beams,
Then they in iron beds did lye,
And brought poor men to hard extreams;
Yet love and friendſhip did agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Then David took his ſling and ſtone,
Not fearing great Goliahs ſtrength,
He pierc't his brains, and broke the bone,
Though he were fifty foot of length:
For love and friendſhip, &c.

But while the Greeks beſieged Troy,
Penelope apace did ſpin:
And weavers wrought with mickle joy,
Though little gains were coming in;
For love and friendſhip, &c.

Had Helen then ſate carding wooll,
(Whoſe beauteous face did breed ſuch ſtrife)
She had not been ſir Paris trull,
Nor cauſed ſo many to loſe their life;
Yet we by love did ſtill agree,
To hold the bands of amity.

Or had king Priams wanton ſon,
Been making quills with ſweet content,
He had not then his friends undone,
When he to Greece a gadding went;
For love and friendſhip did agree, &c.

The cedar-trees endure more ſtorms,
Then little ſhrubs that ſprout on high:
The weavers live more void of harms,
Then princes of great dignity;
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

The ſhepherd ſitting in the field,
Doth tune his pipe with hearts delight:
When princes watch with ſpear and ſhield,
The poor man ſoundly ſleeps all night.
While love and friendſhip doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,
For Gods good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world ſo wide,
Lives well contented with his ſtate;
No love and friendſhip we can ſee,
To hold the bands of amity.

XIII.

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF MARLOW.

From Englands Helicon, 1600. *It is ſubſcribed* Ignoto, *a term uſed in that book for* Anonymous, *and not, as Mr. Warton has been pleaſed to aſſert, for the conſtant ſignature of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

COME liue with mee, and be my deere,
And we will reuel all the yeere,
In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales;
Where fragrant ayre breedes ſweeteſt gales.

There ſhall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the ſpreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skreene:
Leaſt Phæbus kiſſe my Sommers Queene.

The ſeate for your diſport ſhall be
Ouer ſome Riuer in a tree,
Where ſiluer ſands, and pebbles ſing
Eternall ditties with the ſpring.

There ſhall you ſee the Nimphs at play,
And how the Satires ſpend the day;
The fiſhes gliding on the ſands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throates,
Poſſeſſe woods Ecchoes with ſweet roates,
Which to your ſences will impart,
A muſique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-leſſe Oake,
The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you poſſeſſe,
To play with me and doo no leſſe.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the ſilent night,
While Flora buſie is to ſpread
Her richeſt treaſure on our bed.

Ten thouſand Glow-wormes ſhall attend,
And all their ſparkling lights ſhall ſpend,
All to adorne and beeutifie
Your lodging with moſt maieſtie.

Then in mine armes will I encloſe
Lillies faire mixture with the Roſe,
Whoſe nice perfections in loues play
Shall tune me to the higheſt key.

Thus as we paſſe the welcome night,
In ſportfull pleaſures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and ſing melodious ſounds.

If theſe may ſerue for to entice
Your preſence to Loues Paradice,
Then come with me, and be my deare,
And we will ſtraite begin the yeare.

XIV.

THE SPRING TIME.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

—is ſung by two pages in the comedy of As You Like It; of which play there is no earlyer edition than the folio in 1623; *whence it is here given: but the ſtanzas being evidently miſplaced (that which is now the laſt ſtanza being there the ſecond), they are here tranſpoſed according to the regulation of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.*

As

As You Like It appears to have been entered at Stationers-hall, Aug. 4, 1600.

IT was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty 'ring' time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In the ſpring time, *&c.*

The carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, *&c.*

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, *&c.*

V. 4. *The folio reads,* the onely pretty *rang* time; *the modern editors* the pretty *rank* time. *Both readings are nonſenſe. Mr. Steevens ſuggeſted* ring, *which is evidently the true word; and, as he explains it, means* the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage.

XV.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

From the Hiſtory of King Henry VIII. in which it appears to have been originally ſung to the lute by one of Queen Catharines female attendants. This play, though not printed before 1623, *contains intrinſic evidence of having been finiſhed before the death of Queen Elizabeth.*

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountaine tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelues, when he did ſing;
To his muſicke, plants, and flowers,
Ever ſprung; as ſunne, and ſhowers,
There had made a laſting ſpring.

Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the billowes of the ſea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by:
In ſweet muſicke is ſuch art;
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall aſleepe, or, hearing, dye.

XVI.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

—is ſung by Clotens Muſicians under Imogens window, in Cymbeline, Act II. ſcene 3. We are entirely ignorant of the nature of the original muſic, but every one is acquainted with the beautiful Glee compoſed by Dr. Cooke.

HARK! hark! the lark at heavens gate ſings,
And Phœbus gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin,
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty 'bin':
My lady ſweet, ariſe.

V. 7. is.

XVII.

THE JOVIAL TINKER.

" *Diſperſed thro' Shakeſpeare's plays are innumerable* " *little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of* " *which could not be recovered. Many of theſe being of* " *the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, the Editor was* " *tempted to ſelect ſome of them, and with a few ſupple-* " *mental ſtanzas to connect them together, and form them* " *into a little* TALE, *which is here ſubmitted to the* " *Readers candour.*

" *'Two or three' ſmall 'fragments were' taken from* " *Beaumont and Fletcher.*"

IT was a jovial tinker,
All of the North Countrie,
As he walkt forth along the way,
He ſung right merrily.

The ouſel-cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill:

The

The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou jolly tinkèr,
Now Chriſt thee ſave and ſee;
My true love haſt thou chanc'd to meet?
I pray thee tell to me.

And how ſhould I know your true love,
From another one?
O by his ſlouched hat, and ſtaff,
And by his clouted ſhoone.

But chiefly by his comely noſe,
Which is ſo fair to ſee;
My bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy,
And ever more ſhall be.

O Lady, your true love is falſe,
Lady, he is untrue;
For he has got him another love,
And quite forſaken you.

He ſet her on a milk-white ſteed,
And himſelf upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite a way.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?—
No, no, he is gone, and we'll caſt away moan,
For he never will come again.

But ſhall we go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when we wander here and there,
We then do go moſt right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckow ſings by kind.—

O heart, o heart, o heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?
Becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.—

Lady, what wilt thou do, Lady?
Lady, what would'ſt thou be?
Tell me thy mind thy friend I'll prove,
As quickly thou ſhalt ſee.—

I would not be a ſerving-man,
To carry the cloak-bag ſtill;
Nor would I be a falconer,
The greedy hawks to fill:

But I would be in a good houſe,
And have a good maſter too;
And I would eat and drink the beſt,
And no work would I do.

But I will cut my pretty green coat,
A foot above my knee;
And I will clip my yellow locks,
An inch below my eye.

And I will buy me a little white horſe,
Thereon forth for to ride;
And I'll go ſeek my own true love,
Throughout the world ſo wide.—

Yet ſtay thee, Lady, turn again,
And dry thoſe weeping tears,
For ſee, beneath this tinkers garb,
Thy own true love appears.—

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For ſince I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

XVIII.

THE LANCASHIRE SONG.

—Given from "Wit and Drollery." Lond. 1661. 12*mo. Corrected by a copy preſerved in Drydens Miſcellaneous Poems, and in two or three places by a ſtill more modern one. My lord Mounteagle, whoſe bears are mentioned in the* 4*th ſtanza, was probably Sir William Stanley the third and laſt baron of that name, who ſucceeded his father in the* 2*d of Elizabeth* (1560), *and dyed without male iſſue in* 1.... *His ſeat was at Hornby Caſtle in Lancaſhire.*

IN

IN Lancaſhire, where I was born,
And many a cuckold bred;
I had not been marryed a quarter of a year,
But the horns grew out of my head.
With hey the toe bent, and hei the toe bent,
Sir Percy is under the Line;
God ſave the good Earl of Shrewſbury,
For he is a good friend of mine.

Doncaſter mayor, he ſits in a chair,
His mills they merrily go,
His noſe doth ſhine, with drinking of wine,
The Gout is in his great toe.

But he that will fiſh for a Lancaſhire Laſſe,
At any time or tyde,
Muſt bait his hook with a good egge pie,
And an apple with a red ſide.

He that gallops his horſe on Blackſtone-edge,*
By chance may catch a fall;
My lord Mount Eagles bears be dead,
His jackanapes and all.

* ..... "*I left Hallifax, and road over ſuch wayes as are paſt* "*compariſon or amending, for when I went downe the lofty mountaine* "*called* BLACKSTONE EDGE, *I thought my ſelfe with my boy and* "*horſes had been in the land of* Breakneck, *it was ſo ſteep and te-* "*dious.*" *News from Hell, Hull, and Hallifax, &c. by John Taylor.*

At

At Skipton in Craven there's never a haven,
Yet many a time foul weather;
He that will not lie a fair woman by,
I wiſh he were hang'd in a teather.

My lady hath loſt her left leg hoſe,
So has ſhe done bothe her ſhoone;
She'll earn her break-faſt before ſhe do riſe,
She'll lie elſe in bed till noon.

Joan Malton's croſſe is of no force,
Though many a cuckold go by;
Let many a man do all that he can,
Yet a cuckold he ſhall die.

The good wife of the Swan hath a leg like a man,
Full well it becomes her hoſe;
She jets it apace with a very good grace,
But falleth back at the firſt cloſe.

The prior of Courtree made a great pudding-pie,
His monkes cryed meat for a king;
If the abbot of Cheſter do die before Eaſter,
Then Banbury bells muſt ring.

V. 21. Scripton. *W.* & *D.* Shipton. *D. M.*
V. 24. leather. *W.* & *D. D. M.*

He

He that will a Welchman catch,
Muſt watch when the wind's in the South,
And put in a net a good piece of roaſt-cheeſe,
And hang it cloſe to his mouth.

And Lancaſhire, if thou be true,
As ever thou haſt been;
Go ſell thy old whittol, and buy a new fiddle,
And ſing God ſave the Queen.

ANCIENT SONGS.

CLASS V.

Comprehending the Reigns of JAMES I. CHARLES I. CHARLES II. and JAMES II.

I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR HUGH OF THE GRIME.

This ballad, which may poſſibly of right belong to the preceding claſs, the editor confeſſing himſelf entirely ignorant of the ſubject, is given from an old black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of the late Major Pearſon, collated with another in the hands of John Baynes, eſq.

Sel. 932

AS it befell upon one time,
About Mid-ſummer of the year,
Every man was taxt of his crime,
For ſtealing the good Lord Biſhops mare.

The good Lord Screw he ſadled a horſe
And rid after this ſame ſcrime,
Before he did get over the moſs
There was he aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

Turn, O turn thou falſe traytor,
Turn and yield thyſelf unto me:
Thou haſt ſtolen the Lord Biſhops mare,
And now thou thinkeſt away to flee.

No, ſoft Lord Screw, that may not be,
Here is a broad ſword by my ſide,
And if that thou can'ſt conquer me,
The victory will ſoon be try'd.

I ne'r was afraid of a traytor bold,
Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime,
I'le make thee repent thy ſpeeches foul,
If day and life but give me time.

Then do thy worſt good Lord Screw,
And deal your blows as faſt as you can:
It will try'd between me and you,
Which of us two ſhall be the beſt man.

Thus as they dealt their blows ſo free,
And both ſo bloody at that time,
Over the moſs ten yeomen they ſee,
Come for to take ſir Hugh in the Grime.

Sir Hugh ſet his back againſt a tree,
And then the men encompaſt him round,
His mickle ſword from his hand did flee,
& then they brought ſir Hugh to the ground.

Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is,
And brought back to Garlard Town,
The good wives all in Garlard Town,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'ſt ne'r gang down.

The good Lord Biſhop is come to the town,
And on the Bench is ſet ſo high,
And every man was taxt to his crime,
At length he called ſir Hugh in the Grime.

Here am I, thou falſe Biſhop,
Thy humours all to fulfill,
I do not think my fact ſo great,
But thou may'ſt put it into thy own will.

The queſt of jury-men was call'd,
The beſt that was in Garland Town,
Eleven of them ſpoke all in a breaſt,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'ſt ne'r gang down.

Then

Then other queſtry-men was call'd,
The beſt that was in Rumary,
Twelve of them ſpoke all in a breaſt,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'ſt now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord Boles,
Falling down upon his knee,
Five hundred pieces of gold would I give,
To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,
And of your ſpeeches ſet them by,
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,
Then by my own honour they all ſhould dye.

Then came down my good Lady Ward,
Falling low upon her knee,
Five hundred meaſures of gold i'le give,
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,
None of your proffers ſhall him buy,
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,
By my own honour they all ſhould dye.

Sir Hugh of the Grime's condemn'd to dye,
And of his friends he had no lack,
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,
His hands bound faſt upon his back.

Then he lookt over his left ſhoulder,
To ſee whom he could ſee or ſpy,
There was he aware of his father dear,
Came tearing his hair moſt pittifully.

" Peace, peace, my father dear,
And of your ſpeeches ſet them by,
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,
They cannot bereave me of heaven ſo high."

He lookt over his right ſhoulder,
To ſee whom he could ſee or ſpy,
There was he aware of his mother dear,
Came tearing her hair moſt pittifully.

" Pray have me remembred to Peggy my wife,
As ſhe and I walkt over the moor,
She was the cauſer of my life,
And with the old Biſhop ſhe plays the whore.

Here Iohnny Armſtrong take thou my ſword
That is made of the mettle ſo fine:
And when thou com'ſt to the Border ſide,
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the Grime."

II.

LAY A GARLAND ON MY HEARSE.

This elegant little piece is found in The Maids Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, firſt printed in 1619, *where it is ſung by Aſpatia, being introduced by a ſhort dialogue between her and Evadne.*

LAY a garland on my hearſe,
Of the diſmal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was falſe, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

III.

THE MOTHERS LULLABY.

From a MS. of James the Ists time. Bib. Sloan. 1708.

MY little ſweete derlinge, my comforte and ioye,
Singe Lullyby Lully,
In bewtie excellinge the princes of Troye,
Singe Lulla by Lully.
Nowe ſucke childe, and ſleepe child, thy mothers ſweete boye,
Singe Lulla by Lully;
The gods bleſſe and keepe thee from cruell annoy,
Singe Lully Lully Lully,
Sweete baby, Lully Lully, ſweete baby, Lully Lully.

Thy father, ſweete Jnfant, from mother ys gone,
Singe Lully Lully Lully,
And ſhee in the woodes heere w^t^ thee lefte alone,
Singe Lully by Lully.
To thee, little Jnfant, why do J make mone?
Singe Lully Lully,
Sith thou canſt not helpe mee to ſighe nor to grone,
Singe Lully Lully Lully,
Sweete Baby, Lully by, Sweete Baby, Lully Lully.

IV.

A LAMENTABLE BALLAD

—" *of a Combate lately Fought, near London, between* " *Sir James Steward, and Sir George Wharton, Knights;* " *who were both ſlain at that time. To the Tune of,* " *Down Plumpton-park, &c.*"

The duel which gave occaſion to the following ballad (here printed from an old black letter copy in Major Pearſons collection) happened in 1609. *Sir George Wharton was the eldeſt ſon of Philip lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, earl of Cumberland. He marryed Anne, daughter of John Manners earl of Rutland, but left no iſſue.*

IT grieves my heart to tell the woe
That did near London late befal,
On Martlemas-eve, O woe is me,
I grieve the chance, and ever ſhall,

Of two right gallant Gentlemen,
Who very raſhly fell at words,
But to their quarrel could not fall,
Till they fell both by their keen ſwords:

The one Sir George Wharton call'd,
The good Lord Wharton's ſon and heir,
The other Sir James, a Scottiſh Knight,
A man that a valiant heart did bear:

Near to the court theſe Gallants ſtout,
Fell out as they in gaming were;
And in their fury grew ſo hot,
They hardly could from blows forbear.

Nay, kind intreaties could not ſtay
Sir James from ſtriking in that place,
For in the height and heat of bloud,
He ſtruck young Wharton o'er the face;

What doſt thou mean, ſaid Wharton then,
To ſtrike in ſuch unmanly ſort?
That I will take it at thy hands,
The tongue of man ſhall ne'er report.

Why, do thy worſt, then ſaid Sir James,
And mark me, Wharton, what I ſay,
There's ne'r a Lord in England breathes,
Shall make me give an inch of way.

This brag's too brave, ſtout Wharton ſaid,
Let our brave Engliſh Lords alone,
And talk with me that am your foe,
For you ſhall find enough of one.

V. 25. to. *PC.*

Alas,

Alas, Sir, ſaid the Scottiſh Knight,
Thy bloud and mind's too baſe for me,
Thy oppoſitions are too bold,
And will thy dire deſtruction be.

Nay, ſaid young Wharton, you miſtake,
My courage and valour equals thine,
To mak't apparent caſt thy glove,
To 'gage to try, as I do mine.

Ay, ſaid Sir James, haſt ſuch ſpirit?
I did not think within thy breaſte
That ſuch a haughty daring heart
As thou mak'ſt ſhew of e'er could reſt.

I enterchange my glove with thee,
Take it, and point thy bed of death;
The field, I mean, where we muſt fight,
And one or both looſe life and breath.

We'll meet near Waltham, ſaid Sir George,
To morrow that ſhall be the day,
We'll either take a ſingle man,
And try who bears the bell away.

This done, together hands they ſhook,
And, without any envious ſign,
They went to Ludgate where they ſtaid,
And drank each man his pint of wine.

V. 48. for. *PC.*

No

No kind of anger could be ſeen,
  No words of malice might bewray,
But all was fair, as calm as cool
  As love within their boſomes lay.

Till parting time, and then indeed
  They ſhew'd ſome rancour of their heart;
George, ſaid Sir James, when next we meet,
  So ſound I know we ſhall not part.

And ſo they parted, both reſolv'd
  To have their valour fully try'd:
The ſecond Part ſhall briefly ſhow,
  Both how they met, and how they dy'd.

THE SECOND PART.

Young Wharton was the firſt that came
  To the appointed place next day,
Who preſently ſpy'd Sir James coming
  As faſt as he could poſt away;

And being met in manly ſort,
  The Scotch Knight did to Wharton ſay,
I do not like thy doublet, George,
  It ſits ſo well on thee to day:

Haſt

Haſt thou no privy armour on,
Nor yet no privy coat of ſteel?
I ne'er ſaw Lord in all my life
Become a doublet half ſo well.

Now nay, now nay, ſtout Wharton ſaid,
Sir James Steward that may not be,
I'll not an armed man come hither,
And thou a naked man truly.

Our men ſhall ſtrip our doublets, George,
So ſhall we know whether of us lye,
And then we'll to our weapons ſharp,
Ourſelves true Gallants for to try.

Then they ſtript off their doublets fair,
Standing up in their ſhirts of lawn,
Follow my counſel, the Scotch-man ſaid,
And Wharton to thee I'll make known:

Now follow my counſel, I'll follow thine,
And we'll fight in our ſhirts, ſaid he:
Now nay, now nay, young Wharton ſaid,
Sir James Steward that may not be,

Unleſs we were drunkards and quarrellers,
That had no care of our ſell,
Not caring what we go about,
Or whether our ſouls go to heaven or hell.

We'll firſt to God bequeath our ſouls,
Then next our corpſe to duſt and clay:
With that ſtout Wharton was the firſt
Took rapier and poniard there that day:

Seven thruſts in turns theſe Gallants had,
Before one drop of bloud was drawn,
The Scottiſh Knight then ſpake valiantly,
Stout Wharton ſtill thou holdſt thy own.

With the next thruſt that Wharton thruſt,
He ran him through the ſhoulder bone,
The next was through the thick o' th' thigh,
Thinking he had the Scotch Knight ſlain:

Then Wharton ſaid to the Scottiſh Knight,
Are you a living man, tell me?
If there be a ſurgeon in England can,
He ſhall cure your wounds right ſpeedily.

Now nay, now nay, the Scottiſh Kt. ſaid,
Sir George Wharton that may not be,
The one of us ſhall the other kill,
E'er of this ground that we do flee.

Then in amaze ſir George lookt back,
To ſee what company was nigh,
They both had dangerous marks of death,
Yet neither would from th' other flie.

V. 106. own. *PC.* *V.* 107. ſpeak. *PC.*

But

But both through body wounded ſore,
With courage luſty ſtrong and ſound,
They made a deadly deſperate cloſe,
And both fell dead unto the ground;

Our Engliſh Knight was the firſt that fell,
The Scotch Knight fell immediately,
Who cryed both to Jeſus Chriſt,
Receive our ſouls, O Lord, we dye.

God bleſs our noble King and Queen,
And all the noble progeny,
That Britain ſtill may live in one,
In perfect love and unity.

Thus to conclude I make an end,
Wiſhing that quarrels ſtill may ceaſe,
And that we ſtill may live in love,
In proſperous ſtate, in joy and peace.

V. 137. and. *PC.*

V.

A LOVE SONNET.

BY MASTER WITHER.

—*Is given from a ſmall miſcellany in* 12*mo. intitled,* " *A Deſcription of Love. With certaine Epigrams. Ele-* " *gies. and Sonnets. And alſo Maſt. Johnſons anſwere to* " *maſter*

" maſter Withers. With the crie of Ludgate, and the Song " of the Begger." 8th ed. Lond. 1636.—*The third verſe is quoted by Hearne in his notes and ſpicilege on William of Newbury, (p.* 756.*) from the* 2d ed. 1620. *and by him attributed to the above writer. In ſome editions of that humourous trifle, " The Companion to the Guide," one of the juvenile productions of the preſent laureat, may be found a ſimilar ſong, which the ingenious author aſcribes to Taylor the Water Poet, and ſuppoſes to be older than this of Withers, being printed in* 1618; *a circumſtance by no means concluſive; and whoever examines and compares the two pieces can ſcarcely heſitate a moment in deciding in favour of the following ballad, both as to antiquity and merit. To cut the matter ſhort, however, we ſhall attempt to aſcertain the very year in which it was written. The author was admitted of Magdalen College, Oxford, in* 1604, *and having purſued his ſtudies for three years, left the Univerſity for the Inns of Chancery. Now it will be evident that this ſong was written at college, as well from its being clearly a youthful compoſition, as from the mention he makes in it of his ſummer excurſions to Medley, " a large houſe " between Godſtow and Oxford, very pleaſantly ſituated " juſt by the river, and a famous place for recreation in " ſummer time*." See alſo V.* 60. *If therefore we allow the firſt year for his falling in love, the ſecond for the favorable return he experienced, and the third for the loſs of his miſtreſs, this ſong muſt have been written in* 1606, *when the author was* 18 *years of age. John Taylor was on all occaſions the profeſſed antagoniſt of Wither, and there cannot be a doubt that the ſong printed by Mr. Warton is a direct parody of the following.*

George Wither was born in 1588, *and dyed in* 1667. *The reader will find ſome account of him in Percys Reliques, Vol. III. p.* 190. *and a very long one in Woods Athenæ Oxonienſes, Vol. II. p.* 391.

* *Hearne ubi ſupra. p.* 755. 756.

I Lov'd a laſſe, a faire one,
As faire as ere was ſeene,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queene;
But foole as then I was,
I thought ſhe lov'd me too,
But now alas ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her haire like gold did gliſter,
Each eye was like a ſtarre,
Shee did ſurpaſſe her ſiſter,
Which paſt all others farre;
Shee would me hony call,
She'd, ô ſhe'd kiſſe me too,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In ſummer time to Medley
My love and I would goe,
The boat-men there ſtood readie,
My love and I to rowe;
For creame there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my onely ſweeting,
She made my heart full glad:
The teares ſtood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers faſhion is,
Oft as we ſweetly talked,
The ſun would ſteale a kiſſe;
The winde upon her lips
Likewiſe moſt ſweetly blew,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheekes were like the cherrie,
Her ſkin as white as ſnow,
When ſhe was blyth and merrie,
She angel-like did ſhow:
Her waſt exceeding ſmall,
The fives did fit her ſhoo,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In ſummer time or winter,
She had her hearts deſire,
I ſtill did ſcorne to ſtint her,
From ſugar, ſacke, or fire:
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walk'd home together
At midnight through the towne,
To keepe away the weather,
O're her I'de caſt my gowne;
No colde my love ſhould feele,
What ere the heavens could doe,
But now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiſſe ſo faſt,
Yet ſhe would be unwilling
That I ſhould kiſſe the laſt;
They're Judas kiſſes now,
Since that they prov'd untrue,
For now alaſſe ſh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

To maidens vowes and ſwearing
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
But never them beleeve;
They are as falſe as faire,
Vnconſtant, fraile, untrue;
For mine alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Twas I that paid for all things,
Twas other dranke the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
Live but a foole to pine:
Twas I that beat the buſh,
The bird to others flew,
For ſhe alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that dame Nature,
For this falſe lovers ſake,
Another pleaſing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raiſe me,
No want makes me deſpaire,
No miſerie amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care :
I have loſt a world it ſelfe,
My earthly heaven adue,
Since ſhe alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

VI.

COURAGE CROWNED WITH CONQUEST;

—" *Or, A brief Relation, how that Valiant Knight,* " *and Heroick Champion Sir Eglamore, bravely fought* " *with, and manfully ſlew, a terrible, huge great mon-* " *ſtrous Dragon. To a pleaſant new Tune.*"

From a black letter copy in Major Pearſons collection, dated 1672. *The ballad however is much older, being inſerted at length in a book intitled* " *The melancholy Knight.*" *Lond.* 1615. 4*to.*

SIR Eglamore that valiant knight,
With his ſa, la, lanctre down dilie,
He fetcht his ſword and he went to fight ;
With his ſa la lanctre, &c.

As he went over hill and dale
All cloathed in his Coat of Male,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

A huge great Dragon leapt out of his Den,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
Which had killed the Lord knows how many men,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
But when he ſaw Sir Eglamore,
Good lack had you ſeen how this Dragon did roare!
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

This Dragon, he had a plaguy hide,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
Which could both ſword and ſpear abide,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
Which vext the Knight to the very hearts blood and guts,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

All the Trees in the wood did ſhake,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
Stars did tremble, and men did quake,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
But had you ſeen how the birds lay peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

But it was too late to fear,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
For now it was come to fight Dog, fight Bare,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
And as a yawning he did fall,
He thruſt his ſword in hilt and all,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

But now as the Knight in choler did burn,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
He owed the Dragon a ſhrewd good turn,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
In at his mouth his ſword he bent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

Then the Dragon like a coward began to fly,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
Unto his Den that was hard by,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
And there he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was vexed for his ſword,
With a fa la lanctre, &c.

The Sword that was a right good blade,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.
As ever Turk or Spaniard made,
With his fa la lanctre, &c.

I for my part do forſake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it,
With his fa la lantre, &c.

When all this was done, to the Ale-houſe he went,
With his fa la lantre, &c.
And by and by his twopence he ſpent,
With his fa la lantre, &c.
For he was ſo hot with tugging with the Dragon
That nothing would quench him but a whole Flaggon,
With his fa la lantre, &c.

Now God preſerve our King and Queen,
With his fa la lantre, &c.
And eke in London may be ſeen,
With his fa la lantre, &c.
As many Knights, and as many more,
And all ſo good as Sir Eglamore,
With his fa la, langtre down dilly.

VII.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

From one of the Sloan MSS. in the Muſeum (No 1489). The writing of Charles the Iſts time.

AL you that are aſſembled heere come liſten to my ſong,
But firſt a ꝑdon J muſt crave for feare of further wrong;
J muſt entreat thes Good wyves al they wil not angrye be,
And J will ſing a merrye ſong, &" if they thereto agree.

Becauſe the ſong J meane to ſing doth touch them moſt of all,
And loth J were that any one wth me ſhold chide and brawle;
J have anough of that at home, at boarde, & eake in bed,
And once for ſinging of this ſame ſong my wyfe did breake my head.

But if thes Good wyves all be pleaſd, & pleaſed be the men,
Jle venture one more broken pate, to ſing it once agayne;
But firſt Jle tell you what its cald, for feare you heare no more,
Tis calde the Taming of a ſhrew, not often ſung before.

And if J then ſhall ſing the reſt, a ſigne J needs muſt have,
Hold but yor finger up to me, or hem, thats al J crave;
Then wil J ſing it wth a harte, & to it roundelye goe,
You know my mynde, now let me ſee whether J ſhal ſing't or no. *Hem.*

Well then J ſee you willing are that J ſhall ſing the reſte,
To pleaſure all thes good wyves heire J meane to do my beſt,
For J doe ſee even by their lookes no hurte to me they thinke,
And th^{9} it chancte upon a tyme (but firſt give me a drinke).

Not long agoe a luſtye lad did woe a livelye laſſe,
And long it was before he cold his purpoſe bring to paſſe;

Yet

Yet at the lenth it thus fell out ſhe granted his petition,
That ſhe wold be his wedded wyfe, but yet on this condicion,

That ſhe ſhold weare the breeches on for one yeare & a day,
And not to be controld of him what ſo ere ſhe did or ſȳd,
She rulde, ſhee raignd, ſhe had hir wil, even as ſhe wold require,
But marke what fell out afterwards, Good wyves J you deſyre.

She made him weary of his lyfe, he wiſhte that death wold come,
And end his myſerye at once, ere that the yeare was run;
He thought it was the longeſt yeare, that was ſince he was borne,
But he cold not the mat' mend for he was thereto ſworne.

Yet hath the longeſt day his date, for this we al do know,
Although the day be neer ſoe long to even ſoone wil it goe;

So

So fell it out wth hir at lenth, the yeare was now come out,
The ſun, and moone, and all the ſtarres, their race had run about.

Then he began to rouſe himſelfe, & to his wyfe he ſpake,
Since that yor raigne is at an end, now know me for yor heade;
But ſhe that had borne ſwaye ſo long wold not be under brought,
But ſtil hir tounge on pattens ran tho many blowes ſhe caught.

He bet hir backe, he bet hir ſyde, he bet hir blacke, and blew,
But for all this ſhe wold not mend, but worſe and worſe ſhe grew;
When that he ſaw ſhe wolde not mend, an other way wrought hee,
He mewde hir up as men mew hawkes where 'noe' light ſhe cold ſee.

And kept hir wthout meate or drinke for 4 dayes ſpace and more,
Yet for all this ſhe was as ill as ere ſhe was before;

V. 44. loe. *MS.*

When

When that he ſaw ſhe wold not mend, nor that ſhe
wold be quiet,
Neither for ſtroakes, nor locking up, nor yet for want
of dyet,

He was almoſt at his wits end, he knew not what to doe,
So that wth gentlenes againe he gane his wyfe to woo;
But ſhe ſoone bad him holde his peace, & ſware it was
his beſt,
But then he thought him of a wyle, wch made him be
at reſt.

He told a frend, or two of his what he had in his
mynde,
Who went wth him into his houſe & when they all had
dynde;
Good wyfe (qth he) thes frends of myne, come hither
for yor good,
There lyes a vayne under yor toung, muſt now be let-
ten blood.

Then ſhe began to uſe hir tearmes, & rayled at them
faſt.
Yet bounde they hir for al hir ſtrenth unto a poaſt at
laſte,
And let hir blood under the toung, & tho ſhe bled full
ſore,
Yet did ſhe rayle at them as faſt, as ere ſhe raylde before.

Wel

Wel then (q^th^ he) the faulte J ſee, ſhe hath it from hir mother,
Jt is hir teeth infects hir toung, & it can be noe other;
And ſince J now doe know the cauſe, whatſoever to me befall,
Jle plucke hir teeth out of hir toung, phaps hir toung and all.

And wth a payre of pinſers ſtrong, he pluckt a great tooth out,
And for to plucke an other thence, he quicklye went about,
But then ſhe held up both her hands, & did for mercye pray,
Proteſting that ag^t^ his will ſhe wold not doe nor ſaye.

Whereat hir huſband was right glad, that ſhe had changde her mynde,
For from that tyme unto hir death ſhe pved both good & kynde;
Then did he take hir from the poaſt, & did unbynde hir then.
J wold al Shrews were ſerved th^9^, al good wyves ſay Amen.

VIII.

BEAUTY INCOMPATIBLE WITH CHASTITY.

—Is printed by Dryden in the Third Part of his Miſcellany Poems, where it is called "A new Ballad": which is certainly a miſtake, the following copy being given from a MS. in the Harleian collection (No 3889) as old as Charles the firſts time.

ALL the materialls are the ſame
Of beautie & deſire,
In a faire womans goodly frame
No brigtneſſe is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are
That would be thought both chaſt & faire.

If one her necke her haire be ſpred
In many a curious ringe,
Why halfe the heat that curles her head
Will make her madde to be a bed,
& do ye tother thinge.
Then tell me, [&c.]

Though modeſty itſelfe apeare
With bluſhes in her face,
Doeſt thinke ye bloud that dances there
Can revel it no other where,
Nor warme another place?
Then tell me [&c.]

Go aſke of thy phyloſophy,
What giues her lipes the balme,
What ſpiritt giues lightning to her ey,
& makes her breſts to ſwell ſo high,
& moyſtneſſe to her palme.
Then [&c.]

Then be not nice, for that alas
Betrayes thy thoughtes & thee:
I know thou loueſt, & not one grace
Adornes thy body or thy face
But pimpes within for mee.
Then tell mee what thoſe creatures are
That would be thought both chaſt & faire.

IX.

A BALLADE UPON A WEDDING.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

From the firſt edition of the authors poems, London, 1646. 8*vo. He dyed in* 1641, *aged* 28.

I Tell thee Dick where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Croſſe, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee comming down,
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at leaſt, in pairs.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt one peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At courſe-a-park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town;
Though luſty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing,
The parſon for him ſtaid;
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft, as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juyce.

Her

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great collar (juſt)
About our young colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way,
No ſun upon an Eaſter-day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do 't in ſight;
And then ſhe lookt as who ſhould ſay,
I will do what I liſt to day,
And you ſhall do 't at night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No dazy makes compariſon;
(Who ſees them is undone:)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne pear,
The ſide that 's next the ſun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had ſtung it newly):
But (Dick) her eyes ſo guard her face
I durſt no more upon them gaze
Then on the ſun in July.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get;
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The parſon himſelf had guilty bin
(She lookt that day ſo purely):
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.

Paſſion, oh me! how I run on!
Ther's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) beſides the bride;
The buſineſs of the kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd. *

* *This ſtanza is both miſplaced and miſprinted in the original edition.*

Juſt

Juſt in the nick the cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey;
Each ſerving man with diſh in hand
Marcht boldly up, like our train-band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the parſon could ſay grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe;
The brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth.
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' ſuddain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſſe:
Thus ſev'ral waies the time did paſſe,
Whilſt every woman wiſht her place,
And ev'ry man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide,
To counſel and undreſſe the bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (Dick) there ſhe lay,
Like new-faln ſnow melting away
('Twas time I trow to part):
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who ſhould ſay,
Good boy! * with all my heart.

But juſt as heav'ns would have to croſſe it,
In came the bridemaids with the poſſet,
The bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the women to 't,
It would have coſt two hours to do 't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out and out,
All that they had not done, they do 't;
What that is, who can tell?
But I beleeve it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

* *i. e. good bye, or God be wi' ye.*

X. WHEN

X.

WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

It is with particular pleaſure that the editor is enabled to reſtore to the public the original words of the moſt famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Invented to ſupport the declining intereſt of the Royal Martyr, it ſerved afterwards, with more ſucceſs, to keep up the ſpirits of the Cavaliers, and promote the Reſtoration of his Son; an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the Revolution it of courſe became an adherent of the exiled family, whoſe cauſe it never deſerted. And as a tune is ſaid to have been a principal mean of depriving King James of the Crown, this very air, upon two memorable occaſions, was very near being equally inſtrumental in replacing it on the head of his Son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing fed the enthuſiaſm of the Jacobites, down almoſt to the preſent reign, in every corner of Great Britain, more than "The King ſhall enjoy his own again;" and even the great orator of the party, in that celebrated harangue which furniſhed the preſent laureat with the ſubject of one of his happieſt and fineſt poems, was always thought to have alluded to it in his remarkable quotation from Virgil of*

CARMINA TUM MELIUS CUM VENERIT IPSE CANEMUS!

The following Song is given from a collection, intitled "The Loyal Garland, containing choice Songs and Sonnets

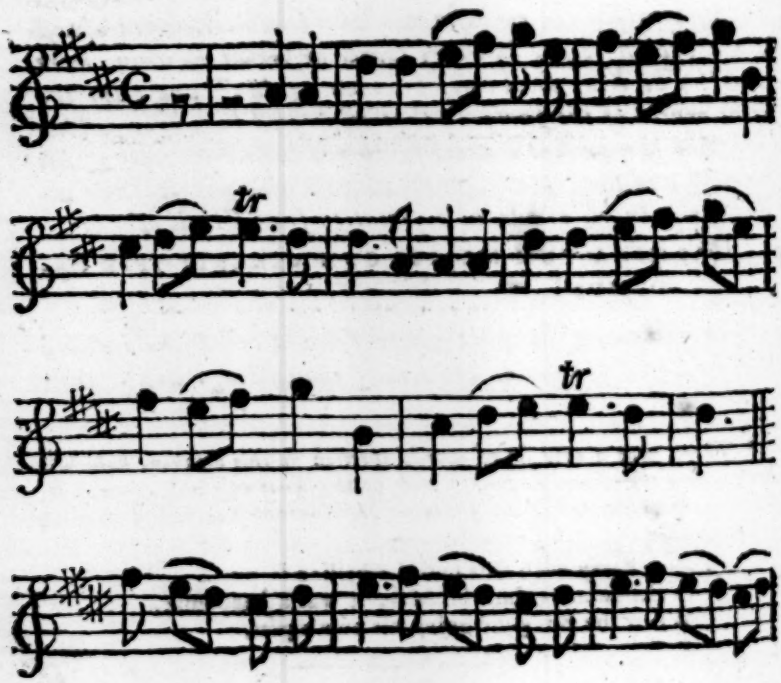
* *There was a new ſet of words written on this occaſion, which it has not been the editors fortune to meet with: he is only able to recollect, from the performance of an old blind North-country crowder, that the concluding lines of each ſtanza were—*

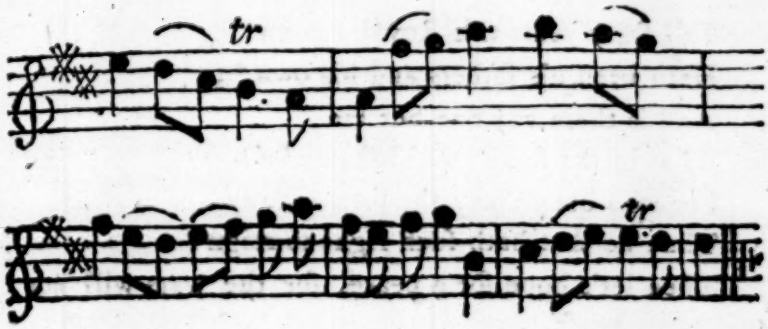
——Away with this curs'd rebellion!
O the twenty-ninth of May, it was a happy day,
When the King did enjoy his own again.

of our late unhappy Revolutions." *Lond.* 1671. 12*mo. black letter. Corrected by another copy in* "*A Collection of Loyal Songs.*" 1750. 12*mo. The original title is* "*Upon defacing of Whitehall.*"

In the year 1711 *appeared a ſmall pamphlet, intitled* "*The Ballad of* The King ſhall enjoy his own again: *With a learned Comment thereupon, at the Requeſt of Capt. Silk, dedicated to Jenny Man. By the Author of Tom Thumb*" (*i. e. Dr. Wagſtaff*). *From this pamphlet a few notes have been extracted, which will be given at the end of the Song. This* Silk *appears to have been an officer of the City Militia, and to have given great offence by having this tune played as a march* "*before his heroic company,* "*in their perambulation to the Artillery Ground.*"

As the air itſelf is not every where to be met with, and is going very faſt out of remembrance, it has been thought proper to give it a place here, in order to render the ſubject more complete.





WHAT Booker doth prognoſticate
Concerning Kings or Kingdoms 'fate,'
I think my ſelf to be as wiſe
As 'he' that gazeth on the ſkyes:
My ſkill goes beyond the depth of a POND,
Or RIVERS in the greateſt rain;
Whereby I can tell, all things will be well
When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither SWALLOW, DOVE, nor DADE,
Can ſore more high, or deeper wade;
Nor ſhew a reaſon from the ſtars,
What cauſeth peace or civil wars:
The man in the moon may wear out his ſhoo'n,
By running after Charls his wain:
But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the King, &c.

Full forty years this Royal Crown
Hath been his fathers and his own *;
And is there any one but He
That in the ſame ſhould ſharer be?
For who better may the ſcepter ſway
Than he that hath ſuch right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not ceaſe
Till the King enjoys, &c.

Though for a time we ſee White-hall
With cobweb-hangings on the wall,
In ſtead of gold and ſilver brave,
Which formerly 'twas wont to have,
With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again ſhall be; when the time you ſee
That the King enjoys, &c.

Did Walker no predictions lack
In Hammonds bloody almanack?
Foretelling things that would enſue,
That all proves right, if lies be true;

* *This fixes the date of the ſong to the year* 1643. *The number was changed from time to time, as it ſuited the circumſtances of the party. In the "Loyal Songs" it is* ſixty. *And in a copy printed, perhaps at Edinburgh, about the year* 1715, *which contains ſeveral additional verſes, though of inferior merit to the reſt, it is* two thouſand.

But

But why ſhould not he the pillory foreſee,
Wherein poor Toby once was ta'ne?
And alſo foreknow to th' gallows he muſt go,
When the King enjoys, &c.

Then [fears] avaunt! upon 'the' hill
My Hope ſhall caſt 'her' anchor ſtill,
Untill I ſee ſome peaceful Dove
Bring home the Branch I dearly love;
Then will I wait till the waters abate,
Which 'now diſturb' my troubled brain,
Elſe never rejoyce till I hear the voice,
That the King enjoys his own again.

V. 41. *The Edinburgh copy reads*—
Till then upon *Ararats* hill;

NOTES.

V. 1. "*This* Booker *was a great Fiſhing-tackle maker in King Charles the Firſt's time, and a very eminent proficient in that noble art and myſtery, by application to which he came to have* ſkill in the Depth of Ponds and Rivers,* *as is here wifely obſerv'd. . . . He liv'd at the houſe in* Tower-ſtreet, *that is now the ſign of the* Gun, *and being us'd to this ſedentary diverſion . . . he grew mighty cogitabund, from whence a frenzy ſeiz'd on him, and he turn'd enthuſiaſt like one of our French prophets, and went about prognoſticating the downfall of the* King and Popery,

* Pond *and* Rivers *are printed as proper names in all the copies.*

which

which were terms ſynonymous at that time of day. 'Tis true, Cornelius a Lapide, *Anglice,* Con. Stone, *has given him the title of a* Star-gazer; *but I have it from ſome of his contemporaries, that he was nothing of a* Conjurer, *only one of the* moderate *men of theſe times, who were tooth and nail for the deſtruction of the King and Royal Family, which put him upon that ſort of ſpeculation."*

V. 9. " Swallow, Dove, *and* Dade, *were as excellent at this time of day in the knowledge of the aſtronomical ſcience, as either* Partridge, Parker, *or . . Dr.* Caſe *is now, and bred up to handicraft trades as all theſe were. The firſt was a* Corn-cutter *in* Gutter-lane, *who, from making a cure of Alderman* Pennington's *wife's great toe, was cry'd up for a great practitioner in phyſick, and from thence, as moſt of our modern quacks do, arriv'd at the name of a* Cunning Man. . . . *The Second was a* Cobler *in* White-croſs-ſtreet, *who, when Sir William Waller paſſed by his ſtall in his way to attack the King's party in Cambridgeſhire, told him,* The Lord would fight his battles for him; *and upon Sir William's ſucceſs, was taken into the rebels pay, and made an* Almanack maker *of. The laſt was a good innocent* Fiddle-ſtring ſeller, . . . *who being told by a neighbouring teacher that their muſick was in the ſtars, ſet himſelf at work to find out their habitations, that he might be inſtrument maker to them; and having with much ado got knowledge of their place of abode, was judg'd by the Round heads fit for their purpoſe, and had a penſion aſſign'd him to make the* Stars *ſpeak their meaning, and juſtify the villainies they were putting in practice."*

V. 33. " Toby Walker *(Note, I don't affirm that he was grandfather to the famous Dr. Walker, governor of Londonderry, who was kill'd at the battle of the Boyn, and happen'd to be overſeer of the market at Ipſwich in Suffolk, on account of giving falſe evidence at an aſſize held there) was a creature of Oliver Cromwell's, who, from a baſket maker on Dowgate-hill, on account of his ſufferings, as was pretended, in the cauſe of truth, was made colonel in the rebels army, and advanc'd afterwards to be one of the committe*

mittet of ſafety. He was the perſon that at the battle of Marſton Moor, *broke into the Kings head quarters, and ſeiz'd upon his Majeſty's private papers, which afterwards were printed in order to render him odious to his ſubjects; and not without ſome reaſon, judg'd to be that abandon'd Regicide that ſever'd the head of that Royal Martyr from his ſhoulders on a public ſtage before his own pallace gate."*

V. 34. " Hammond *the* Almanack maker, *was no manner of relation to colonel Hammond who had the King priſoner in the Iſle of Wight, but one of that name, that always put down in a Chronological table when ſuch and ſuch a Royaliſt was executed, by way of reproach to them; by doing of which his* almanack *was ſaid to be bloody. He was a butcher by trade, and for his zeal to the then prevailing party, made one of the inſpectors of the victualling office."*

XI.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

From The Theatre of Compliments, or New Academy. Lond. 1689. 12*mo. It is mentioned by the milkwoman in Waltons Compleat Angler. Lond.* 1653. 8*vo.*—" *What Song was it, I pray? was it, Come Shepherds deck your heads: or, As at noon Dulcina reſted: or,* PHILIDA FLOUTS ME *?*"—*and is probably much older.*

The anſwer is modern; by A. Bradley.

" *Dulcina*" *is printed both by D'urfey and Percy.* " *Come Shepherds, &c.*" *is not known.*

OH!

OH! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it;
She will unconſtant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It ſo torments my mind,
That my heart faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ſhip faileth:
Pleaſe her the beſt I may,
She loves ſtill to gainſay,
Alack, and well a day!
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
As ſhe paſs'd by me,
She look'd another way,
And would not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Dick had her to the vine,
He might intreat her,
With Daniel ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe wou'd not glance;
Oh! thrice unhappy chance,
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me;
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet entertain me.

I ſhall

I ſhall have, when ſhe dies,
All things that's fitting;
Her poultry and her bees,
And her gooſe ſitting;
A pair of mattreſs beds,
A barrel full of ſhreds:
And yet for all theſe goods,
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her ſay,
That ſhe lov'd poſies;
In the laſt month of May
I gave her roſes;
Cowſlips and gilly-flowers,
And the ſweet lilly,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly:
She did them all diſdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

Thou ſhalt eat curds and cream
All the year laſting,
And drink the chryſtal ſtream,
Pleaſant in taſting;
Swigg whey until you burſt,
Eat bramble-berries;
Pye-lid, and paſtry cruſt,
Pears, plumbs, and cherries;

Thy

Thy garments ſhall be thin,
Made of a weather's ſkin:
Yet all's not worth a pin,
Phillida flouts me.

Which way ſoe'er I go,
She ſtill torments me;
And whatſoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me;
I fade and pine away
With grief and ſorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any ſhadow:
I ſhall be dead, I fear,
Within a thouſand year,
And all becauſe my dear
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have thoſe as fair,
If you forſake me:
There's Doll the dairy-maid,
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnifred
Favours me greatly;
One throws milk on my cloaths,
T'other plays with my noſe;
What pretty toys are thoſe!
Phillida flouts me.

She has a cloth of mine,
  Wrought with blue Coventry,
Which ſhe keeps as a ſign
  Of my fidelity;
But if ſhe frowns on me,
  She ne'er ſhall wear it;
I'll give it my maid Joan,
  And ſhe ſhall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may ſee
    Phillida flouts me.

XII.

IOHN AND IOAN:

OR,

A MAD COUPLE WELL MET.

TO THE TUNE OF THE PARATOUR.

From an old black letter copy in Major Pearſons collection. To this copy were ſubjoined the letters M. P. *the initials, without doubt, of* MARTIN PARKER, *a Grub-ſtreet ſcribler and great Ballad monger of Charles the Firſts time.*

YOU nine Caſtalian Siſters
That keep Parnaſſus hill,
Come down to me,
And let me bee
Inſpired with your ſkill;
That well I may demonſtrate,
A piece of houſhold ſtuffe:
You that are wed
Mark what is ſedd,
Beware of taking ſnuffe.

A mad phantaſtick couple,
A yong man and a laſſe,
With their content,
And friends conſent,
Reſolu'd their times to paſſe
As man and wife together,
And ſo they marry'd were;
Of this mad match
I made this Catch,
Which you that pleaſe may hear.

They both had imperfections,
Which might haue cauſed ſtrife
The man would ſweare,
And domineere,
So alſo would his wife.

If

If Iohn went to one alehouſe,
Ioan ran vnto the next.
Betwixt them both
They made an oath,
That neither would be vext.

What euer did the goodman
His wife would doe the like,
If he was pleas'd
She was appeas'd,
If he would kick, ſhee'd ſtrike.
If queane or ſlut he cal'd her,
Shee call'd him rogue and knaue;
If he would fight,
Shee'd ſcratch and bite,
He could no victory haue.

If Iohn his dog had beaten,
Then Ioan would beat her cat.
If Iohn in ſcorne
His band would burn,
Ioan would haue burnt her hat.
If Iohn would breake a pipkin,
Then Ioan would break a pot;
Thus he and ſhe
Did both agree
To waſte all that they got.

If Iohn would eate no victuals,
Then Ioan would be as croſſe,
They would not eat
But ſau'd their meat,
In that there was no loſſe.
If Iohn were bent to feaſting,
Then Ioan was of his mind;
In right or wrong
Both ſung one ſong,
As Fortune them aſſign'd.

In Tauerne or in Alehouſe,
If Iohn and Ioane did meet,
Who ere was by
In company,
Might taſt their humors ſweet:
What euer Iohn had cal'd for,
Ioan would not be out-dar'd,
Thoſe that lack'd drink
Through want of chink
For them the better far'd.

Thus would they both ſit drinking,
As long as coine did laſt;
Nay more then this,
Ere they would miſſe
Good liquor for their taſte

Iohn would haue damm'd his doublet,
His cloak or any thing,
And Ioan would pawne
Her coife of lawne,
Her bodkin or her ring.

If Iohn were drunk, and reeled,
Then Ioan would fall i'th fire,
If Iohn fell downe
I'th midſt o'th towne,
Beewraid in dirt and mire,
Ioan like a kind co-partner,
Scorn'd to ſtand on her feet,
But down ſhee'd fall
Before them all,
And role about the ſtreet.

If Iohn had cal'd his hoſt knaue,
Ioan cal'd her hoſtis whore,
For ſuch like crimes
They oftentimes
Were both thruſt out of dore.
If Iohn abus'd the conſtable,
Ioan would haue beat the watch;
Thus man and wife,
In peace or ſtrife,
Each other ſought to match.

But mark now how it chanced.
After a yeare or more,
This couple mad
All waſted had,
And were grown very poore:
Iohn could no more get liquor,
Nor Ioan could purchaſe drink;
Then both the man
And wife began
Upon their ſtates to thinke.

Thus beat with their own wepons,
Iohn thus to Ioan did ſay,
Sweet heart I ſee
We two agree
The cleane contrary way;
Henceforth let's doe in goodneſſe,
As we haue done in ill,
Ile doe my beſt,
Doe thou the reſt:
A match, quoth Ioan, I will.

So leauing thoſe mad humors
Which them before poſſeſt,
Both man and wife
Doe lead a life
In plenty, peace, and reſt:

Now Iohn and Joan both iointly,
Doe ſet hands to the plough.
Let all doe ſoe,
In weale or woe,
And they'l do well enough.

XIII.

CORIDONS SONG,

IN

THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMANS LIFE.

BY JOHN CHALKHILL, ESQUIRE.

From Izack Waltons "Compleat Angler." Lond. 1653. 8*vo. Mr. Chalkhill, better known as the author of Thealma and Clearchus, was born and dyed*

OH the ſweet contentment
The country man doth find!
high trololliе loliloe
high trololliе lee,
That quiet contemplation
Poſſeſſeth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tri'd;
high trololie lollie loe
high trololie lee,
The city full of wantonneſs,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh the honeſt country man
Speaks truly from his heart,
high trololie lollie loe
high trololie lee,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horſes and his cart:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good ſheep ſkins,
Gray ruſſet for our wives,
high trololie lollie loe
high trololie lee,
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labor hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
high trololliе lollie loe
high trololliе lee,
No emperor ſo merrily
Does paſs his time away:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

To recompence our tillage,
The heavens afford us ſhowrs;
hightrololliе lollie loe
high trololliе lee,
And for our ſweet refreſhments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckoe and the nightingale
Full merrily do ſing,
high trololliе lollie loe
high trololliе lee,
And with their pleaſant roundelayes,
Bid welcome to the ſpring:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

This is not half the happineſs
The country man injoyes;
high trololliе lollie loe
high trololliе lee,
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that ſayes ſo lies:
Then come away, turn
Count[r]y man with me.

XIV.

THE TWO CONSTANT LOVERS IN SCOTLAND;

OR,

A PATTERN OF TRUE LOVE:

——"*expreſſed in this enſuing Dialogue, between an Earls* "*daughter in Scotland, and a poor Serving-man; ſhe re-* "*fuſing to marry the Lord Fenix, which her Father* "*would force her to take; but clave to her firſt love* "*Tomey o'th Pots. To a pleaſant new tune.*"

From a large white letter ſheet, publiſhed 29th May, 1657; *among the Kings pamphlets in the Muſeum. A different poem on the ſame ſtory is well known to the curious in penny-hiſtories.*

IN

IN Scotland there are Ladies fair,
There's Ladies of honor & high degree,
Hey down, down a down derry;
But one excels above all the reſt,
And the Earl of Arundels daughter is ſhe.
With hey down, derry down
Lang derry down derry.

Both Knights and Lords of great account
Comes thither a wooing for this Ladies ſake:
It fell on a day that E. Arundell ſaid,
Daughter which of theſe lords will you take?

Or which of them now likes thee beſt?
Speak truth to me, but do not lie;
Speak truth to me, and do not jeſt,
Who muſt heir my livings when as I die?

Lord Fenix is a lord of high degree,
And hath both lands and livings free,
I tell thee daughter thou ſhalt him have,
If thou wilt take any counſell at me.

With that the young lady fell down of her knee,
& trickling tears run down her eye:
As you are my father, and loves me dear,
My heart is ſet where it muſt be.

On a Serving-man which is ſo poor,
For all he hath is but pounds three;
He was the firſt Lover that ere I had,
And the laſt I mean him for to be.

With that her father was ſore offended,
And faſt he rode at that ſame tide,
Untill he to the Lord Fenix came,
And ſaid, take thee my daughter for thy bride.

The yong Ladie cal'd up Jack her foot-boy
I dare truſt no man alive but thee;
Thou muſt go my earand to Strawbery-caſtle,
To the place where Tomy oth potts doth lye.

And carry this letter in parchment fair,
That I have ſealed with mine own hand;
And when Tomey looks this letter upon,
Be ſure his countenance thou underſtand.

And if he either laugh or ſmile,
He is not ſorry at his heart;
I muſt ſeek a new love where I will,
For ſmall of Tomey muſt be my part.

But if he wax red in the face,
And tricling tears fall from his eyes,
Then let my Father ſay what he will,
For true to Tomey Ile be alwayes.

And thou muſt tell him by word of mouth,
If this letter cannot be read at that tyde,
That this day ſennight & no longer hence,
I muſt be lord William Fenix bride.

The boy took leave of his lady gay,
And to Strawbery Caſtle he did him faſt hie:
A Serving-man did guide him the way
To the place where Tomey oth Pots did lie.

O Chriſt thee ſave good Tomey oth Pots,
And Chriſt thee ſave as I thee ſee,
Come read this letter Tomey oth Potts,
As thy true love hath ſent to thee.

Then Tomey he waxed red in the face,
And trickling tears ran down his eyes;
But never a letter could he read,
If he ſhould be hanged on th gallow-tree.

Shee bid me tell you by word of mouth,
If this letter could not be read at this tide,
That this day ſennight & no longer hence
She muſt be Lord William Fenix bride.

Now in faith, ſaid Tomey, ſhe is mine own,
As all hereafter ſhall underſtand;
Lord Fenix ſhall not marry her by night or day,
Unleſs he win her by his own hand.

For on Gilforth green I will her meet,
And if ſhe love me bid her for me pray;
And there I will loſe my life ſo ſweet,
Or elſe her wedding I will ſtay.

He cal'd this boy unto accounts,
(Think whether he loved this lady gay)
He gave him forty ſhilling for his meſſage,
And all he had was but pounds three.

The boy took his leave of Tomey oth Potts,
Fearing that he had ſtaid too late:
The young lady did wait of his comming,
And met him five miles out of the gate.

O boney boy thou art not of age,
Therefore thou canſt both mock & ſcorn;
I will not beleeve what my love hath ſaid,
Unleſſe thou on this book be ſworn.

Now in faith gay lady I will not lye,
And kiſt the book full ſoon did he:
One letter he could not read at that time,
If he ſhould have been hang'd at gallo-tree.

He ſaid in faith you are his own,
As all hereafter ſhall underſtand;
Lord Fenix ſhall not marry you by night or day
Unleſſe he winn you with his own hand.

For on Gilforth green he will you meet,
& if you love him you muſt for him pray;
And there he will loſe his life ſo ſweet,
Or elſe your wedding he will ſtay.

Let us leave talking of the boy,
That with his gay lady is turned home:
Now let us go talk of Tomey oth Potts,
And how to his maſter he is gone.

When Tomey came his maſter before,
He kneeled down upon his knee,
What tidings haſt thou brought, my man,
As that thou makes ſuch courteſie.

O Chriſt you ſave, dear maſter, he ſaid,
And Chriſt you ſave as I you ſee,
For Gods love maſter come read me this letter,
Which my true love hath ſent to me.

His maſter took this letter in hand,
And looked ore it with his eye,
In faith I am fain my man, he ſaid,
As thou haſt a lady ſo true to thee.

I have a Lady true to me,
And falſe to her Ile never be:
But ere this day ſennight, and no longer hence,
I muſt loſe my love through povertie.

Lord

Lord Fenix he will her have,
Becauſe he hath more wealth then I.
Now hold thy tongue my man, he ſaid,
For before that day many a one ſhall die.

O Tomey, ſaid he, I love thee well,
And ſomething for thee I will doo,
For Strawbery caſtle ſhall be thine own
So long as thou doſt mean to woo.

One half of my lands Ile give thee a year,
The which will raiſe thee many a pound;
Before that thou loſe thy bonny ſweet-heart,
Thou ſhalt drop angels with him to the ground.

I have thirty ſteeds in my ſtable ſtrong,
Which any of them is good indeed,
And a bunch of ſpears hangs them among,
And a nag to carry thee ſwift with ſpeed.

My ſute of armour thou ſhalt put on,
So well it becomes thy fair body:
And when thou com'ſt to Gilford green
Thou'll look more like a Lord then he.

My men ſhall all riſe and with thee go,
And I myſelf with thee will ride:
And many a bloody wound will we make
Before that thou ſhalt loſe thy bride.

Now

Now Chriſt reward you dear maſter, he ſaid,
For the good will you bear to me:
But I truſt to God in a little ſpace,
With my own hands to ſet her free.

Ile none of your horſes maſter, he ſaid,
For they cannot well ſkill of their trade;
None but your gray nag that hath a cut tail,
For heell either ſtand or turn again.

One ſpear maſter and no more,
No more with me that I will take;
And if that ſpear it will not ſerve my turn,
Ile ſuffer death for my true loves ſake.

THE SECOND PART, TO THE SAME TUNE.

Early in the morning when day did ſpring,
On Gilforth green betime was he,
There did he eſpie Lord Fenix comming,
And with him a royall company.

Gold chains about their necks threeſcore,
Full well might ſeem fine Lords to ride;
The young lady followed far behind,
Sore againſt her will that ſhe was a bride.

There Tomey paſſed this lady by,
But never a word to her did ſay:
Then ſtrait to Lord Fenix he is gone,
And gives him the right time of the day.

O Chriſt you ſave Lord Fenix, he ſaid,
And Chriſt you ſave as I you ſee:
Thou art welcome Tomey oth Potts, he ſaid,
A ſerving man into our company.

O how doth thy maſter, Tomey oth Potts,
Tell me the truth and do not lye.
My maſter is well, then Tomey replide,
I thank my lord and I thank not thee.

O Chriſt you ſave Lord Fenix, he ſaid,
And Chriſt you ſave as I you ſee;
You may have choice of ladies enough,
And not take my true love from me.

With that lord Fenix was ſore offended,
And faſt away he rode at that tide:
God forbid, lord Fenix he ſaid,
A ſerving man ſhould hold me from my bride.

But afterward Tomey did him meet,
As one that came not thither to flye:
And ſaid lord Fenix take thou my love,
For I will not loſe her cowardly.

O meet

O meet me here to morrow, he ſaid,
As thou art a man come but thy 'ſell.'
And if that I come [with] any more,
The Divell fetch my ſoul to hell.

And ſo this wedding day was ſtaid,
The lady and lords they turned home;
The lady made merry her maidens among,
& ſaid Tomey I wiſh thou may win thy own.

Early in the morning when day did ſpring,
On Gilforth green betime was he;
He waited long for lord Fenix comming,
But lord William Fenix he could not ſee.

He waited long and very long,
Untill the ſun waxed very high,
There was he ware of Lord Fenix coming,
And with him other men three.

Thou art a falſe thief lord Fenix, he ſaid,
Becauſe thou break'ſt thy promiſe with me;
Thou promiſedſt me to come by thy ſelf,
And thou haſt brought other men three.

But in regard I call thee thief,
Becauſe thou haſt broken promiſe with me;
I vow and you were as many more,
Forſaken you ſhould not be.

V. 189. ſelf.

Theſe are my men, lord Fenix ſaid,
That every day do wait on me;
If any of them do ſtrike a ſtroke,
In faith then hanged he ſhall be.

They fetcht a race and rode about,
And then they met full eagerly,
Lord Fenix away by Tomeys body glow'd,
And he ran him quite thorow the thigh.

Out of his ſaddle bore him he did,
And laid his body on the ground,
His ſpear he ran thorow Tomeys thigh,
In which he made a grievous wound.

But Tomey quickley ſtart up again,
For as he was a phiſitian good,
He laid his hand upon the wound,
And quickly he did ſtanch the blood.

Full lightly he leaped to his ſaddle again,
Forth of it long he did not ſtay:
For he weighed more of his ladies love,
Then of any life he had that day.

They fetched a race and rode about,
The blood in Tomeys body began to warm,
He away by lord Fenix body glowde,
And he ran him quite through the arm.

Out of his ſaddle bore him he hath,
Of from his ſteed that mounted ſo high;
Now riſe and fight lord Fenix, he ſaid,
Or elſe yeeld the lady unto me.

I'll yeeld the lady unto thee,
My arm no more my ſpear will guide;
It was never better likely to prove,
To hold a poor ſervingman from his bride.

But if thou wilt thus deal then with me,
Leſt of this matter ſhould riſe any voice,
That I have gotten the victory,
Then thou ſhalt have another choice.

Yonder is a lane of two miles long,
At either end then ſtand will we,
Weel ſet the lady in the midſt,
And whether ſhe come take her for me.

If thou wilt thus deal, ſaid Fenix then,
Thou'll ſave my credit and honour high,
And whether I win her or go without her,
Ile be as willing to give ten pounds to thee.

There was a lane of two miles long,
The lady was ſet in the middle that tide,
She laught & made merry her maids among,
& ſaid Tomey oth Pots now Ile be thy bride.

Now all you ladies of high degree,
And maides that married yet would be,
Marry no man for goods or lands,
Unleſſe you love him faithfully.

For I had a love of my own, ſhe ſaid,
At Strawberrie caſtle there lived he,
Ile change his name from Tomey oth Pots,
And the yong E. of Arundell now he ſhall be.

XV.

A WORSHIPPER OF CRUELTY.

From a MS. in the Harleian library, N° 3511, written in the time of K. Charles the ſecond.

YOU may vſe common ſhepherds ſo,
My ſighs at laſt to ſtormes will grow,
And blow ſuch ſcornes upon thy pride
Will blaſt all I have deified:
You are not faire whe[n] love you lacke,
Jngratitude makes all things blacke.

Oh

Oh doe not for a flocke of ſheepe,
A golden ſhower when as you 'ſleepe,'
Or for the tales 'ambition' tells
Forſake the houſe where honour dwells:
In 'Damons' Pallace you'le ne're ſhine
So bright as in that bower of mine.

XVI.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

It has been already obſerved, "that the Engliſh have "more ſongs and ballads on the ſubject of madneſs than "any of their neighbours." Dr. Percy, whoſe obſervation this is, out of a much larger quantity, has ſelected half a dozen. See Reliques, Vol. ii. p. 350. This and the following appear to have been written by way of burleſque on ſuch ſort of things. They are both given from an old miſcellany, intitled "Le Prince d'amour, or the prince of "Love. With a collection of ſongs by the wits of the "age. London, 1660. 8vo." and ought, perhaps, to have had an earlyer place in the preſent claſs.

FROM the hag and hungry goblin,
That into rags would rend you,
And the ſpirits that ſtand by the naked man,
In the book of moons defend you:
That of your five ſound ſences
You never be forſaken,
Nor travel from your ſelves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon.
While I do ſing any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink or cloathing,
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

'Of' thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been inraged,
And of forty been three times fifteen
In durance ſoundly caged,
On the lordly lofts of Bedlam,
With ſtubble ſoft and dainty,
Brave bracelets ſtrong, and whips dingdong,
And wholeſome hunger plenty.
Yet did I ſing, &c.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruze of cockle pottage,
And a thing they call Skies bliſs you all,
I fell into this doatage.

I ſlept

I ſlept not ſince the conqueſt,
Till then I never waked,
Till the rogueing boy of love, where I lay,
Me found, and ſtript ſtark naked.
Yet do I ſing, &c.

When I ſhort have ſhorn my ſowce face,
And ſwigg'd my horny barrel,
I pawn'd my ſkin in an oaken inn
As a ſuit of gilt apparel:
The moons my conſtant miſtris,
The lowly owl my marrow,
The flaming drake, and night-crow make
Me muſick to my ſorrow.
Yet do I ſing, &c.

The palſie plagues, theſe palſies,
When I plague your pigs or pullen,
Your 'culvers' take, or matchleſs make
Your chantyclear or ſullen;
If I want provant, with Humph[r]y *
I ſup, and when benighted
I walk in Pauls with wandring ſouls,
And never am affrighted.
Yet do I ſing, &c.

I know more than Apollo,
For oft, when he lies ſleeping,
I behold the ſtars at mortal wars,
In the wounded welkin weeping;

* *i. e.* Duke Humphry, *falſely ſuppoſed to have had a monument in St. Pauls church.*

The moon embrace her ſhepherd,
And the queen of love her 'warrior';
While the firſt doth horn the ſtar in the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrior.
Yet do I ſing, &c.

The Jeepſie ſnap and Tedro
Are none of Toms comradoes,
The baud I ſcorn, and cut purſe ſworn,
And the roaring boyes bravadoes;
The ſober knight and gentle
Me trace, and touch, and ſpare not,
But thoſe that croſs poor Toms rynoroſs,
Do what the panders dare not.
Yet do I ſing, &c.

With a hoſte of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning ſpear, and a horſe of the ayr,
To the wilderneſs I wander;
With a knight of ghoſts and ſhadows
I ſummon'd am to Turny,
Ten leagues beyond the wide worlds end,
Methinks it is no journy.
Yet do I ſing any food, &c.

V. 54. Farrior.

XVII.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

FROM the top of high Caucaſus,
To Pauls wharf near the Tower,
In no great haſte I eaſily paſt
In leſs than half an hour.
The gates of old Bizantium
I took upon my ſhoulders,
And them I bore twelve leagues and more
In ſpight of Turks and ſoldiers.

Sigh, ſing, and ſob, ſing, ſigh, and be merry,
Sighing, ſinging, and ſobbing,
Thus naked Tom away doth run,
And fears no cold nor robbing.

From Monſieur Tillies army
I took two hundred bannors,
And brought them all to 'Leaden' Hall,
In ſight of all the tannors.
I paſt Parnaſſus Ferry,
By the hill call'd 'Aganippe,'
From thence on foot without ſhooe or boot
I paſt to the Iſle of 'Shippey.'

Sigh, ſing, &c.

V. 15. London.
V. 18. Aganip.
V. 20. Ship.

O're

O're the Pirenean valley
'Twixt Europe and St. Giles[es],
I walk't one night by ſun-ſhine light
Which fifteen thouſand miles is.
I landed at White Chappel,
Near to Saint Edmonds Berry,
From thence I ſlept while Charon ſlept,
And ſtole away his ferry.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

One Summers day at Shrovetide
I met old January,
Being male content, with him I went
To weep o're old Canary.
The man ith' moon at Pancraſs
Doth yield us excellent Claret,
Having ſteel'd my noſe, I ſung old Roſe,
Tuſh, greatneſs cannot carry it.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

I met the Turkiſh Sulton
At Dover near St. Georges,
His train and him did to Callis ſwim
Without ſhips, boats, or barges.
I taught the King of Egypt
A trick to ſave his cattle;
I'le plough with dogs, and harrow with hogs,
You'd think it I do prattle.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

In

In a boat I went on dry land,
From Carthage to St. Albons,
I ſaild to Spain, and back again
In a veſſel made of whalebones.
I met Diana hunting,
With all her nymphs attending,
In Turnball ſtreet,* with voices ſweet
That honeſt place commending.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

Diogenes the Belman
Walkt with his lanthorn duely,
Ith' term among the lawyers throng,
To find one that ſpeaks truly.
The Sun and Moon eclipſed
I very friendly parted,
And made the Sun away to run
For fear he ſhould be carted.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

Long time have I been ſtudying,
My brains with fancies tearing,
How I might get old Pauls a hat,
And a croſs-cloth for old Charing.
Thus to give men and women
In cloaths full ſatisfaction,
Theſe fruitleſs toyes robb'd me of joyes,
And keeps my brains in action.
Sigh, ſing, &c.

* *A ſtreet in the city, inhabited formerly by thieves and proſtitutes.*

XVIII. NEWES

XVIII.

N E W E S.

From the collection at the end of Le Prince d' amour. 1660.

NOW gentlemen if you will hear
Strange news as I will tell to you,
Where ere you go both far and near,
You may boldly say that this is true.

When Charing-cross was a pretty little boy,
He was sent to Romford to sell swine;
His mother made a cheese, and he drank up the whey,
For he never lov'd strong beer, ale, nor wine.

When all the thieves in England died,
That very year fell such a chance,
That Salisbury plain would on horseback ride,
And Parish-garden * carry the news to France.

When all the lawyers they did plead
All for love, and not for gain,
Then 'twas a jovial world indeed,
The Blew Bore of Dover fetcht apples out of Spain.

* *Paris-Garden was a celebrated beargarden on the Bankside in the Borough.*

When

When landlords they did let their farms
Cheap, becauſe 'their' tenants paid dear,
The weather-cock of Pauls turn['d] his tail to the wind,
And tinkers they left ſtrong ale and beer.

When miſers all were griev'd in mind,
Becauſe that corn was grown ſo dear,
The man in the moon made Chriſtmas pyes,
And bid the ſeven ſtars to eat good chear.

But without a broker or cunny-catcher
Pauls Church-yard was never free,
Then was my Lord Mayor become a houſe thatcher,
Which was a wondrous ſight to ſee.

When Bazingſtone did ſwim upon Thames,
And ſwore all thieves to be juſt and true,
The ſumnors and bailiffs were honeſt men,
And peaſe and bacon that year it ſnew.

When every man had a quiet wife,
That never would once ſcold and chide,
Tom tinker of Turvey to end all ſtrife
Roaſted a pig in a blew cowes hide.

V. 18. his.

XIX.

O ANTHONY.

From the collection at the end of Le Prince d'Amour. This appears to have been at one time a popular ſong. See The pleaſant Hiſtory of the Gentle Craft.

OUR King he went to Dover,
And ſo he left the land,
And ſo his grace went over,
And ſo to Callice ſand,
And ſo he went to Bullin
With ſoldiers ſtrong enough,
Like the valiant King of Cullin,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

When he came to the city gate
Like a royal noble man,
He could not abide their prate,
But he call'd for the Lady Nan;
He ſwore that he would have her
And her maiden-head, he did vow
Their ſtrong walls ſhould not ſave her,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

Tantarra

Tantarra went the trumps,
And dub a dub went the guns,
The Spaniards felt their thumps,
And cry'd King Harry comes;
He batter'd their percullis,
And made their bolts to bow,
He beat their men to *Acculus*,
O Anthony, &c.

King Harry laid about him
With ſpear, and eke with ſword,
He car'd no more for a French man
Than I do now for a t—;
He burſt their pallaſadoes,
And bang'd them you know how,
He ſtrapt their canvaſſadoes,
O Anthony, &c.

Up went the Engliſh colours,
And all the bells did ring,
We had both crowns and dollers,
And drank healths to our King,
And to the Lady Nan of Bullin,*
And her heavenly angels brow;
The bonfires were ſeen to Fluſhin,
O Anthony, &c.

* *Our lady of Boulogne was an image of the Bleſſed Virgin, in the great church there, which the King ordered to be demoliſhed: what he did with the image does not appear; but it is pleaſant enough to ſee how familiarly our ballad maker converts it into Anne Boleyn.*

And then he brought her over,
And here the Queen was crown'd,
And brought with joy to Dover,
And all the trumps did ſound;
And ſo he came to 'London,'
Whereas his grace lives now:
God morrow to our noble King, quoth I,
God morrow, quoth he, to thou;
And then he ſaid to Anthony,
O Anthony now, now, now.

V. 45. Ludow.

XX.

AN OLD SONG ON THE SPANISH ARMADO.

From "Weſtminſter Drollery. Or, A Choice Collection "of the Neweſt Songs and Poems, both at Court and "Theatres. By a perſon of quality. With additions. "London, 1672." 12mo. It is probably very little older than the date of the book.

SOME years of late in eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
It was ſome ſay, the nineteenth of May,
And ſome ſay in September.
And ſome ſay in September.

The

The Spaniſh train, lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
Their (as they thought, but it prov'd not)
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

There was a little man that dwelt in Spain,
Who ſhot well in a gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a, *
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bid him not to ſtay a,
But to deſtroy both man and boy,
And ſo to come away a,
And ſo to come away a.

Their navy was well victualled
With biſket, peaſe, and bacon,
They brought two ſhips, well fraught with whips,
But I think they were miſtaken,
But I think they were miſtaken.

Their men were young, munition ſtrong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to joyn their fleet,
All with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma.

* *The hero of an old romance tranſlated from the Spaniſh, under the title of "The Mirrour of Knighthood," ſeveral vols. 1598, &c. 4to. black letter. The perſon meant by Don Pedro was Alonzo Perez de Guzman Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander of the Spaniſh fleet.*

They coaſted round about our land,
And ſo came in by Dover:
But we had men ſet on 'um then,
And threw the raſcals over,
And threw the raſcals over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more deſire a,
And Sir Francis Drake for her ſweet ſake
Did ſet them all on fire a,
Did ſet them all on fire a.

Then ſtrait they fled by ſea and land,
That one man kill'd threeſcore a;
And had not they all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

Then let them neither brag nor boaſt,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed they do not ſpeed
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

XXI.

THE NEW COURTIER.

The Tune is, Chloris ſince thou art fled away, *&c.*

From "The New Academy of Complements. Lond. 1671." 12mo. Compared with a black letter copy in one of Mr. Baynes's collections of Old Ballads.

UPON the Change where merchants meet,
'Twixt Cornhil and Threadneedle-ſtreet,
Where wits of ev'ry ſize are hurl'd,
To treat of all things in the world,
I ſaw a folded paper fall,
And upon it, theſe words were writ,
Have at all.

Thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me;
And (if the conſequence be true)
It may as well be have at you:
Then liſten pray to what I ſhall
In brief declare, what's written there:
Have at all.

I am a courtier, who, in ſport,
Do come from the Vtopian court,
To whiſper ſoftly in your ear,
How high we are, and what we were;
To tell you all would be too much,
But here and there a little touch:
Have at all.

I was, not many years ago,
In tattred trim from top to toe,
But now my ruin'd robes are burn'd,
My rags are all to ribons turn'd,
My patches into pieces fall;
I cog a dye, ſwagger and lie:
Have at all.

Upon my Pantalonian pate,
I wear a milleners eſtate;
But when he duns me at the court,
I ſhew him a protection for 't;
Whilſt he doth to proteſting fall,
And then I cry, Dam me, you lie:
Have at all.

Since Venus ſhav'd off all my hair,
A powder'd perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the golden girls,
Which I procure for lords and earls;

When love doth for a cooler call,
My fancy drives at maids and wives,
Have at all.

My lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my diet,
I had of him in fifty-three,
Which I forget, ſo doth not he;
I call him ſaucy fellow, ſirrah,
And draw my ſword to run him thorough:
Have at all.

Yet once a friend that ſav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton wife,
I did in courteſie requite,
Made him a cuckold and a knight;
Which makes him mount like tennis ball,
Whilſt ſhe and I together cry,
Have at all.

But thoſe citts are ſubtil ſlaves,
Moſt of them wits, and knowing knaves;
We get their children, and they do
From us get lands, and lordſhips too;
And 'tis moſt fit, in theſe affairs,
The land ſhould go to the right heirs:
Have at all.

A ſouldier I directly hate,
A cavalier once broke my pate,
With cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my miſtreſs from me;
For I confeſs I love a wench,
Though Engliſh, Iriſh, Dutch or French,
Have at all.

A ſoldiers life is not like mine,
I will be plump when he ſhall pine:
My projects carry ſtronger force
Than all his armed foot and horſe;
What though his morter-pieces roar,
My chimney-pieces ſhall do more:
Have at all.

Thus have I given you in ſhort,
A courtier of Utopia court;
I write not of religion,
For (to tell you truly) we have none.
If any me to queſtion call,
With pen, or ſword, hab nab's the word,
Have at all.

XXII.

THE PRODIGALS RESOLUTION;

OR,

MY FATHER WAS BORN BEFORE ME.

From Thomas Jordans London Triumphant. 1672. 4to. *This Jordan was the profeſſed pageant writer and poet laureat for the city, and if author of the following piece, ſeems to have poſſeſſed a greater ſhare of poetical merit than uſually fell to the lot of his profeſſion. The title is prefixed, and the muſic added, from Durfeys Pills to purge Melancholy, Vol. i. ed.* 1712.

I AM a luſty lively lad,
Now come to one and twenty;
My father left me all he had,
Both gold and ſilver plenty;
Now he's in grave, I will be brave,
The ladies ſhall adore me,
I'le court and kiſs, what hurt's in this?
My dad did ſo before me.

My father was a thrifty ſir,
Till ſoul and body ſundred;
Some ſay he was a uſurer,
For thirty in the hundred;

He ſcrapt and ſcratcht, ſhe pinch'd and patch'd
That in her body bore me;
But I'le let flie, good reaſon why,
My father was born before me.

My daddy has his duty done,
In getting ſo much treaſure;
I'le be as dutiful a ſon,
For ſpending it at pleaſure:
Five pound a quart ſhall chear my heart,
Such nectar will reſtore me;
When ladies call, I'le have at all,
My father was born before me.

My grandam liv'd at Waſhington,
My grandſir delv'd in ditches,
The ſon of old John Thraſhington,
Whoſe lanthorn leathern breeches
Cry'd, *Whether go ye, whether go ye?*
Though men do now adore me,
They ne're did ſee my pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My grandſir ſtriv'd, and wiv'd & thriv'd,
Till he did riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,
O! then he got my father;

V. 17. had. *PC.*

Of

Of happy memory cry I,
That e're his mother bore him,
I had not been worth one penny,
Had I been born before him.

To free-ſchool, Cambridge and Grays Inn,
My gray-coat grandſir put him,
Till to forget he did begin
The leathern breech that got him:
One dealt in ſtraw, t'other in law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My father ſtore of ſatin wore,
My grandſir beggars velvet.

So I get wealth, what care I if
My grandſir were a ſawyer,
My father prov'd to be [a] chief,
Subtle and learned lawyer:
By Cooks Reports, and tricks in court[s],
He did with treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heavens bleſs the day,
My father was born before me.

Some ſay, of late, a merchant, that
Had gotten ſtore of riches,
In's dining-room hung up his hat,
His ſtaff and leathern breeches,

His ſtockings garter'd up with ſtraws,
E're providence did ſtore him;
His ſon was ſheriff of London, 'cauſe
His father was born before him.

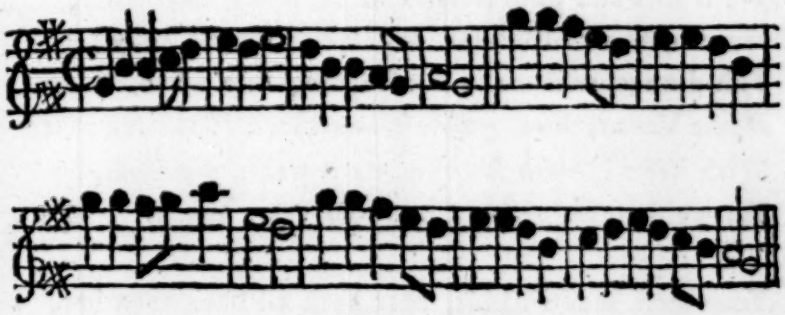
So many blades that rant in ſilk,
And put on ſcarlet cloathing,
At firſt did ſpring from butter milk,
Their anceſtors worth nothing:
Old Adam and our grandam Eve,
By digging and by ſpinning,
Did to all kings and princes give
A radical beginning.

My father to get my eſtate,
Though ſelfiſh yet was ſlaviſh,
I'l ſpend it another rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh:
From madmen, fools and knaves he did
Litigiouſly receive it,
If ſo he did, Juſtice forbid
But I to ſuch ſhould leave it.

At playhouſes and tennis court,
I'l prove a noble fellow,
I'l court my doxies to the ſport
Of, O brave Punchinello:

I'le

I'le dice and drab, and drink and ſlab, 85
No Hector ſhall out roar me;
If teachers tell me tales of hell,
My father is gone before me.



XXIII.

THE TOWN GALLANT.

—appears to be a production of the merry reign of Charles the Second. There is a copy of it, with conſiderable variations, and ſome additional ſtanzas, in the valuable collection of Major Pearſon.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
With claret and ſherry, theorbo and voice;

The changeable world to our joy is unjuſt,
All treaſure's uncertain, then down with your duſt;
In frolics diſpoſe your pounds, ſhillings, and pence,
For we ſhall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll kiſs and be free with Moll, Betty and Nelly,
Have oyſters and lobſters and maids by the belly;
Fiſh dinners will make a laſs ſpring like a flea,
Dame Venus, loves goddeſs, was born of the ſea;
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the ſenſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it a hundred years hence.

Your moſt beautiful bit, that hath all eyes upon her,
That her honeſty ſells for a hogo of honour,
Whoſe lightneſs and brightneſs doth ſhine in ſuch ſplendour,
That none but the ſtars are thought fit to attend her,
Though now ſhe be pleaſant, and ſweet to the ſenſe,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence.

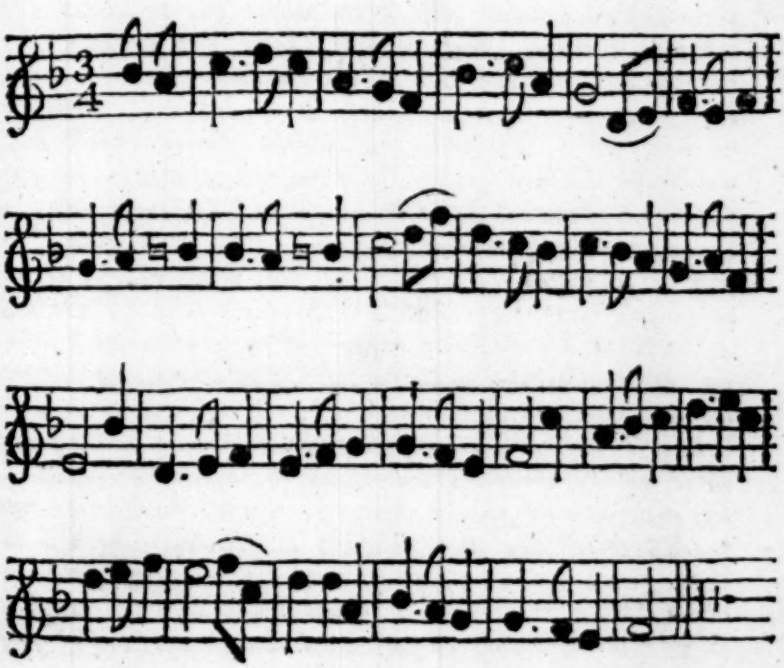
Your Chancery-lawyer, who by ſubtilety thrives,
In ſpinning out ſuits to the length of three lives,
Such ſuits which the clients do wear out in ſlavery,
Whilſt pleader makes conſcience a cloak for his knavery,
May boaſt of his ſubtilety in the preſent tenſe,
But *Non eſt inventus* a hundred years hence.

The uſurer, that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth, and doth pine in his plenty,

Lays

Lays up for a ſeaſon which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The year of one thouſand eight hundred and three;
His wit and his wealth, his learning and ſenſe,
Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquility to ſighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play, till the worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain that *Poſt mortem nulla voluptas:*
Let's deal with our damſels, that we may from thence
Have broods to ſucceed us a hundred years hence.



XXIV.

THE DEAD MANS SONG,

—" *whoſe dwelling was neere unto Baſſings Hall in* " *London. To the tune of* Flying Fame."

The following ballad, given from an old black letter copy, is inſerted chiefly upon the recommendation of that accompliſhed ſcholar and acute critic the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, poet laureat, who has pronounced it worthy of his friend Dr. Percys excellent collection. Another motive, which will not, it is believed, have leſs weight with the pious, than the former will have with the learned reader, and which doubtleſs in ſome meaſure influenced the above reverend and ingenious gentleman in his favorable opinion of the performance, is, that it contains (no offence to Mr. Swedenborg, or any other who may have handled the ſame ſubject) the moſt authentic and particular account of the celeſtial and infernal regions hitherto made public. The editor once flattered himſelf that the introduction of ſuch an awful monitor, where it was ſo little expected, might have had a proper effect on the thoughtleſs and infidel part of his readers; but as it does not appear that the original publication was productive of any ſuch ſalutary conſequences, he has entirely given up every hope of that nature, being fully convinced, that " *if they hear not Moſes and the prophets,* " *neither will they be perſuaded though one* " *riſe* ' *from* " *the dead.*"

SORE

SORE ſick, deare friends, long time I was,
And weakely laid in bed;
And for five houres in all mens ſight,
At length I lay as dead:

The bel rung out, my friends came in,
And I key cold was found;
Then was my carkaſſe brought from bed,
And caſt upon the ground.

My loving wife did weepe full ſore,
And children loud did cry,
My friends did mourne, yet thus they ſaid,
All fleſh is borne to dye.

My winding ſheet prepared was,
My grave was alſo made,
And five long houres by juſt report,
In this ſame caſe I laid:

During which time my ſoule did ſee
Such ſtrange and fearefull ſights,
That for to heare the ſame diſclos'd,
Would baniſh all delights.

Yet ſith the Lord reſtor'd my life,
Which from my body fled,
I will declare what ſights I ſaw,
That time that I was dead.

Methought

Methopght along a gallant greene,
Where pleaſant flowers ſprung,
I took my way, whereas I thought
The Muſes ſweetely ſung.

The graſſe was ſweet, the trees ful fair,
And lovely to behold,
And full of fruit was every twig,
Which ſhin'd like gliſtering gold.

My cheereful heart deſired much
To taſte the fruit ſo faire:
But as I reacht, a faire young man
To me did faſt repaire.

Touch not (qd. he) that's none of thine,
But wend and walke with me,
And ſee thou marke each ſeverall thing
Which I ſhall ſhow to thee.

I wondred greatly at his words,
Yet went with him away;
Till on a goodly pleaſant banke,
With him he bad me ſtay.

With branches then of lillies white
Mine eyes there wiped he;
When this was done he bad me look
What I farre off could ſee.

I looked

I looked up, and loe at laſt
I did a city ſee,
So faire a thing did never man
Behold with mortall eye.

Of diamonds, pearles and precious ſtones,
It ſeem'd the walls were made;
The houſes all with beaten gold
Were til'd and overlaid.

More brighter than the morning ſun
The light thereof did ſhow,
And every creature in the ſame
Like crowned kings did goe.

The fields about this city faire
Were all with roſes ſet,
Gilly-flowers and 'carnations' faire,
Which canker could not fret.

And from theſe fields there did proceed
The ſweet'ſt and pleaſant'ſt ſmell
That ever living creature felt,
The ſcent did ſo excell.

Beſides, ſuch ſweet triumphant mirth
Did from the city ſound,
That I therewith was raviſhed,
My ioy did ſo abound.

V. 63. Carnation.

With muſick, mirth, and melody,
Princes did there embrace,
And in my heart I long'd to be
Within that ioyfull place.

The more I gaz'd, the more I might,
The ſight pleas'd me ſo well:
For what I ſaw in every thing,
My tongue can no way tell.

Then of the man I did demand,
What place the ſame might be,
Whereas ſo many kings do dwell
In ioy and melody?

Quoth he, that bleſſed place is heaven,
Where yet thou muſt not reſt,
And thoſe that do like princes walke,
Are men whom God hath bleſt.

Then did he turne me round about,
And on the other ſide,
He bad me view and marke as much,
What things are to be ſpide.

With that I ſaw a cole-blacke den,
All tand with ſoot and ſmoake,
Where ſtinking brimſtone burning was,
Which made me like to choake.

An ugly creature there I ſaw,
Whoſe face with knives was ſlaſht,
And in a caldron of poyſon'd filth,
His ugly corps were waſht.

About his necke were fiery ruffes,
That flam'd on every ſide;
I aſkt, and lo the young man ſaid,
That he was damn'd for pride.

Another ſort then did I ſee,
Whoſe bowels vipers tore,
And grievouſly with gaping mouth
They did both yell and rore.

A ſpotted perſon by each one
Stood knawing on their hearts,
And this was Conſcience I was told,
That plagu'd their envious parts.

Theſe were no ſooner out of ſight,
But ſtraight came in their place,
A ſort ſtill throwing burning fire,
Which fell againſt their face.

And ladles full of melted gold,
Were poured down their throats,
And theſe were ſet (it ſeem'd to me)
In midſt of burning boats.

The formoſt of this company
Was Iudas, I was told,
Who had for filthy lucres ſake,
His lord and maſter ſold.

For covetouſneſſe theſe were condemn'd,
So it was told to me:
And then methought another rout
Of Hel-hounds I did ſee:

Their faces they ſeem'd fat in ſight,
Yet all their bones were bare,
And diſhes full of crawling toades
Was made their fineſt fare:

From armes, from hands, from thighs and feete,
With red hot pincers then,
The fleſh was pluckt even from the bone
Of thoſe vile gluttonous men.

On cole-black beds another ſort
In grievous ſort did lye,
And underneath them burning brands
Their fleſh did burne and fry.

With brimſtone fierce their pillows eke,
Whereon their heads were laid,
And fiends, with whips of glowing fire,
Their lecherous ſkins off flaid.

Then

Then did I ſee another come,
Stab'd in with daggers thicke;
And filthy fiends, with fiery darts,
Their hearts did wound and pricke;

And mighty bowles of corrupt blood,
Was brought for them to drink;
And theſe men were for murther plagu'd,
From which they could not ſhrinke.

I ſaw when theſe were gone away,
The ſwearer and the lier,
And theſe were hung up by the tongues,
Right o'er a flaming fire.

From eyes, from eares, from navell & noſe,
And from the lower parts,
The blood me thought did guſhing runne,
And clodded like mens hearts.

I aſked why that puniſhment
Was upon ſwearers laid;
Becauſe, quoth one, wounds, blood & heart,
Was ſtill the oath they made.

And therewithall from ugly Hell
Such ſhriekes and cryes I heard,
As though ſome greater griefe and plague
Had vext them afterward.

So that my ſoul was ſore afraid,
Such terrour on me fell:
Away then went the young man quite,
And bad me not farewell.

Wherefore unto my body ſtraight,
My ſpirit return'd againe,
And lively blood did afterwards
Stretch forth in every veine.

My cloſed eyes I opened,
And raiſed from my ſwound,
I wondred much to ſee myſelf
Laid ſo upon the ground.

Which when my neighbours did behold,
Great feare upon them fell,
To whom ſoone after I did tell
The newes from heaven and hell.

XXV.

THE WINCHESTER WEDDING:

—" *Or, Ralph of Reading and Black Beſs of the Green.*
" *To a new Country Dance: or, The Kings Jigg.*"

In the old black letter copy (in the Muſeum) from which this ballad is given is a ſupplemental ſtanza, which being of inferior merit, not to be found in many copies, and only added, as it ſhould ſeem, according to an ordinary practice of ballad printers, to fill up the ſheet, was not tranſcribed.

AT Wincheſter was a wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty Ralph of Reading,
And bonny black Beſs of the Green;
The fidlers were crowding * before,
Each laſs was as fine as a queen,
There was an hundred and more,
For all the whole country came in.

* *i. e. playing upon their* crowds *or fiddles.*

Briſk Robin led Roſe ſo fair,
She look'd like a lilly o' th' vale;
And ruddy fac'd Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came ſmiling Katy,
He help['d] her over the ſtile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pritty
In forty and forty long mile.
Kit gave a green gown to Betty,
And lent her his hand to riſe;
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty
For looking blew under the eyes.
Thus merrily chatting all day,
They paſt to the bride-houſe along,
With Johnny and prityfac'd Nanny,
The faireſt of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſt, and boyl'd;
The lads were frollick and jolly,
For each had a laſs by his ſide;
But Willy was melancholly,
For he had a mind to the bride:

Then Phillip began her health,
And turn'd a beer-glaſs on his thumb;
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
The beſt in Chriſtendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midſt of the hall,
The fidlers ſtruck up for dancing,
And Jeremy led up the brawl;
But Margery kept a quarter,
A laſs that is proud of her pelf,
Cauſe Arthur had ſtolen her garter,
And ſwore he would tye it himſelf;
She ſtrugled, ſhe bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with anger to cry,
Cauſe Arthur with tying her garter
Had ſlipt up his hands too high.

And now for throwing the ſtocking,
The bride away was led,
The bridegroom, got drunk, was knocking
For candles to light him to bed;
But Robin, that found him ſilly,
Moſt kindly took him aſide,
While that his wife with Willy
Was playing a[t] whooper's hide.

And now the warm game begins,
The critical minute was come,
And chatting, and billing, and kiſſing
Went merrily round the room.

Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
As blith as a birde in the ſpring;
And Tommy was ſo to Katy,
And wedded her with a ruſh-ring;*
Sukey that danc'd with the cuſhion,
An hour from the room had been gone,
And Barnaby knew by her bluſhing
That ſome other dance had been done:
And thus of fifty fair maids
That went to the wedding with men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
That ſo did return again.

* *See this paſſage fully illuſtrated by Sir John Hawkins, in a note upon "All's well that ends well," Act II. ſc. 2. (Johnſon and Steevens's Shakſpeare, 1778, Vol. IV. p. 50.) in which he is very learned, very ingenious, and in ſhort every thing but very right.*

XXVI.

SHROWSBURY FOR ME:

BEING

A Song in praiſe of that Famous Town,
Which hath throughout all England gain'd renown,
In praiſe thereof, let every one agree,
And ſay with one accord, Shrowſbury for me.

To a Delightful New Tune: or, *Shrowſbury for me.*

From an old black letter copy in the Pepyſian collection.

COME liſten you gallants
Of Shrowſbury fair Town,
For that is the place
That hath gained renown;

To ſet forth its praiſes,
We all will agree;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

The merry Town of Shrowſbury,
God bleſs it ſtill,
For it ſtands moſt gallantly
Upon a high hill;
It ſtandeth moſt bravely,
For all men to ſee;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

There's ſix pariſh churches
All in that fair town,
And ſix gallant miniſters,
In their black gowns:
There's twice a week market,
For all men to ſee;
And every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

O the brave bells of Shrowſbury,
Merrily doth ring,
And the gallant young men & maid[s],
Sweetly they ſing:

There runs a fair river,
For all men to ſee;
And every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

O the pinacle of Shrowſbury,
Shews itſelf ſtill,
For it's mounted gallantly
On a high hill;
It ſtandeth moſt bravely
In view for to ſee;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

The tradeſ-men of Shrowſbury
Drive a fine trade,
Their wives go moſt gallant,
And bravely arayd,
And like loving couples
They always agree;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

The ſea-men went to Maid-ſtone,
The jayl for to ſee,
And from thence to London,
That noble city;

Then

Then home they returned,
By one, two, and three;
And every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

The young-men of Shrowſbury,
Are jovial blades,
When they are in company
With pretty maids,
They court them compleatly,
With complements free;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

There's fiſhing and fowling
At Shrowſbury Town,
There's ſhooting and bowling,
Both up hill and down:
With brave recreations
For every degree;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

There is no man in Shrowſbury
Needs for to want,
For all things are plenty,
And nothing is ſcant;

Whate're

What e're you can wiſh for,
For all men is free;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

Then who would not gladly,
Live in this brave town,
Which flouriſhes gallantly,
With high renown?
The like of it is not
In England to ſee;
Then every man to his mind,
Shrowſbury for me.

Then brave lads of Shrowſbury,
Let us be merry,
Carrouſe it moſt freely,
In white-wine and ſherry:
Caſt up your caps bravely,
For all men to ſee,
And ſtill cry with one accord,
Shrowſbury for me.

XXVII.

A CARROL FOR A WASSEL-BOWL, TO BE SUNG UPON TWELFTH-DAY AT NIGHT.

To the Tune of, Gallants come away.

From a collection intitled, "New Chriſtmas Carrols: "Being fit alſo to be ſung at Eaſter, Whitſontide, and "other Feſtival days in the year." no date. 12mo. *black letter; in the curious ſtudy of that ever to be reſpected antiquary Mr. Anthony à Wood, in the Aſhmoleian Muſeum.*

A Jolly waſſel-bowl,
A waſſel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's ſoul,
That ſetteth this to ſale;
Our jolly waſſel.

Good dame here at your door
Our waſſel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our waſſel.

Our

Our waſſel we do fill
With apples and with ſpice,
Then grant us your good will
To taſt here once or twice,
Of our good waſſel.

If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this houſe,
They kindly will agree
To take a full carouſe,
Of our waſſel.

But here they let us ſtand,
All freezing in the cold,
Good maſter give command,
To enter and be bold,
With our waſſel.

Much joy into this hall
With us is entred in,
Our maſter, firſt of all,
We hope will now begin,
Of our waſſel.

And after his good wife
Our ſpiced bowl will try,
The Lord prolong your life,
Good fortune we eſpy,
For our waſſel.

Some bounty from your hands,
Our waſſel to maintain,
We'l buy no houſe nor lands
With that which we do gain,
With our waſſel.

This is our merry night
Of chooſing king and queen,
Then be it your delight,
That ſomething may be ſeen,
In our waſſel.

It is a noble part,
To bear a liberal mind,
God bleſs our maſters heart,
For here we comfort find,
With our waſſel.

And now we muſt be gone,
To ſeek out more good cheer;
Where bounty will be ſhown,
As we have found it here,
With our waſſel.

Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers ſhall be ſtill,
We hope and ever ſhall,
For this your great good will,
To our waſſel.

XXVIII.

THE BELGICK BOAR.

To the Old Tune of Chevy-Chaſe.

As this collection is brought down to and cloſed by the Revolution, it was thought not improper to conclude it with a relation of that celebrated event by ſome minſtrel or ballad-maker of the time. The following Song (though not printed, it ſhould ſeem, till ſome years after, the white-letter ſheet from which it is given being dated at London 1695) *has been judged as curious and intereſting as any; and, as it is apparently written with all the fidelity and candour with which a party matter could be well repreſented, will doubtleſs meet the readers approbation.*

*It will be in vain for the public to expect a faithful narrative of this equally intricate and important affair, ſo long as the hiſtorian may, by ſpeaking the truth, ſubject himſelf to fine and impriſonment, at the arbitrary will of a prejudiced and unfeeling judge *. That the moſt oppoſite ſentiments are entertained of it is evident from its being extolled by one party as the moſt exalted effort of human action, or rather the operation of Almighty power; while it is claſſed by an eminent writer, who unqueſtionably ſpoke the ſenſe of another, among "the very worſt effects that avarice, faction, hypocriſy, perfidiouſneſs, cruelty, rage, madneſs, hatred, envy, malice, and ambition could produce."*

After all, it cannot be denyed that the ballad now reprinted has been treated as a libel, and a perſon indicted and puniſhed for barely having it in his cuſtody. See the caſe of the King verſus *Beare, Carthews Reports, p.* 407. *See alſo "Another letter to Mr. Almon in matter of libel;" a ſubject upon which there is no difference between a Holt and a Scroggs.*

* *Refer to the ſentence of the two Woodfalls, a few years ſince, for inadvertently publiſhing a paper ſigned "A South Briton."*

GOD proſper long our noble king,
Our hopes and wiſhes all;
A fatal landing late there did,
In Devonſhire befall.

To drive our monarch from his throne,
Prince NASO took his way:
The babe may rue that's newly born,
The landing at Torbay.

The ſtubborn TARQUIN void of grace,
A vow to hell does make,
To force his father abdicate,
And then his crown to take;

And eke the royal infant prince,
To ſeize or drive away.
Theſe tidings to our ſov'reign came,
In Whitehall where he lay.

Who unconcern'd at the report,
At firſt would not believe,
That any of his royal race
Such miſchiefs could conceive.

Till time, which ripens all things, did
The villainy diſcloſe;
And of a nephew and a ſon
Forg'd out the worſt of foes.

Who by infernal inſtinct led,
A mighty fleet prepares,
His father's kingdom to invade,
And fill his heart with cares.

Our gracious king deſires to know,
What his pretenſions were,
And how without his leave, he durſt
Preſume on landing here.

Declaring what was deem'd amiſs,
Should ſoon amended be,
And whatſoe're ſhould be deſir'd,
He would thereto agree.

And for a ſpeedy parl'ament,
He doth forthwith declare;
The SURLY BRUTE not minding this,
Does to our coaſt repair.

With ſeveral thouſand BELGICK BOARS,
All choſen rogues for ſpight,
Join'd with ſome rebels, who from hence
And juſtice had ta'ne flight.

Who, arm'd with malice & with hopes,
Soon threw themſelves on ſhoar;
Crying, our religion and our laws
They came for to reſtore.

Then declarations flew about
As thick as any hail,
Which, tho no word was e're made good,
Did mightily prevail.

We muſt be PAPISTS or be SLAVES,
Was then the gen'ral cry;
But we'll do any thing to ſave
Our darling liberty.

We'll all join with a foreign prince,
Againſt our lawful king;
For he from all our fancy'd fears
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares proves true,
As who knows but it may,
Were he the devil of a prince,
We'll rather him obey.

Then our allegiance let's caſt off,
JAMES ſhall no longer guide us;
And tho' the FRENCH would bridle us,
None but the DUTCH ſhall ride us.

And thoſe who will not join with us,
In this deſign ſo brave,
Their houſes we'll pull down or burn,
And ſeize on what they have.

Theſe growing evils to prevent,
Our king his force does bend;
But amongſt thoſe he moſt did truſt,
He ſcarce had left one friend.

O how my very heart does bleed,
To think how baſely they
Who long had eaten royal bread
Their maſter did betray.

And thoſe to whom he'd been moſt kind
And greateſt favours ſhown,
Appear'd to be the very firſt
Who ſought him to dethrone.

O COMPTON! LANGSTON! * and the reſt
Who baſely from him ran,
Your names for ever be accurs'd
By ev'ry Engliſh man!

Proud TARQUIN he purſues his game,
And quickly makes it plain,
He came not to redreſs our wrongs,
But ENGLAND's crown to gain.

* *Lieut. Col. Langſton was the firſt officer that deſerted, with his regiment, from the kings army at Saliſbury; Lieut. Col. Sir Francis Compton, with his regiment, was of the ſame party, but had not the courage to go forward; it ſhould ſeem, however, that he ſoon afterward made a more ſucceſsful attempt.*

And o're his father's mangled fame,
His chariot proudly drives,
Whilſt he, good man, altho' in vain,
To pacifie him ſtrives.

But he ingrateful! wou'd not hear
His offers tho' ſo kind,
But caus'd the noble meſſenger *
Forthwith to be confin'd.

He brings his naſty croaking crew
Unto his father's gate,
Diſmiſt his own, makes them his guard,
Oh diſmal turn of fate!

And ſo at midnight drives him thence,
O horrid impious thing!
*W*ere ſuch affronts e're offer'd to
A FATHER and a KING!

A king ſo GREAT! ſo GOOD! ſo JUST!
So MERCIFUL to all!
His vertue was his only fault,
And that which caus'd his fall.

Who now is forc'd his life to ſave
To fly his native land,
And leave his ſcepter to be graſp'd
By an ungracious hand.

Earl of Feverſham.

Hells

Hells journey-men are ſtreight conven'd
Who rob God of his pow'r,
Set up themſelves a ſtork-like king,
The ſubjects to devour.

And to ſecure his lawleſs throne,
Now give him all we have,
And make each free-born ENGLISH heart
Become a BELGICK ſlave.

The bar, the pulpit, and the preſs,
Nefariouſly combine,
To cry up an uſurped pow'r,
And ſtamp it right divine.

Our loyalty we muſt melt down,
And have it coin'd anew,
For what was current heretofore,
Will now no longer do.

Our fetters we our ſelves put on,
Our ſelves, our ſelves do bubble;
Our conſcience a meer pack-horſe make,
Which now muſt carry double.

O ENGLAND! when to future times
Thy ſtory ſhall be known,
How will they bluſh to think what crimes
Their anceſtors have done!

But after all, what have we got
By this our dear-bought king?
Why that our ſcandal and reproach
Throughout the world does ring.

That our religion, liberties,
And laws we held ſo dear,
Are more invaded ſince this change
Than ever yet they were.

Our coffers drain'd, our coin impair'd,
That little that remains;
Our PERSONS SEIZ'D, nay THOUGHTS ARRAIGN'D,
Our freedom now is chains.

Our traffick ruin'd, ſhipping loſt,
Our traders moſt undone;
Our braveſt heroes ſacrific'd,
Our ancient glory gone.

A fatal coſtly war entail'd,
On this unhappy iſle;
Unleſs above what we deſerve,
Kind heaven at laſt does ſmile;

And bring our injur'd monarch home,
And place him on his throne;
And to confuſion bring his foes,
WHICH GOD GRANT MAY BE SOON!

GLOSSARY.

A'. *p.* 40. *and.*
A. *p.* 67. *ab.*
Abatede. *p.* 9. *ceaſed, did not attempt.* 2.
Abohꝛ. *p.* 7. *bought.*
Abugge. *p.* 8. *aby, ſuffer for it.*
Aby *p.* 65. *ſuffer for.*
Adrenche. *p.* 9. *drown, be drowned.*
A ferre. *p.* 77. *afeared, afraid.*
Agynneþ. *p.* 20. *begin.*
Alaſt. *p.* 9. *at laſt, lately.*
Algaꝛe. *p.* 41.
Alles. Alles cunnes res. *p.* 7.
Allinge. *p.* 7.
Ane. *p.* 23. *a.*
An onen. *p.* 19. *anon, forthwith.*
Anꝛ. *p.* 6. *and.*
Apan. *p.* 39. *upon.*
Aplyhꝛ. Y telle ẏꝛ on [*r.* ou] aplyhꝛ. *p.* 10 *I tell it you rightly, perfectly, juſt as it was.*
Aquelleden. *p.* 21. *killed.*
Arewe. *p.* 19. *rue, be vexed at.*
Aſad. Neuer nes aſad. *p.* 5. *was never ſad, never repented him.*
A ſay. *p.* 103. *eſſay, trial, proof.* Dele *the firſt ſemicolon.*
Aſe. *p.* 9. *as.*
Aſelkeþe. *p.* 13. *V.* Selkeþe.
Aſſay. *p.* 91. *eſſay, try, prove.*
Aſſoẏgne. *p.* 21. *eſſoign, excuſe, delay.*
A vent. *p.* 101.
Aueril. *p.* 24. *April.*
Auowerie *p.* 19. *protection.*
Avutrie. *p.* 69. *adultery.*
Ay. *p.* 101. *ab.*
Awe. *p.* 3. *ewe.*
Aʒeẏn. *p.* 7. *againſt.* Þer nis non aʒeẏn ſtar. *p.* 10. *there is no oppoſing deſtiny.* 2.

B.

Bale. *p.* 28. *wretchedneſs, miſery.*
Ban. *p.* . *curſe.*
Bandoun. In hire bandoun. *p.* 24. *at her command.*

Baẏlẏ.

Baÿlÿ. *p.* 37.
Be. *p.* 12. *been.*
Beake. *p.* 28. *beauty.*
Beh. *p.* 29.
Bernen. To bernen. *p.* 20. *to be burned.*
B'nes. *p.* 44. *ſirs, or maſters.*
Beþ. *p.* 5. *A miſtake perhaps for* beſt, *beaſts.*
Bep. *p.* 6. *be.*
Bide. *p.* 23. *pray.*
Bigynne. *p.* 5. *begin.*
Biheueded. *p.* 6. *beheaded.*
Biþ. *p.* 8. *beeth, is.*
Blake. *p.* 25. *black.*
Bleo. *p.* 27. *colour, complexion.*
Bloſmen. *p.* 31. *bloſſoms.*
Blowe. *p.* 79. *breathe.*
Blÿkÿeþ. *p.* 27. *ſhineth.*
Blynne. *p.* 5. *properly, ſtop, ceaſe; and hence, in this place, change, mend, grow better.*
Blyue. *p.* 21. *quickly, inſtantly.*
Bobaunce. *p.* 19. *boaſting.*
Bocher. *p.* 22. *butcher.*
Bohten. *p.* 18. *bought.*
Bord. *p.* 29. *the table.*
Boro. *p.* 97. *pledge, ſurety.*
Bot forke *p.* 35. *It has been ſuggeſted to the editor, that* Bot forke *may ſignify the fork on which the tenant carryed home his* fire bote, *or cuſtomary allowance of wood for firing.*
Bote. *p.* 23. *but.*
Bote. Do bote. *p.* 24. *do better.*
Boure. *p.* 22. *a lady's chamber.*
Bowndȳ. *p.* 49. *p.* 88. *bound, obliged.*
Bowne. Buſk and Bowne. *p.* 144. *make ready and go.*
Brayd. At abrayd *p.* 79. *at once, on a ſudden, in the inſtant.*
Brede. *breadth.* O brede and o leynthe. *p.* 9. *far and wide.*
Brede. *p.* 83.
Breme. *p.* 27. 32.
Brēne. *p.* 45. *burn.* Brēnynge. *p.* 46. *burning.*
Briddes. *p.* 31. *birds.* *See* Roune.
Brotyll. *p.* 98. *brittle.*
Browen. *p.* 27. *brows.*
Brugge. *p.* 6. *bridge.*
Brÿd. *p.* 22. *bird.*
Bryk. *p.* 51 *breeches.*
Bue. *p.* 36. *be.* Buen. *p.* 6. *been.* Bucp. *p.* 6. *be.*
Buird^{e}. *p.* 44. *birds, a term of endearment or politeneſs in addreſſing the fair ſex.*
Burde. *p.* 27. *bird, maiden, young woman.*
Burel. *p.* 13. *coarſe cloth of a brown colour.*
Byd *p.* 36. *abides. ſuffers.*

Bydene.

Bỳdene. *p.* 34. *preſently, by and by.*
Byddȳ. *p.* 77. *aſk, invite.*
Bỳ het. *p.* 9. *promiſed.*
Bỳreued. þt̄ hím wes bỳreued. *p.* 11. *that he was bereaved or deprived of, that was taken away from him.*
Byſoht. *p.* 13.
Bỳþenche. *p.* 10. *bethink.*

C.

Calue. *p.* 4. *calf.*
Carke. *p.* 29.
Carpyng. *p.* 49. *talking, ſpeech, compoſition recited or repeated.*
Cawthe. *p.* 81.
Caỳm is kínne. *p.* 43. *Cains kind.*
Caỳnard. *p.* 36. *old knave, ſcoundrel, &c.* Sire olde kaynard. *Wife of Baths Prologue.*
Certyl. *p.* 51. *kirt'e, waiſtcoat.*
Cherld. *p.* 37. *churl.*
Cheuenteỳn. *p.* 19. *chieftain, captain.*
Chylderī. *p.* 49. *(children) brave men.*
Clepȳ. *p.* 50. *called.*
Clerk. *p.* 49. *ſcholar.*
Con. *p.* 6. *can.*
Contínaunce. *p.* 9. *countenance, behaviour.*
Cos. *p.* 30. *kiſs.*
Cothe. *p.* 80. *quoth, ſaith.*
Couþe. *p.* 8. *could.*
Coỳnte. *p.* 20. *quaint or cunning.*
Crouþ. *p.* 28. *crowd, a ſort of fiddle.*
Cu. *p.* 3. *cow.*
Cuccu. *p.* 3. *cuckow.*
Curtel. *p.* 13. *kirtle, a ſhort garment; it frequently means a waiſtcoat, but here perhaps a ſort of frock.*

D.

Dabbeþ. *p.* 22. *knock.*
Dare. *p.* 29.
Daſſe. *p.* 133.
Dawe. *p.* 37. *dawn.*
Daỳes eȝes. *p.* 31. *days eyes, or, as now vulgarly and corruptly written, daiſies.*
De. *p.* 20. Dee. *p.* 9. (Dieu, F.) *God.*
Deawes. *p.* 32. *dews.*
Deddeth. *p.* 22. *did.*
Dede. *p.* 15. *death.*
Del. *p.* 37. *devil.*
Deme. *p.* 8. *judge, rule, govern? p.* 32.
Deores. *p.* 32.
Dereworþe. *p.* 28. Dereworþlíche. *p.* 29.
Derne. *p.* 32. *ſecret.*
Deſtaunce. *p.* 19.

Dome.

Dome. *p.* 68. *judgement, ſentence.*
Domes. *p.* 32.
Donkeþ. *p.* 32. *moiſten.*
Doren. *p.* 36. *doors?*
Dounes. *p.* 32. *downs.*
Douſſe pers. *p.* 20. *lords or barons, nobility in general, any indefinite number; originally, the twelve peers of Charlemagne.*
Douteþ. *p.* 6 *feareth.*
Drawe. To drawe. *p.* 6. *to be drawn.*
Dreynte. *p.* 9. *drowned.*
Droupne. *p.* 29. *droop.*
Drowe. *p.* 13. *draw, drawn.*
Drue. *p.* 22. *dry.*
Duere. *p.* 7, *dear.*
Dunt. *p.* 7. *dint, ſtroke.*
Dutten. *p.* 36. *ſhut, faſten?*
Dwer. *p.* 76. *fear, doubt.*
Dych. *p.* 84. *diſh.*
Dyhte. *p.* 15.

E.

Eche. *p.* 30.
Encheſoun. For encheſoun. *p.* 17. *by reaſon.*
Ere. *p.* 141. *heir, inherit, poſſeſs.*
Ernde *p.* 36. *errand.*
Eueruche. *p.* 8. *every.* Eueruchon. *p.* 20. *every one.*
Eye. *p.* 25. *eye.*

F.

Facche. Faccheþ. *p.* 21. *fetch.*
Fale. *p.* 41. *many.* Op fale. *p.* 43. *many other.*
Faleweþ. *p.* 34. *fadeth, grows yellow or brown, i. e. withers.*
Falyf der. *p.* 50. *fallow deer.*
Fande. *p.* 126. *found.*
Fare. Fare ſo hit fare. *p.* 22.
Faſte by. *p.* 14. *cloſe by.*
Fay. *p.* 7. *faith, fealty.*
Fayn. *p.* 69. *eager, deſirous.*
Felle. *p.* 23. *fall from?*
Felle. *p.* 39. *ſkin.*
Fen of fote. *p.* 29.
Fenyl. *p.* 32.
Ferdniſ. *p.* 41. *fear.*
Feren. *p.* 9. *brothers, companions.*
Ferly fele. *p.* 32. *wonderfully many, in aſtoniſhing numbers.*
Feye. *p.* 25. *faith.*
Ficle. *p.* 28. *fiddle.*
Fille, *p.* 32.
Fleme. Ant wyht in wode be fleme. *p.* 33. *and quite into the wood be baniſhed: and baniſh myſelf wholly into the woods.* Q. *p.* 46. *baniſh, drive.*
Fleych. *p.* 49 *fleſh, veniſon. So in one of K. Henry the 8th*

8ths letters to Ann Boleyne: And ſeeing my darling is abſent, I can no leſs do than ſend her ſome fleſh, repreſenting my name, which is Hart's fleſh for Henry, prognoſticating, that hereafter, God willing, you muſt enjoy ſome of mine, &c. *Appendix to Robert of Aveſbury, p.* 354.

Flo. *p.* 21. *flea.*

Flo. *p.* 50. *arrow.*

Fode. *p.* 101.

Fon. *p.* 8. *foes.*

Fōd. *p.* 41. *attempt, endeavour.*

Fonde. *p.* 26.

Fondement. *p.* 64. *fundamentally.*

Fong. *p.* 69. *take, receive.* Nou ichulle fonge þer ich er let. *p.* 9. *now I will take up where I before left off.* Q.

For thí. *p.* 25. *for this, on this account.* *p.* 46. *for this, therefor.*

Fore. *p.* 31.

Fore. To fore. *p.* 46. *before.*

Foreward. *p.* 7. *promiſe, covenant.*

Forfare. *p.* 46. *forfeit, loſe, deſtroy.*

Forlore. *p.* 8. *loſt, undone.*

Forſt. *p.* 7. *froſt.*

Forte. *p.* 8. *for to. To be pronounced as a diſſyllable.*

For wake. *p.* 25. *weak, ſtrengthleſs.*

Foul. *p.* 24. *bird.*

Fourſiþe. *p.* 13. *four times.*

Fray. *p.* 85.

Frele. *p.* 68. *frail?*

Fuger. *p.* 115. *figure.*

Fullaris. *p.* 19. *fullers.*

Fýn. *p.* 20. *end.*

G.

Garſte. *p.* 15.

Gedere. *p.* 19. *gather, aſſemble.*

G'eþ. *p.* 6. Geþ. *p.* 33. *goeth.*

Geyneſt. *p.* 26.

God. *p.* 8. *good.*

G°me. *p.* 11. *(grame) grief, ſorrow.*

Gomen. *p.* 14. *games, ſports.*

Goþ. *p.* 21. *go.*

Goule. þ la goule de. *p.* 21. *by Gods blood. F.*

Gramercy. *p.* 90. *thanks. From*

Graūt mcí. *p.* 47. *many thanks. F.*

Grede. *p.* 91. *weep, mourn, lament.*

Greue. *p.* 45. *grief.*

Grom. *p.* 10. *grooms, men.*

Gýn. *p.* 20. *device or contrivance.*

Gýnne.

Gÿnne. *p.* 5. *ſnares.*
Gyſt. *p.* 50. *getteſt.*

H.

Habbeþ. *p.* 9. *have.*
Haſae. *p.* 75. *have ay, ever have.*
Halewen, Gode halewen. *p.* 23. *Gods ſaints.*
Halꝛ. *p.* 14.
Halue. *p.* 9. *half, ſide.*
Hā. *p.* 40 *them.*
Han. *p.* 6. *have.*
Har. *p.* 41. *their.*
Hardilÿche. *p.* 19. *hardily, reſolutely, boldly.*
Haſtifliche. *p.* 21. *haſtily.*
Hattren. *p.* 36. *attire, habit, clothes*
Haÿward. *p.* 36. *an inferior officer of a manor or townſhip, who had the care of the hedges.*
He. *p.* 6. *they.*
He. *p.* 24. *ſhe.*
Heden. *p.* 24. *had.*
Hee. *p.* 8. *they.*
Hegge. *p.* 36. *hedge, thorns.*
Hem. *p.* 6. *they.* *p.* 18. *them.* Hemſelue. *p.* 9. *themſelves.*
Hende. *p.* 49. Hendy. *p.* 12. *gentle, civil, courteous.* Þis hende. *p.* 28. *this kind one.* An hendÿ hap ichabbe ÿhent. *p.* 25. *I have caught or gotten a good fortune.*
Hēnes. *p.* 69. *hence.*
Henꝛ. *p.* 28. *taken.*
Heo *p.* 27. *ſhe.*
Her. *p.* 25.
Her. *p.* 64. Here. *p.* 7. *their.*
Herkne. *p.* 26. *hearken.*
Heſte. *p.* 27.
Het. Het bare. *p.* 22. *bare head.*
Heuedes. *p.* 6. *heads.*
Heÿe. *p.* 6. *high.*
Heÿſe. *p.* 36. *eaſe.*
Heże. *p.* 10. *high.*
Híí. *p.* 7. *they.*
Him. *p.* 5. *they.*
Hire. *p.* 24. *her.*
Ho. *p.* 46. Hoo. *p* 50. *who.*
Hol. *p.* 14. *whole.*
Hold *p.* 7.
Honde. *p.* 11. Honden. *p.* 22. *hands.*
Honge. An honge. *p.* 6. *hanged.* To honge. *p.* 6. *to hang, or be hung.*
Hord. *p.* 29.
Hue. *p.* 7. *they.*
Hue. *p.* 27. *ſhe.*
Huem. *p.* 22. *them.*
Huere. *p.* 6. *their.*
Huerte. *p.* 12. *heart.*
Hulles. *p.* 21. *hills.*
Hÿ. *p.* 23. *they.*
Hyre. *p.* 24. *her.*

I. J.

I bore. *p.* 14. *born.*
Ich. *p.* 5. *I.*
Ichabbe. *p.* 25. *I have.*
Icham. *p.* 25. *I am.*
Ichot. *p.* 8. *I wot. p.* 26.
Ichulle. *p.* 5. *I ſhall or will.*
Icumen. *p.* 3. *come.*
I fere. *p.* 45. Infere. *p.* 78. *together, at once.*
Int'fecto's. His int'fecto's. *p.* 56. *thoſe who killed him.*
Ipocraſie. *p.* 66. *hypocriſy.*
Iolyf. *p.* 28. *jolly.*
Is. *p.* 21. *his.*
J ſayne. *p.* 77. *ſeen.*
Iugge. *p.* 26. *adjudge, ſentence.*
Iwernd. Noꝛt on iwernd nas. *p.* 43. *not one was unwarned or uninvited.*

K.

Kenne. *p.* 11. *ſee.*
Keþerin. *p.* 43. *kindred, relations.*
Keuereſt. *p.* 23. *recovereſt.*
Kiht. *p.* 46. *caught, taken away.*
Knaue. Knawe, *p.* 51. *boy, ſervant.*
Knulled. *p.* 22.
Kreye. *p.* 75. *cries.*
Kyn. *p.* 63.
Kyneriche. *p.* 8. *ſovereignty.*
Kyneꝛerde. *p.* 8. *ſcepter.*
Kyſt. *p.* 83. *caſt.*

L.

Laht, *p.* 22. *taken.*
Laſſe. *p.* 10. *leſs.*
Laſteles. *p.* 27.
Lauht. *p.* 46. *taken.*
Lealte. *p.* 28. Leaute. *p.* 22. *loyalty, truth, honeſty.*
Leche. *p.* 30. *phyſician.*
Lede. Londe and lede. *p.* 23. *land and people, kingdom and ſubjects.*
Lef. *p.* 44. *loving.*
Leff worke. *p.* 103. *leave off, be quiet.*
Leſliche. Leflych. *p.* 27. *lovely.*
Lēmon. *p.* 30. *miſtreſs, ſweetheart.*
Lent. *p.* 25.
Lenten. *p.* 31. *Lent, Spring.*
Leof. Mỹ ſuete leof. *p.* 30. *my ſweet love.*
Lerrum. *p.* 21.
Les. *p.* 7. *lying?*
Lete. *p.* 85. *forbear, ſtop, ceaſe.*
Leue. *p.* 46. *believe.*
Leue. *p.* 47. *l.* 62. *dear, agreeable.*

Leuedi. *p.* 25. Leuedy. *p.* 12. *lady.*
Leu. *p.* 63.
Leyȝen. *p.* 20. *lay.*
Lhouþ. *p.* 4. *loweth.*
Lhude. *p.* 3. *loud.*
Libbe. *p.* 6. *lived.*
Loh. *p.* 25. *laughed.*
Lokkes. *p.* 27. *locks (of hair).*
Lomb. *p.* 4. *lamb.*
Lome. For lome. *p.* 23. *lame of their feet; unable to make uſe of their legs for want of their heads.*
Lome. *p.* 40.
Lordynges. *p.* 5. *ſirs, maſters.*
Lordſwyk. *p.* 12. *a noble traitor?*
Lore. *p.* 23. Loren. *p.* 20. *loſt.*
Loſe. *p.* 66. *praiſe.*
Loſſom. *p.* 27, Loſſum. *p.* 25. *loveſome, lovely.*
Loſtlaſe. *p.* 37.
Lud. On hyre lud. *p.* 24. *In her own language.*
Lumes. *p.* 27. *beams.*
Lurcas ende. *p.* 30.
Lure. *p.* 27. *lyre, complexion.*
Luſſomore. *p.* 26. *loveſomer, lovelyer.*
Luſſum. *p.* 27. *loveſome, lovely.*
Lutel. *p.* 6. *little.*
Luſtneþ. *p.* 18. *liſten.*
Lybe. *p.* 75.
Lyht. *p.* 25. *alighted.*
Lyver. *p.* 132. *livery.*
Lyues man. *p.* 21.
Lyſtneþ. *p.* 5. *liſten.*

M.

Maiſtry. *p.* 29. *power.*
Make. *p.* 25. *mate, huſband.* Makes. *p.* 32. *mates.*
Mandeþ. *p.* 32. *mendeth, improveth.* Q.
Mankled. *p.* 11. *manacled.*
Marſtled. *p.* 37.
Mawmentrie. *p.* 67. *Mahometaniſm, idolatry.*
May. *p.* 25. *maid, virgin, young woman.*
Mayſtry. *p.* 36. *p.* 74. *pre-eminence, ſuperiority.*
Me. *p.* 11. *men.*
Med. *p.* 3. *mead, meadow.*
Mede. *p.* 63. *reward.*
Melle of. *p.* 63. *meddle, or have concern with.*
Mene. *p.* 7. *moan, grieve, lament.* Meneþ. *p.* 32. *moan, complain.*
Menſkful. *p.* 26. *graceful, delicate.*
Merſh. *p.* 24. *March.*
Meue. *p.* 45. *move, go, depart.*
Mihtes. *p.* 30. *mighteſt.*
Miles. *p.* 32.
Mo. *p.* 12. *more.*
Modi. *p.* 12.

Mody.

Mody. *p.* 32. *the moody, or melancholy.*
Mon. *p.* 5. *men.*
Mone. *p.* 32. *moon.*
Monie. *p.* 6. Monye. *p.* 9. *many.*
Monimon. *p.* 13. *many men.*
Monyon. Oþer monyon. *p.* 20. *many an other one.*
Mote. *p.* 24. *may.*
Mounde. Wiþ ſwiþe gret mounde. *p.* 20. *with a very great company, with great numbers of people.*
Mowe. *p.* 14. Mowen. *p.* 8. *may.*
Mowrmar^{9}. *p.* 96. *mourners.*
Moyne. *p.* 21. *monk.*
Muchele. *p.* 20. *much.*
Mucke. *p.* 63. *dirt.*
Mures. *p.* 8. *moors, highlands.*
Murgeþ. *p.* 32.
Murgeſt. *p.* 28. *merryeſt.*
Murie. *p.* 4. *merry.*
Murþes. *p.* 28. *mirth.*
Myd. *p.* 36. *with.*
Mye. *p.* 37.
Mys aũt^{e}. *p.* 50. *miſadventure, miſchance.*
Mys went. *p.* 64.

N.

Na. *p.* 35. *no.* Na down ſlyt. *does not ſlide down.*
Naht. *p.* 7. *naught, nothing.*
Ne. *p.* 4. *not.*
Nelle. *p.* 103. *will not.*
Nete. *p.* 91. *horned cattle.*
Nes. *p.* 5. *was not.*
Nis. *p.* 7. *is not.*
Nolden. *p.* 6. *would not.*
Nome. *p.* 11. *name.*
Nomen. *p.* 19. *took.*
Noneſkunnes. *p.* 23.
Noud. *p.* 22. *not.*
Nout. *p.* 7. *not.* *p.* 8. *nothing.*
Nu. *p.* 3. *now.*
Nule. *p.* 5. *will not.* Nulle ẏ. *p.* 30. *will I not.*
N^{o}. *p.* 21. *there is not.*
Nys. *p.* 33. *is not.*
Nyþe. *p.* 5. *ſtrife, malice, wickedneſs.*

O.

O. *p.* 6. *on.*
O. *p.* 41. *a.*
Oht. *p.* 9. *oath.*
Onde. *p.* 5. *contention, fury, wickedneſs, malice. The preciſe difference between* nyþe *and* onde *cannot be well aſcertained.*
Onethe. *p.* 79. *ſcarcely.*
Oo. *p.* 32.
Or. *p.* 103. *before, ere that.*
Ore. *p.* 30. *pity, compaſſion, grace, favour.*

Oþer. *p.* 10. *or.*
Ou. *p.* 9. Ow. *p.* 44. *you.*

P.

Paruenke. *p.* 28. *See* Peruenke.
Pas pur pas. *p.* 20. *ſtep by ſtep.*
Pellettρ. *p.* 142. *balls.*
Pelo^r. *p.* 66.
ꝑfit. *p.* 64. *perfect.*
Peruenke. *p.* 11. *the flower now vulgarly called periwinkle.*
ꝑuink. *p.* 40. *pink, flower; as uſed in the following inſtances from Shakſpeare:* "I am the very *pink* of "courteſy."——"The "*flower* of Europe for "his chivalry."——*See* Peruenke.
Pes. *p.* 7. *peace.*
Peſtilett. *p.* 141. *piſtol. See Percys Reliques, i.* 120.
Píeꝛe. *p.* 6. *pity, compaſſion, clemency.*
Piggρnye. *p.* 101. *ſweetheart.*
Pode. *p.* 101.
Poppynguy. *p.* 75. Popagay. *p.* 101. *popingay or popenjay, a parrot.*
Pourraille. *p.* 15. *peaſantry, common people, poor.*
P^s ſeyn. *p.* 68. *preſs.*
Preue. *p.* 46. *prove.*
P^s. *p.* 7. *p.* 9. *prize. p.* 12. *praiſe.* P^ſe. *p.* 39. *praiſe, fame.*
P^ſone. *p.* 22. *priſon.*
Pfecie. *p.* 64. *prophecy.*—*But Q if not a miſtake for* Polecie.
Prude. *p.* 20. *pride.*
Prye. *p.* 14. *look earneſtly for.*
Put falle. *p.* 22. *pitfall.*
Pẏcchẏnde ſtake. *p.* 36. *picking ſticks or thorns.*

Q.

Q^c. *p* 6. *quick, alive.*
Quiꝛe. *p.* 12. *acquit. p.* 145. *quit, free, unharmed.*
Quytt. Quytt my mede. *p.* 72. *returned my reward?*

R.

Rauȝt. *p.* 45. *ſtretched.*
Ray. *p.* 103.
Raẏleþ. *p.* 32.
Rechleſſe. *p.* 153. *reckleſs, heedleſs, inattentive.*
Rede. Token hem ꝛo rede. *p.* 15. *took advice with each other, conſulted together.*
Rede. *p.* 63. *advice.*
Releſſe. *p.* 111. *relief.*
Remny [*r.* Remuy]. *p.* 15. *remove.*

Repreue.

Repreue. *p.* 46. *reprove.*
Rereth. *p.* 65. *reareth, ſetteth up.*
Reþeres hude. *p.* 12.
Reue. Reue me my̆ make. *p.* 25. *bereave me of my miſtreſs, take her away from me.*
Reve. *p.* 64. *ſteal (but more properly rob).*
Rewþe. *p.* 85. *pity, compaſſion.*
Rode. *p.* 32. *colour, complexion.*
Rode. *p.* 101. *riding.*
Roun. *p.* 26. *ſong.*
Rouncyn. *p.* 20. Rouncyns. *p.* 19. *horſes of an inferior ſize or quality, common labouring horſes.*
Roune. *p.* 31. *ſong.* Briddes roune. *the ſong of birds.*
Rounes. *p.* 32.
Rourh. Whare rourh. *a miſtake perhaps for* whare þourh *or* þrouh. *by reaſon whereof.*
Route. *p.* 79. *about, round.*
Rybaus. *p.* 21. *ribalds, raſcals.*
Ryhte. *p.* 7. *right.*

S.

Sacryng. *p.* 58. *elevation of the hoſt, when a little bell is rung, called the* Sacring bell.
Saht. *p.* 7.
Sample. *p.* 64. *example.*
Sachoþis. *p.* 51.
Sauf. *p.* 64. *ſave.*
Sauntz. *p.* 8. (ſans, *F.*) *without.*
Sawe. *p.* 6. *ſpeech, diſcourſe.* Seiden ſo in ſawe. *made a common ſaying of it.*
Schent. We ſhall be ſchent eury one. *p.* 80. *there will be the devil to pay; we ſhall all be murdered.*
Schul. Schulle. *p.* 45. *ſhall.*
Schytte. *p.* 104. *ſhut.*
Scrime. *p.* 193.
Scwy̆er. *p.* 11. *ſquire.*
Seche. *p.* 18. *ſeek.*
Sed. *p.* 3. *ſeed.*
See. Set in ſee. *p.* 8. *ſet in ſeat, ſet upon a throne; thus we ſtill ſay* the ſee of Rome.
See. *p.* 9. *regard, keep in his ſight.*
Segge. *p.* 12. *ſay.*
Seiden. *p* 6. *ſaid.*
Seker. *p.* 64. *ſure.*
Sekyrly. *p.* 77. *certainly.*
Selde. *p.* 5. *ſeldom.*
Seli. Alas þou ſeli. *p.* 23. *O thou ſimpleton!*
Selkeþe. A ſelkeþe wyſe. *p.* 13. *of a ſtrange ſhape or faſhion.*

Semlokeſt. *p.* 24. *ſeemlyeſt.*
Send. Sende. *p.* 6. *ſent.*
Serewe. *p.* 29. *ſorrow.*
Seſoyne. *p.* 21. *Saxony.*
Seþþe. *p.* 6. *afterwards.*
Shende. Recke ȝe not to make us ſhende? *p.* 103. *have you no care what miſchief you make a body?*
Shent. Thus to be ſhent. *p.* 88. *to be thus aiſgraced, to be brought to this ſhameful end.*
Shereþ. *p.* 35.
Shope. *p.* 91. *made.*
Shonkes. Whil him laſteþ þe lyf wiþ þe long ſhonkes. *p.* 16. *ſo long as he with the long ſhanks lives; i. e. K. Edward I. ſo called from the length of his legs.*
Shule. *p.* 21. *ſhall.*
Shome. *p.* 23. *ſhame.*
Shonde. *p.* 14.
Sigge. *p.* 39. *ſay.*
Sike. *p.* 33. *ſighed.* Siked. *p.* 30. *ſighed.*
Sitte. *p.* 14. *city.*
Siwed. *p.* 29.
Slo. *p.* 29. *ſlay.* To ſlon. *p.* 20. *to be ſlain.* Slowen. *p.* 21. *ſlew.*
Slyt. *p.* 35. *ſlide.*
Smyte. Of ſmyte. *p.* 12. *ſmitten off.*
So. So liht ſo. *p.* 22. *as light as.*
Solſecle. *p.* 28. *ſunflower,* ſolſequium.
Soht. *p.* 8. *ſoth, truth.*
Sonde. Godes ſonde. *p.* 15.
Spence. *p.* 103. *buttery.*
Spene. *p.* 22. *ſpend.* Spene bred. *conſume victuals*; i. e. *keeping thee in priſon would be expenſive to us.*
Spray. *p.* 24. *ſprigs.*
Stid. *p.* 40. *place.*
Stont. *p.* 14. *ſtands.*
Stounde. Þt him wes byſoht Jn ſtounde. *p.* 13. *that was ſet out or appointed for him in a ſhort time, that was to befall him ſo ſoon. p.* 31. *a ſhort ſpace, a little while,*
Stt. *p.* 35.
Stude. *p.* 6. *place.*
Suereþ. *p.* 23. *ſwear.*
Sugge. *p.* 8. *ſay.*
Suiþe. *p.* 23. *very.*
Sunne. *p.* 13. *ſin.*
Suyre. *p.* 27. *neck.*
Suyþe. *p.* 12. *very, full.*
Svmer. *p.* 3. *ſummer.*
Sweyn, *p.* 19. *man.*
Swik. *p.* 4.
Swiþe. *p.* 20. *very.*
Swon. *p.* 25. *ſwan.*
Swyers. *p.* 21. *eſquires.*
Swykedom. *p.* 13. *deceit, treachery.*
Swyre. *p.* 25. *neck.*

Syk.

Sÿk. *p.* 30. *ſigh.*
Sÿkÿng. *p.* 28. *ſighing.*

T. þ.

Teh. *p.* 37.
Temed. *p.* 7.
Tene. *p.* 19. *ten.*
Tene. *p.* 30. *grieve.*
Teone. *p.* 37.
þah. *p.* 14. *though.*
þe. *p.* 14. *l.* 190. *thrive.*
þenche. *p.* 6. *think.*
þer. *p.* 9. *where.*
þeÿnes. *p.* 9.
þeȝes. *p.* 27. *thigȝs.*
þideward. *p.* 13. *thitherward.*
þis. *p.* 32. *theſe.*
þo. *p.* 7. *then.* *p.* 13. *when.*
þo. *p.* 28. *thoſe.*
þolien. Betere is þolien whÿle ſore þen mournen euermore. *p.* 26. *it is better to ſuffer a temporary evil than to mourn for ever.*
þonke. *p.* 15. *thank.*
þonkes. *p.* 15.
þrat. *p.* 29. *threatens.*
þreſtelcoc. *p.* 32. *throſtle, thruſh.*
þrete. *p.* 32.
þrowe. *p.* 46. *thrown.*
þrumme. *p.* 50. *a thrum is the fringed end of a weavers web.*
þrÿe. *p.* 7.
þunche. *p.* 23. *think.*
þurh. *p.* 27. *through.*
Token. *p.* 8. *took, gave.*
Tome. *p.* 23.
Totowe. *p.* 139. *too too.* *See p.* 152. *l.* 11.
Trous. *p.* 36.
Tubrugge. *p.* 14.
Tʳnement. *p.* 68. *torment, martyrdom.*
Twedgþ. *p.* 249. *twigs.*
Twÿbyl. *p.* 36. *bill, hedgebill.*

U. V.

Vch. *p.* 15. Uch. *p.* 31. *each.*
Uerteþ. *p.* 4. *goeth to harbour in the vert or fern. Sir J. Hawkins.*
Vilhche. *p.* 14. *vilely.*
Undergore. *p.* 26.
Vr. *p.* 45. *our.*
Vre. *p.* 21.
Vyhte. *p.* 15.
Vÿlte. *p.* 22. *ill uſage.*

W.

Waíour. *p.* 11. *wager.*
Ware. *p.* 22.
Warnÿ. *p.* 6. *warn, give warning or notice to.*
Waxe. *p.* 29. Waxen. *p.* 32. Waxeþ. *p.* 33. *grow.*

Wde.

Wde. *p.* 3. *wood.*
Webbes. *p.* 19. *webſters, weavers.*
Wed. *p.* 36. *weed, clothes.*
Wedde. *p.* 41. *gage, pledge, pawn.*
Wel. *p.* 20. *very.*
Wele. *p.* 32.
Wende. *p.* 21. *go.*
Wende. *p.* 11. *weened, thought.*
Wende. *p.* 25.
Wenden. *p.* 6. Went. *p.* 88. *weened, thought.*
Weole. *p.* 33.
Wet. *p.* 14. *what.*
Wext. *p.* 90. *waxed, grown.*
Whittore. *p.* 25. *whiter.*
Whoſe. *p.* 6. *whoſo; a diſſyllable.*
Whyle ſore. *p.* 26. *See* þolien.
Willerdome. *p.* 68. *wilfulneſs?*
Witte. *p.* 77. *know.*
Wlyteþ. *p.* 32.
Woderoue. *p.* 32.
Wolleþ. *p.* 8. *will.*
Wolt. Chryſt wolt. *p.* 115. *would to Chriſt.*
Won. *p.* 25. *p.* 26. *habitation. p.* 29. *wan.*
Won. *p.* 88. *wont, practice, cuſtom.*
Wonges. *p.* 25.
Worche. *p.* 23. *work, act.*
Wore. *p.* 25.
Worhliche. *p.* 28.
Wormes. *p.* 33. *ſerpents.*
Wowe. *p.* 46.
Wowes. *p.* 32. *woo.*
Wowes. *p.* 64.
Woweþ. *p.* 33. *woo.*
Wunne. *p.* 33.
Wurhliche. In al þis wurhliche won. *p.* 26.
Wyht. *p.* 11. *man, perſon.*
Wyht. *p.* 33. *quite, wholly, altogether.* 2.
Wyiſe. *p.* 78. *wiſh.*
Wyſloker. *p.* 23. *wiſer, mort wiſely.*
Wyte. *p.* 15. *guard.*
Wyte. *p.* 12. *know.*
Wyter. *p.* 25. *wiſe, knowing.*

X.

Xal. *p.* 50. *ſhall.* Xalt. *p.* 50. *ſhalt.*
Xul. *p.* 50. *ſhall.*

Y.

Y. *p.* 22. *in.*
Ybate. *p.* 11.
Ybe. *p.* 6. *been.*
Ybounde. As ỳ go fore ỳ-bounde. *p.* 31.
Ybrẽd. *p.* 6. *burned.*
Ycahẗ. *p.* 7. *caught.*
Ychalbe. *p.* 25. *I ſhall be.*
Ychot. *p.* 7. *I wot.*
Ycore. *p.* 8. *choſen.*

Ycud,

Ycud. *p.* 6.
Ydemed. *p.* 12. *judged, ſentenced.*
Ydyȝt. *p.* 10. *dight, dreſſed, ſet, placed, put.*
Yewe. *p.* 71. *give.*
Yhent. *p.* 25. *caught or gotten.*
Yherden. *p.* 20. *heard.*
Yheryed. *p.* 27.
Yknawe. *p.* 6. *know.*
Ylaht. *p.* 7. *taken, as in a net or ſnare.*
Ylent. *p.* 25.
Yloren. *p.* 36. *loſt.*
Ymak. *p.* 25. *made.*
Yn. *p.* 20. *inn.*
Ynemned. *p.* 8. *named.*
Ynoh. *p.* 25. *enough.*
Ynuſte. *p.* 26. *I wiſt not.*
Youen. *p.* 70. *given.*
Yoye. *p.* 115. *joy.*
Ypeȝe. Ypreȝe. *p.* 31. *I pray.*
Yrn. *p.* 10. Yrnene. *p.* 15. *iron.*
Ys. *p.* 6. *his.*
Yſlake. *p.* 29.
Yſtyked. *p.* 20. *ſticked.*
Yſugge. *p.* 6. *I ſay.*
Ytuht. *p.* 12.
Ywraht. *p.* 27. *wrought, formed.*
Yȝyrned. *p.* 25.

Ȝ.

Ȝarked ȝare. *p.* 45. *prepared ready.*
Ȝefe. *p.* 8. *if.*
Ȝelpe. *p.* 51. *yelp, boaſt.*
Ȝeme. *p.* 8. *exerciſe?*
Ȝer. *p.* 38. Ȝere. *p.* 7. *year.* Ȝeris. *p.* 38. *years.*
Ȝere. *p.* 26. *ere, before.*
Ȝeue. Ȝewe. *p.* 50. *give.*
Ȝeynes. To ȝeynes. *p.* 21. *againſt.*
Ȝev. *p.* 104. *you.*
Ȝeȝe. *p.* 37.
Ȝol. *p.* 81. *Yule, Chriſtmas.*
Ȝone. *p.* 49. *yon.*
Ȝongeþ. *p.* 8. *ſingeth?*
Ȝore. *p.* 25, 30.
Ȝouȳ. *p.* 51. *given. The word* yoven *is ſtill retained in the leaſes granted by the Dean and Chapter of Weſtminſter.*

*** *The power of the letter* Ȝ, *at the beginning of a ſyllable, is the ſame as that of* Y; *in the middle of one, it has frequently the power of* GH.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 12.

V. 148. ſire Rauf of ſondwych.] *He was one of the juſtices of the Kings Bench in* 1289. 17*th Ed.* I.

V. 149. ſire Johan Abel.] *He was made a Baron of the Exchequer,* 5*th Ed.* II. 1312.

Page 38.

——ſeem to have no other record—] *The editor was led into this opinion by the miſtaken date of* 1288, *at which year he concluded his examination of* "*the Annals of Ireland.*" *Since the ſheet was printed off, however, he has again conſulted them, and finds* "*Sir Peter Bermingham,*" *or* "*Bymgham,*" *or* "*Piers Brymegham,*" *frequently mentioned ſubſequent to that period. And*

"MCCCVIII. On the ſecond of the ides of April [*i. e. the* 14*th day of that month*] died the Lord Peter de Bermingham, a "noble champion againſt the Iriſh."

The editor confeſſes his inability to reconcile this date with the ſecond ſtanza in the ballad.

Page 46.

Loke pt pí laũpe beo breñynge bríhт:] *An alluſion to S. Matthew.* c. 25.

Page 54.

That the duke of Exeter was actually interred at Pleſhy, will appear from Weever, who, ſpeaking of the collegiate church there, ſays, "*Vpon* "*one of the parts of a diſmembred monument, careleſly caſt here and* "*there in the body of the church, I found theſe words:*

"Here lyeth *Iohn Holland*, Erle of Exceter, Erle of Huntington, "and Chamberleyne of England. Who dyed ....."

Ancient Funerall Monuments. p. 637.

Page 55.

See the Officium Defunctorum *in the Roman Breviary. Skelton, in his "Boke of Philip Sparrow," makes a ſimilar uſe of it.*

*** *After all, ſince the book was printed off, the editor has ſatisfied himſelf, that this ballad was written,* NOT *on the conſpiracy againſt Henry* IV. *but on the death of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, who was taken and beheaded by the captain of a ſhip called the* NICHOLAS OF THE TOWER, *in* MAY 1450, *when it appears to have been compoſed, and is conſequently to be regarded as a ſatire upon the miniſters or court party of that time. As the miſtake could not be properly rectified even by canceling the ſheet, it muſt remain till a future edition.*

Page 62, note.

The reference for theſe couplets, which Mr. Barrington has quoted from memory, ſhould have been either to Hearnes edition of Walter Heming ford, Vol. ii. pp. 487, 488, *or to Woods* Hiſtoria et Antiquitates Univerſatis Oxonienſis, p. 222; *where they are thus given:*

Wit hath wonder that reaſon cannot ſkan
How a moder is mayd, and God is man.

Leve reaſon, beleve the wonder;
Belef hath maſtry, & reaſon is under.

The champion of the orthodox was Dr. Thomas Gaſcoigne, of Oxford. Reginald Pecock, the heretical biſhop of Cheſter, had ſuch a high opinion of the original couplet, as to carry it about him, and ſhew it in his convenient to all viſitors. This right reverend prelate was in the moſt promiſing way imaginable to be converted into a faggot, but he had the prudence to recant his errors in good time; which his biographer is pleaſed to call "an unhappy inſtance of human weakneſs and frailty." (See his Life by Lewis, pp. 231, 241.) *Had this daring genius, who would have a man conſent to be burnt alive for a conundrum, ever ſnuffed a candle with his fingers?*

Page 107.

In the Hyndford collection, a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, compiled by one Bannatyne in 1568, Followis *a poem or ballad* (by ane Ingliſmā) of a wenche wt chyld, *which may ſerve to elucidate the meaning of* littil finger.——*The firſt ſtanza is as follows:*

Be chance bot evin this vy' [*uther*] day,
As J did walk allone,
J hard a maid in grit effray
Makand a rewtfull mon,
Quhat grief on hir did linger:
Off greif and pane ſcho did complane,
For ſcho certane cryid and maid mane,
O lord my littill finger!

That

That "pinching by the little finger" was formerly "a piece of amorous dalliance" appears from a note in Johnson and Steevenses Shakspeare, edit. 1785. vol. v. p. 330.

Page 163.

Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, London, 1602. 4to. fol. 135. speaking of the town and inhabitants of Fowey, has the following words: "Moreouer the prowesse of one Nicholas, sonne to a widdow, "neere Foy, is deskanted vpon, in an old three mans 'song,' namely, "how he fought brauely at sea, with Iohn Dory (a Genowey, as I "coniecture) set forth by Iohn the French king, and (after much bloud-"shed on both sides) tooke, and slew him, in reuenge of the great rauine, "and crueltie which he had fore committed, vpon the Englishmens "goods and bodies."

It is scarcely worth mentioning that the only king of France of the name of John was taken prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, and died in the Savoy, anno 1364.

Page 176.

This song, with some trifling variations, is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1784, p. 335, in an account of a "Droll "Custom of electing a Mayor of Randwic," near Stroud in Glocestershire. Should the present collection ever have the good fortune to fall into the hands of "the clerk of the parish," he will find he was mistaken when he informed the gentleman to whom he gave a copy of the song, that "it had never been written before." The tune is probably that of Queen Dido or Troy Town.

Page 192.

In the editors collection is a somewhat different ballad upon the same subject, intitled "Sir Hugh in the Grimes downfall, or a new song made on "Sir Hugh in the Grime, who was hang'd for stealing the Bishops "mare:" it begins,

Good lord John is a hunting gone.

Page 245.

Mr. Chalkhill was the contemporary and friend of Spenser; "Coridons "song," therefor, belongs to the preceding class.

Dissertation, p. lii.

The passage here cited from Barclay has no particular reference to the manners of England, being a close translation of his Latin original.

THE END.